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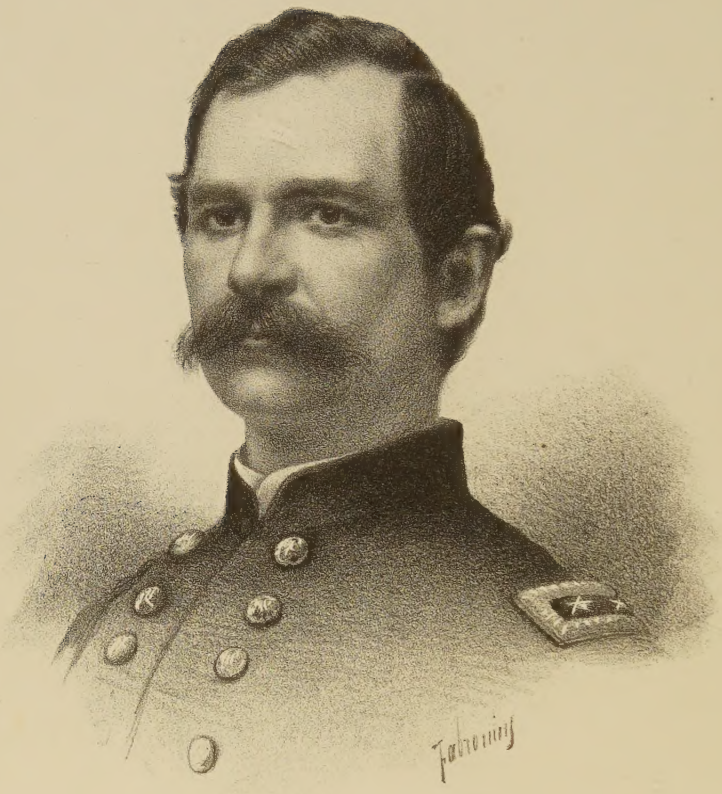

George L. Beal.

COL. 10TH ME. REGT. BRVT MAJ. GENL. VOLS

A.Trochsler & Co. Lith., Boston.

HISTORY

OF THE

First-Tenth-Twenty-ninth

MAINE REGIMENT.

In Service of the United States from May 3, 1861, to June 21, 1866.

BY

MAJ. JOHN M. GOULD.

WITH THE

HISTORY OF THE TENTH ME. BATTALION,

BY Rev. Leonard G. Jordan.

PORTLAND:
STEPHEN BERRY.
1871.

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John McGaw.

MAJ. 29TH ME. VET. VOLS

PREFACE.

For a number of years before the war it was my custom to keep for my own amusement a record of daily events, whether of a general or personal nature, and it so happened that the interest in journalizing increased with the years of practice, until at the breaking out of the rebellion it had become habitual and easy to make a note of any event. The difficulties in the way of continuing this practice in field service were forgotten in the desire to chronicle the stirring events of war and the novelties of soldier life. So the diary was not abandoned; only it was written in sheets in order to be sent home every few days. These sheets of diary proved so acceptable a substitute for letters among a large circle of relatives and friends, that at last it became a duty almost sacred to write it, freely, fully and promptly, for the relief of the anxious hearts at home.

Coupled with the possession of such matter for reference was the fact that I had served in the three organizations of the regiment, and had been "present for duty" on every important occasion. These considerations appear to have outweighed all others when the choice of a historian for the regiment was made. It lay within the means of the Association to employ one skilled in letters, but the testimony of an eye witness was deemed more valuable. I ask, therefore, that the many defects as a literary production and numerous slips of the pen may be overlooked, and that the book may be criticized only on the question of its truthfulness.

There are many imperfections and short-comings that the reader may think could have been remedied, but it was impossible for me to snatch time enough from engrossing business duties to complete the book as I wished.

As for the style, I address my old friends, and speak in the familiar language of soldier comrades. I write here as I have written in my diary; to change the habit of years I have had neither time nor desire.

JOHN M. GOULD.

PORTLAND, August 17, 1871.

INTRODUCTION.

(BY GEN. GEO. H. NYE.)

This volume was called into existence by the unanimous request of the past members of one of the Maine Regiments, at their first Reunion, August 12, 1869, on Chebeague Island, in Casco Bay.

It was found that Major JOHN M. GOULD had kept a complete diary, during the entire term of service of the regiment under its three organizations (with the exception of the last few weeks), and the publication of material at once so interesting to the actors in the great drama of the war, and to its future historian, was deemed to be a duty which the regiment owed to itself and to history.

The original request was that Major Gould should publish his diary in full, but, after consideration, he concluded to condense his material and put it into the existing form, using the diary as the basis of the work. To the general reader, this will account for the frequent references to the diary and the somewhat personal character of the work; but the members of the regiment will recognize in these references and personalities something which will remind them of many sad and many pleasant experiences through which they have passed in the "Great Rebellion," and when age shall come, haply the old soldier may thereby refresh his failing memory as he relates the scenes of his youth to his grandchildren, and "shoulders his crutch to show how fields were won."

To our own members, for whom the book was prepared, we need to offer no explanation or apology, but to the general public,

to the student of history, and to our children, we wish to say that this is the *simple testimony of eye witnesses.*

The author has labored faithfully to be impartial and accurate in all his statements, and when any of them have been doubted, or seemed to rest upon insufficient data, the greatest pains have been taken by him and by many others to learn the exact truth.

After nearly two years of preparation, the manuscript was put into the hands of several of the officers and men for criticism and correction, and every point upon which a question was raised has been settled, if not verified, by an extensive correspondence with the leading officers, both Federal and Confederate, who took part in the action. We claim, therefore, that this volume is of the highest value in all of these points where painstaking research and the testimony of eye witnesses are desired, and that no one has seen more clearly or described more candidly than Major Gould.

We are under obligations to scores of friends for help of one kind and another in bringing this book to its present form.

Gen. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., was so kind as to permit us to have a transfer of the map of Antietam from the stone belonging to the war department. This courtesy should be appreciated by all of you, and go far toward removing the unfavorable impression created by very different treatment from the Adjutant General of the army.

General B. B. Murray, the Adjutant General of the State of Maine, our old time friend and neighbor, of the 15th Maine regiment, has rendered us valuable service, and shown a desire to assist us by furnishing all information in his possession.

General Crawford, U. S. A., was so kind as to forward a number of the original reports of the 10th Maine regiment; he also furnished other valuable information and has assisted us in every way in his power.

The letters from General Emory will be noticed by all who read the book, as valuable contributions to the general history of the war.

Nor must we neglect to notice our old opponents, whose names

appear on these pages; they "have buried the hatchet" and have assisted us materially, as will be seen, in the work of verification.

To M. F. King, Esq., the well known Portland photographer, we stand under many obligations, in furnishing, free of cost, the necessary photographs and copies for the lithographer. We stand indebted to Mr. Benson J. Lossing, author of the popular history of the war,* and to his publisher, T. Belknap, Hartford, for the use of the wood cuts upon pages 441, 489 and 493; and to Col. Walker, author of Vermont brigade in the Shenandoah Valley, for the use of those on pages 511 and 532.

THE REGIMENT.

The First Regiment of Infantry, Maine Volunteers, was raised in answer to the first call of President Lincoln, for 75,000 three-months men, and was mustered into United States service May 3, 1861. Upon the expiration of its term of service, it was mustered out, and the men having enlisted for two years (though under the verbal assurance and with the understanding that they were to serve but three months), were furloughed.

In September, the First regiment was ordered into camp again, with a view of returning to the seat of war with its ranks recruited to a thousand or more. The State did not, however, press its claims, hence less than two hundred enlisted men of the First returned in the Tenth.† Two new companies of three years men, Co's A and D, came in at this time. The Tenth Regiment was mustered into the United States service Oct. 4 and 5, 1861, to serve two years from May 3, 1861. When that time came around, it was mustered out (May 7 and 8, 1863), and the continuous organization would have been lost, had it not been that nearly 300 three years men, including Co's A and D, were kept in the service. These were constituted the Tenth Maine Battalion, and were detailed as a headquarter's guard, or a provost guard for the 12th corps (Gen. Slocum), during the most of its existence, a fact which shows that it was a model command.

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* Pictorial history of the war.

† See Vol. 1, p. 10, Adj. Gen. Rep. Me. Number given as 184.

Some months after the muster out of the 10th regiment, Col. Beal was authorized to recruit a "veteran regiment." Of the thirty-one officers, originally commissioned to serve in "Col. Beal's regiment of veterans," twenty-three had been members of the "1st" or "10th"; and of the one hundred and ten non-commissioned officers, sixty-nine had been in the "1st" or "10th." To these must be added the seven officers and thirty-seven non-commissioned officers of the 10th battalion, which organization was consolidated with "Beal's regiment," showing that about three-quarters of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the "29th" Me. were members of the "1st" and "10th." These facts, with the additional one, that a large number of the privates of the "29th" had been members of the old regiment, are our principal reasons for claiming that the four organizations are one, and deserve a continuous history.

GEO. H. NYE,

President of the 1–10–29th Me. Reg't Association.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION.

COMRADES:

The thousand causes for the war in which you and I were soldiers, need no mention here. Few of us expected it, none desired it, and all were unprepared. Day by day through the winter of 1860–61 we trusted that "something would turn up" to harmonize the North and South, and in this quiet trust we kept about our business till the startling news of Saturday, April 13th. Every one remembers what a day of agony and gloom that was. The Sabbath brought us news of the fall of Fort Sumter. On Monday we learned that the whole South was dancing the wildest jig ever known in our history. Also on Monday President Lincoln called for 75,000 three months volunteers wherewith to re-possess our lost property. Then after a long bitter cry,—I believe we were all compelled to drop a tear at our country's sad condition,—and after wondering where so many as 75,000 men were to come from, we of the 1st Maine by and by settled it in our minds that we should have to go ourselves.

Now here in our good State, from which a regiment of 779* men and officers, was to be sent to war, under this call, public opinion was united in condemning the old militia system as a public nuisance: and to join a "military company," of which there were only about twenty in the State, was almost as wrong to many minds, as to neglect business, get drunk or run in debt. Hence, Maine was slow to start, not lacking men or the will, but the machinery; for public opinion had crushed out the military spirit, and the militia existed on paper only. There were however a

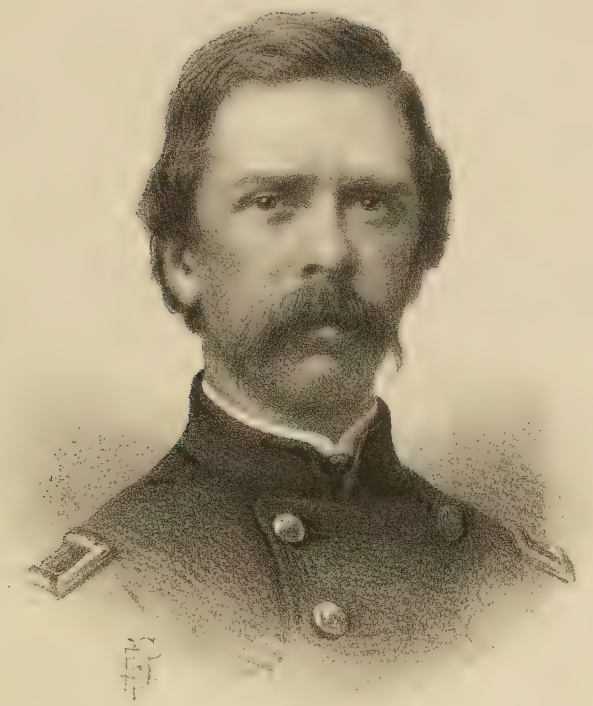
*See Report Adj't Gen. of Maine, 1862, Appendix D, page 3.

few "volunteer" companies as they were called, which had a vigorous life, and around them for a nucleus you and I formed, and from them, it is but candor to admit, have come the distinctive features of our 1–10–29th regiment.

The old "Infantry," and the "Blues," of Portland, were organized by our fathers and grandfathers, and were known all over the State. The Lewiston Light Infantry and Auburn Artillery, (Infantry drilled), and Norway Light Infantry, or "Oxford Bears" as they were often called, were all old companies and favorably known in military circles. The Rifle Guards and Light Guards of Portland, came into life under the influence of the military spirit excited in our country during the Crimean War, and were in healthy existence during the winter of 1860–1. The Rifle Corps, also a Portland organization for fifty years, was alive when the rebellion broke out.

These eight companies were our nucleus. Though the public, the moral and religious public at least, had formerly looked upon them as clubs for the encouragement of dissipation, the same public now looked to them with feelings of relief and confidence. It was felt that the wisdom to be found in these volunteer companies would soon put our State on a level with New York and Massachusetts, whose militia systems were loudly praised about this time throughout the North.

One word, before we drop these old organizations. The public had some good grounds for its opinions. It cost too much money to belong to a company; and the influence of a few members who were wanting in good character was not overbalanced by the influence of the better ones; we had come to believe, in Maine, that war was impossible; that the "spirit of '76" or some magical influence would cause the nation to rise as one man and overwhelm our enemies should we ever have any, and so we thought every dollar paid to the militia was a dollar thrown away. When the day came to make up a regiment for war, the holiday-fellows and the weak-kneed in these volunteer companies had too much business at home, to enlist; and finally, when hard service and hard fighting had weeded out the few



J. S. Fillebrown

LIEUT.-COL. 10TH ME. REGT.

A.Trochsler & Co. Lith., Boston.

that clung to us at first, we had nothing left of the old volunteer militia but the good part of it.

I will tell you only briefly of the office work done and orders issued whereby our regiment was called together. Everything was done in a hurry to save the Capital and stop the tide of rebellion, and hence there was much working and no "red tape" to tangle one who was willing to go to war.

There was no bounty then, though the State gave us one of $22 after we were "in." State aid to wives of soldiers was unknown, and recruiting officers had not then learned how to set traps for the unwary. In my own company (C), and doubtless in others, a dozen or more above the maximum number were enlisted, and the poorest dozen were then got rid of in a way not laid down in the Regulations.

Portland, Lewiston, Auburn and Norway have always claimed to have raised the first company, and you may praise either one you please, but on this vexed question no company was ever better defended than the Lewiston L. I. was by Col. Fillebrown, whose assertions were too positive and persuasively concise to be disputed. In fact all were accepted by the State within a few days of each other, and were mustered into the U. S. service May 3, 1861. You remember that date—May 3d,—I suspect, without being reminded of it.

But let us go back and ask the questions when, where, and how did you enlist? The process of enlisting was that of signing a long roll agreeing to serve TWO YEARS *in* or *for* the State of Maine—we did not notice which. Why it was two years instead of three months no one knew or cared. The crowd of loafers told us that it was a "mere form," and that the State of Maine law required all enlistments to be made for two years and there was not time enough to change the law now; but our United States service would be for three months. Few of us stopped to ask questions, for at that day the only idea that possessed the public mind was, that the North would "rise in its might," and squelch treason in a hurry, and you remember, my friends of the "1st", our constant fear was that we should never get away from Maine till after the N. Y. and Mass. Militia had suppressed the rebellion.

And for this reason no man cared what kind of a roll he signed, or what old law he conformed to. If memory is good, that blank which we signed caused some of the blankest expressions ever seen before the summer was over.

Our rallying points were generally in the armories of the old volunteer companies. Here we learned the wonders of the Hardee and Scott manuals, and the bayonet exercise. Here we heard marvelous stories of the excellence of Springfield rifles and the pluck of so and so, and how easily a squad of well drilled foot soldiers could keep at bay a company of horsemen, and much of this sort.

After a sufficient number of men had enlisted in any company, the formality of an election was next in order, except in those companies where the officers, who already held commissions from the Governor, signified their intention to go to war and thereby retained their positions by recruiting their companies up to standard.

By Saturday, April 27th, the ten companies were in and around Portland, the rolls full, or nearly so, the officers commissioned, and non-commissioned officers appointed, and the men armed but not uniformed. The entire regiment had the Springfield rifled musket; caliber $\frac{58}{100}$ inch, with the Maynard primer attachment, a contrivance never used during the war to our knowledge, and I believe it was left off from all muskets manufactured after the first few thousand. We had our uniforms and clothing issued to us as fast as they could be made or bought. By reference to my diary I see that—

April 28th, *Sunday*. The Captain, (Fessenden of Co. C), told us to "fall in," and we were marched to the new City Hall, where we each received a pair of woolen shirts, two pairs of woolen drawers, two pairs woolen stockings, and one pair of shoes with leather strings, the shoes being the great, wide kind you see in shops on the wharves, where fishermen trade. We received our blankets some time ago. It is understood that revolvers have arrived to arm the regiment. This is a piece of news which delights every one, especially those who have been trying a week to buy one. * * * * Muskets enough were taken from the State Arsenal to-day to give every man one without borrowing.

I notice also under this date that "*we are to march Tuesday.*"

Cartridge-boxes and the other accoutrements came at a date not recorded, and on April 30th—

We received our overcoats, pantaloons, haversacks and knapsacks,—the last a miserable thing of painted cloth which daubs everything it touches. The overcoat is gray with the Massachusetts brass button on it, and is not a bad coat; the pantaloons are of poorer stuff and made in a hurry; color a mixture of gray, red and brown.

The great word SHODDY, could not be found at that time in the latest editions of Webster's dictionary, and was unknown among the masses; and hence you will observe it was not used here, nor does it ever occur in my diary of the 1st Maine. Had I known the word it would have gone in here at this time most certainly.

MAY 9th. Our company had their under coats and rubber blankets distributed. This furnishes us completely, except in cartridges and caps. The coats are made of a very poor gray cloth and have the Maine button; the overcoats are being altered, receiving the Maine button in place of the Mass.

A note added a month later than this reminds me that the expected pistols came and were very partially distributed to the Colonel and all officers and non-commissioned officers, but not a private had one,—another evidence of the contempt in which a private was held by his superiors! And I see furthermore in the Tenth regiment's diary—

That of all the nuisances the pistol is the chief. Worthless in themselves, from being worn out, or too small, they lumber up a man and tend to weaken his efforts with his proper weapon, the musket. The Adjutant says he's bound the men shall throw them away, though as they have bought them this will be "rough."

It is amusing to hunt over my old diary to find the date of acceptance by the State or of muster into the U. S. service. There is little about it, from the fact that we knew little of it at the time. I will give you the facts for history's sake and then add from the diary.

ORGANIZING.

Of ten old volunteer militia companies designated by the Governor to form this three months regiment, two failed from some cause to respond, or to respond in season, and the Portland

Rifle Guards recruited an extra company, and a new company called the Lewiston Zouaves was enlisted for the occasion.* Most of the men enlisted between Monday, April 22d, and Friday, April 26th, though a majority of the members of the old companies had agreed to go before the first date.

The companies were full by Thursday night, and were ordered by Gen. Wm. Wirt Virgin of the militia, into quarters at Portland or Fort Preble; so we commenced drawing pay April 26th. The officers met in the City Council room and chose Capt. Nat'l J. Jackson, of the Lewiston Light Infantry, for Colonel; Capt. Albion Witham, of the Portland Light Infantry, Lieut. Col.; and Capt. Geo. G. Bailey, of the Blues, for Major. The vacancies in these companies were at once filled by promotion,—the men choosing their officers and the Governor commissioning whomsoever they selected.

It was not till May 3d, however, that we were accepted by the United States for "three months from date." How little we knew of, or cared for, all this may be inferred from my not thinking it worth while at the time to note the rumor "that a fellow named Jackson, belonging to the old Lewiston company, was to be Colonel." At that time the company was the unit; we cared little for the regiment, as the regiment had no existence. In fact we never had in the "1st," that *esprit de corps* so requisite in any body of troops. The glory of the "1st" is, that it was made out of nothing and was very good, for the times.

ACCEPTED BY THE STATE.

The diary of April 26, 1861, has —"Business extremely dull," showing that I was still at work for myself, as were some others, perhaps, upon this first day of pay in the service of the State of Maine.

---

*Gen. Nye, who was 2d Lieut. of this Co. (K), says: "I drew up an enlisting roll in a book Saturday, April 20th. My name was first on the list, John B. Cook's next, S. B. Osgood's next. By next day evening (Sunday), 125 names were on the list, a part of which my wife recruited while I was away from my house. Next Wednesday we had an election of officers, and on Thursday were encamped at Fort Preble. Co. K was therefore the first new volunteer company."

The company did nothing to-day, and in the evening, when we all met for drill and news, the Capt. told us that we might be ordered on duty to-morrow afternoon.

April 27th, *Friday*. At one o'clock the company was mustered into [accepted] the State service, as they said, though I don't vouch for it. But soon after, I'll swear to this, they took us down to John B. Brown's unfinished theater building, in Union street, where we understood we were "quartered"; but we did nothing here, except to howl at the bare walls, and sing and talk, and act like fools. At 5 p. m. Capt. Fessenden let us go home, on our promising to return at 5 a. m., since the accommodations for sleeping were not sufficient. The Norway company is in the hall with us, and is made up of as tough a set of giants as need be. They are none of your "sallow, slenderly built boys," as the rebel army around Fort Sumter is described as being. They are a jolly set of fellows; we got acquainted with all of them, and one little sergeant whom they call "Major" is the pink of the lot.

CHAPTER II.

IN UNITED STATES SERVICE.

MAY 3d, *Friday.* In the afternoon we (Co. C) were *mustered in* to the service of the U. S., and were soon after paid our bounty, $22, and one day's pay, 37 cents.* The operation of mustering in, about which we have heard horrible stories of late, is simple enough. We marched down to the City Hall and opened our ranks. Col. Jackson of our regiment, an old officer named Gardiner of the U. S. Dragoons, and our regimental Surgeon passed up and down looking at every man, or pretending to. This over, the roll was called, when man after man answered "Here", shouldered his musket, marched along the entry past where these same officers and a number of others sat. When going by this group, the soldier would bring his left hand up suddenly, slapping the strap on his musket, and having walked six steps, the hand was returned as smartly. We had to practice this salute, for such it is, in the theater, before going down, and were enjoined especially as to the slapping and to looking straight ahead.

If the soldier pleased all the worthies who sat there to inspect him, he passed on and became thereby a U. S. soldier. Five of our company were rejected, however, and beside receiving no money, they had to give up all their "*good clothes.*" They were also asked by the boys to vomit up their rations for the benefit of the man who kept Mechanics' Hall.

This last proposal leads me to note that we had then for a week eaten our meals cooked and served at Mechanics' Hall. Some eight or ten Africans apparently had matters all their own way in the hall, and during the twelve days we ate there, they received the most complete cursing and gave back the most unparalleled impudence that ever I had been called upon to witness; and all without a single knock-down. Every meal was

* The regular pay was $11.00 per month in gold coin. Bounty, two months pay. The other companies were also mustered in and paid.

commenced by giving a volley of "chaff" to the cooks as we marched by the kitchen to the hall. Then the waiters had to take a damning such as I could give you no idea of in a week's trial, and last of all the Quartermaster, or somebody else, had to take it from daylight till bed-time; but this was too bad, for he had nothing to do with it. And it is only fair to say, that whether Mechanics' Hall fare was really good or bad, it was the best we ever had in the "1st," for regular rations. But being quartered around town, as we were, and eating the good things our friends sent us, we had no appetites. The companies quartered at Fort Preble also did swearing enough, I have been told, to appall Col. Jackson by their profanity.

Every bodily ill we suffered was laid off to the poor rations. Some heavy cases of drunkenness were also charged on the same account: and I knew a man who on the recommendation of wise friends ate pills with his meals to prevent being hurt.

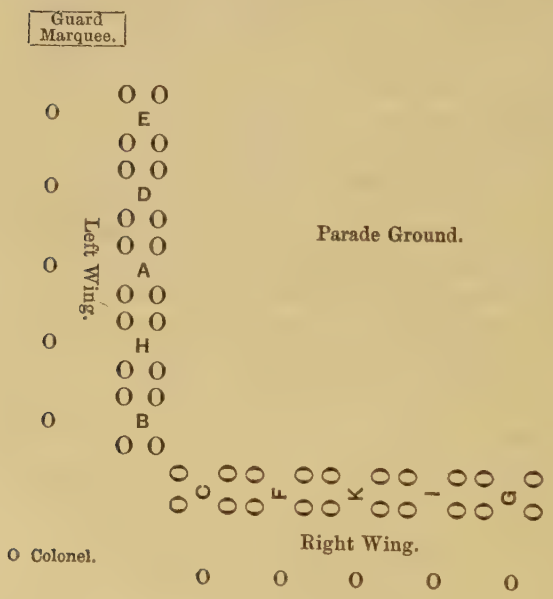
During the twelve days that the companies were quartered in the Theater, Fox Block, City Hall and other places, there was little done by the men except to cut up every caper mentionable. A little drilling was done, but the officers were so occupied with outside business, that we hardly ever saw more than one at a time, though we had four lieutenants till May 3d—when the 3d and 4th lieutenants were thrown aside by Major Gardiner. In our hall, I remember that boxing, wrestling and getting up fights among the Irish boys outside, constituted our chief amusement.

At length, on Wednesday, May 8th, this good-for-nothing existence ended, for—

At 4 P. M. we left City Hall, where all the companies had been assembled and a great crowd of people with them, and in company with the whole regiment, our knapsacks and everything else on, we marched up Congress street to State, and thence through Danforth and down town to Washington; then over Tukey's bridge and across the Grand Trunk Railroad track a dozen rods, and turned eastward into a field across the cove from the Marine Hospital. It is the most tedious thing we have done yet. I was *intensely* fatigued, for it showered frequently on the march, and then the sun came out hot, and our knapsack straps cut our shoulders. But the most outrageous thing was that after we got there, the officers left us all standing while they

went out to the front of us and talked with the Colonel, while we ached and thought we should break down.

The camp had been laid out and tents pitched and most of them floored before our arrival. The field is not long enough for the camp to be in one straight line, so the two wings are on lines at right angles to each other, and meet at the center. Each company has four large cone-shaped cotton tents with two slits for doors. The officers have a tent also all to themselves, though there are but three of them, while we have to pile into each tent a sergeant, a corporal and fourteen privates. The orderly sergeant and fourteen tallest men in the company, and the tallest corporal, take tent No. 1, and the fourth sergeant and shortest corporal, and fourteen shortest men take tent No. 4, and the intermediate tents go to the medium sized. The tents of each company are placed in the four corners of a square giving us a street to form in.



CHAPTER III.

CAMP LIFE AND DUTIES.

The first night in camp is ever to be remembered. Some of the officers and a few of the men were passed out. Two of the officers ran guard, and perhaps as many hundred of the men followed their example, as all good soldiers will, you know. I thought by the noise that a few had fortified themselves against the night air with a little cheap liquor, but the everlasting bawl of the sentinels was the marvel to most of us—who had no idea of what it was all about. The guard line was about a half mile around, with thirty sentinels on duty upon it, every one of whom, with all the officers of the guard, were endeavoring to keep the men from running off. Not one sentinel had a fair idea of what guard duty was, but whenever he saw a man going off or coming back he sang out, "Officer of the Guard!" or "Officer of the Day! Post Number ——!" (we never stooped to call for corporals or sergeants of the guard in those days of wisdom.) Then the next sentinel would take up the cry and around it would go. How it would go! If it started from No. 10, it generally got changed to No. something else by the time it reached the guard tent, and as likely as not the sentry at the tent sent it flying again, and so we had it all night. As often as the town clock struck, some wise sentinel started the cry, say "Two-of-the-clock! and-all-is-well!" which ran around till it came to another wiser than he, who changed the termination to "all is *very* well." But one more practical than either would vary this somewhat by singing out with all his voice, and all his temper, and with much profanity

"Two o'clock! Turn out that third relief or there'll be —— to pay!" The cries of the guard and the uproar of those who were drunk or were getting that way, with the novelty of camp life, made it a sleepless night to most of us.

For a day or two the arrangements for cooking were poor and the guard continued noisy day and night, and then everything commenced to improve. We learned that we were a regiment instead of ten stray companies, and that we had a colonel as well as a captain.

We had battalion drills, which is a very different thing from the fancy deploying, skirmishing and bayonet exercise we had practiced so much as a company. Our first battalion drill, you remember, was little less than an order from the Colonel, a stare of confusion from the captains, a scramble by the men and a hustling when the order came to dress. So much over, the Colonel gave us his idea of captains, which the captains bore with meekness, all of which the men enjoyed exceedingly. Nothing pleased us more than to see another company make a blunder, and if one company attempted to march on or to dress over the ground where another company was, then both companies joined with all their heart, soul, might and strength to push aside or keep back the other. These were all the pleasures we ever knew in regimental drilling in the 1st Maine. It did us good to hear "old Jacks" ask such and such a captain why he didn't study his book? I remember, too, the great joy we of Co. C experienced, in being nearly squeezed to jelly rather than that our company should give way to the "Blues," though we were entirely in the wrong.

Being a recruit then, I suppose I noticed more the grumbling and profanity of the "1st" than of the "10th" or "29th", but I find that most of those who were in the three regiments agree with me that the "1st" excelled the others in these accomplishments. Our worthy Chaplain, thinking that example was everything, must have remonstrated with our Colonel on the matter of profanity, for one day at drill, after some anti-Hardee movement, the Colonel let loose all the swearing he had kept pent up till then, and ended with the soliloquy "what's the use to ask a man not to swear if

he has to drill such officers?" Knowing full well the sin of profanity, I am never able to look at it in our old Colonel in its moral bearing. It was always so comical, or came as an emphasis to his disgust, or pretended disgust, that it seemed a thing to laugh over, and besides, as we boys always urged in apology, he never swore at the men excepting when he was unable to tell a man from an officer.

Another oddity of our Colonel was a way he had of watching the left general guide, during battalion drill. Sergt. Moody, of E, was the victim, and you all remember how persistently the Colonel called to Major Bailey to "knock him down!" and "plant him!" as often as the unfortunate Sergeant moved or was pushed out of place.

Of all our officers, our worthy Adjutant Fillebrown was best known, after the Colonel. With his ready perception of errors and love of military precision, he soon put an end to a thousand follies that disturbed us at first, only there was never an end put to running guard: under May 15th, the diary states—

After breakfast we (Co. C) were called together and ordered into town. We mustered only 26 men, and were obliged to call for 24 additional men from another company, which made the Captain mad as fury, and in his usual way he told us, the 26 faithful and the 24 borrowed, that if we ran guard again he'd put us in jail and keep us there till the regiment moved, and so on, till he swore himself hoarse. The Colonel and other officers, who have tents all to themselves a little way from ours, overheard the Captain, and clapped their hands. Then we poor innocents growled inaudibly, and the show moved on.

May 25th. Alarm of fire this morning in town. The men ran off, one after another, making a continuous line. * * * And as it rained afterwards, none of them came back; so at dress parade only 300 officers and men took part.

The next day a new system was announced in orders for 1st Maine Regiment, at dress parade, 400 being present. But what it was, further than the granting of more passes, is not stated. As we look back to our old regiment, it stands out as distinguished in this favorite practice of going and coming by stealth; it was never cured.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEASLES.

The measles!! Do you ever think of them and not remember the "1st"? Though we enlisted to fight, bleed and die, nothing happened to us so serious as the measles. They sent, first and last, about 150 men to the hospital; they kept us in Portland, sent us to camp and compelled us to loiter there more than a third of our term of service. Day after day as the news came from the South of dangers to our Capital, and loss after loss to the country, we were told that we could not go to Washington till the *measles* were out of our midst. The keenest grief we were called to endure on this account was on May 15th, when three companies were sent to Portland to escort the 2d Regiment through the city on its way to the seat of war. It was my misfortune to be one of the escort, and the diary of that day is full of complaint and lamentations. It vexed us all to think that we were ready to go before the 2nd had a company full. We summed up the whole as a "measly affair all round."

Tuesday, May 21st, Surgeon Richardson ordered out of camp all who had never had the measles, and sixty to seventy marched with knapsacks on their backs to near the city almshouse, to what we called Camp Measles, a quarantine in reality. After this we had constant rumors that the regiment would leave for the front as soon as five days had elapsed without a new case breaking out in camp. This caused us a week of anxiety, for we knew there were many men still left in camp who had never had the measles.

This takes us to the next subject, that of departure for the seat of war. We expected every day in April the order which should

hurry us half equipped to Washington, and when we were nearly ready, the excuse talked of was a want of clothing and then the measles. The measles excuse held good for almost a month. May 29th, however, the fever for going commenced again.

The talk this morning was, "we shall surely go to-morrow," for to-day was the appointed time; but toward night the doubters had it all their way, and at dress parade the Adjutant's orders commenced as usual, "Reveille, 5 A. M.," and that crushed us. Before we had broken ranks the Captain came in and said the usual orders were only read for effect, but the regiment would leave to-morrow. Then all over the camp, for every captain had told his company the same, went up hurrahs, tigers and yells of all kinds. And after dark some of the companies burnt up their tables and all the wood they had.

MAY 30th. *We haven't gone.* Various reasons are given. * * * Governor Washburn visited and reviewed us—a new movement, this reviewing. We blundered outrageously at it. The Governor is a little stub of a fellow, but he made a cheering speech and said that to his eye we drilled like veterans! Rather bad for that eye of his I should say.

MAY 31st. The Adjutant's orders to-night were, Reveille 4 A. M. Peas-upon-a-trencher ½ to 5. Striking of the camp 5.15. Ready for march 5.45, and the boys commenced a buzzing and all the officers and sergeants couldn't stop them.

That night there was some noise and some burning up of needless stuff, and some drinking and swearing in the Hard "D's" and other Hards.

JUNE 1, 1861, *Saturday.* We were all up and packing by daylight, and precisely at 5.15 the drum tapped and every tent fell in an instant. It was well done, and having never seen such a sight before we were highly delighted. At 5.45 we marched to the gate, and here Chaplain Knox made a prayer, our old swearing Colonel saying "we will start right." We looked back on the field, and Camp Washburn was there no more. We marched to Portland, the knapsacks growing heavy but not galling us as when we came out. The Portland Band met us on the bridge, and the 5th regiment, Colonel Dunnell, at Congress street. The streets were full of people, who stood laughing, crying or indifferent. There was some hurrahing, but Portland is pre-eminently a town of silence when hurrahing is needed. At the Boston depot the crowd was large and demonstrative. Wife, sister, mother and sweetheart cried and kissed the soldier

in spite of orders. Our friends were bent on saying good bye, or kissing us, every time they could. But at length after much confusion the men were got aboard the cars, and they moved off slowly amid a thunder of hurrahs, well put in here as if to make up for previous short comings.

The whole country was alive with people who came to the cross-roads to shake their flags and handkerchiefs at us. At Portsmouth several companies of a New Hampshire regiment were at the depot, and we hurrahed in return to their cheers. All along the road out of Portsmouth, the women and children were at the windows and crossings waving their handkerchiefs and throwing us kisses. The factory girls rushed to the windows and received a score of rousing cheers. I remember distinctly, too, the slow waving of the hand by an old farmer, whose silver head showed that he might have seen or been one of the soldiers of other days. The New Hampshire people showed much more enthusiasm than those of our own State. At Newburyport, Colonel Jackson's birth-place, we were honored with a salute from the artillery.

Our regiment (except the sick and measly) arrived in Boston, at 3 P. M. We formed outside the depot and received our colors,* the stars and stripes, a present from *State of Maine men living in that city.* A battalion of gentlemen-soldiers, called the Cadets, dressed in rich uniform, received us. Our march through the city caused much enthusiasm. The people filled every available place and hurrahed so that we couldn't march in step. A great number of young fellows whose zeal knew no bounds met us at every corner, and again and again gave cheers for their particular friends as we passed.

We halted on the Common. Governor Andrew and staff walked by, and then we rested, during which the Boston public sent us all we wanted to eat. Every orange vender was bought out by these generous people and the fruit tumbled into our laps. After this we fell in and had a battalion drill down by the Public Garden. We didn't do our best for we were tired and more interested in the scenes around us than in our work. Then marching on again, we passed through State street amid general hurrahs for the regiment, and a sort of side hurrahs for each company as it passed, till "Halt!" came suddenly, and "Order! Arms!" Wonderful to relate the twenty platoons

*The regiment had received no colors before this, but some of the companies had had one or more given them, which of course were never seen after the regiment was organized.

Wm. P. Fessenden

CAPT. CO. C. 1ST ME. VOLS.

A Trochsler & Co Lith Boston

closed up in fine order and brought their guns down on the solid rock successively in exact time.* We perspired till everything in our coat pockets was saturated. The knapsacks carry hard—mine weighs eighteen pounds to-day—and this is seven less than it weighed on our first march to camp. We marched to the Old Colony depot and started in a special train some time after sunset. All along the road it was as before, ladies with handkerchiefs, children with flags and old folks slowly nodding. It grew dark though, and we went to sleep, every man doing his best, or I may say, his worst, to get a good position for rest.

At Fall River we found soldiers and factory girls out, but could only hurrah for the first and kiss the last, and then hurry aboard the "Bay State," where we slept soundly after a day such as one experiences only once in a life time. What a day it has been; full of excitement and joy, and almost without a reminder that we are going to war.†

JUNE 2, 1861, *Sunday.* We all had a good rest and were not drummed out in the morning. The passage up Long Island Sound for the first time, of course was pleasant. We passed close to a large number of vessels, and were continually cheering the crews of the coasters which were going in or out of the city. They always saluted us in return by running up their flags, firing their guns or blowing their horns and conchs. A school of porpoises followed us a long distance, and as this was to most of us the first sight of the fish it interested us much. Fort Schuyler had a regiment of troops in it, and we each tried to hurrah louder than the other. We were all delighted with the scenery, but hardly a man of us knew the names of places.

We landed about noon. Hundreds of people cheered us from the wharves and boats, adding to our joy of course. The "Sons of Maine," with badges on the breasts, escorted us to the Astor House where they presented us with a flag‡ and also gave the officers a dinner.

We were cheered all along our line of march, especially whenever we changed position of arms, and this pleased us much. After this we crossed to the Park and formed square, the appearance of which brought out cheer after cheer from the New Yorkers. Then we piled our knapsacks in heaps and ate dinner all ready cooked at the Park Barracks—and a good dinner it was.

It then pleased the Colonel to show the people how we could drill. Our company (C) had to clear out the street first as the Police didn't seem to be powerful enough, and then the Captain put us through the bayonet drill. The regiment monopolized the street for about half an hour, and kept communication

*It was a most perfect execution, and we have always bragged of it and we always intend to.

†The Portland Band, with Chandler and Cole, went on to Washington with us without compensation.

‡Another National flag. We had no regimental flag in the 1st Regiment.

open also between it and the Astor House bar, from which a quantity of ginger-pop or something else must have been absorbed, I judge, from the jubilee that followed.

About 4 P. M. we slung our knapsacks and marched aboard a large ferry boat and crossed to the New Jersey shore. Before leaving the Park, and while we were formed as a square, the Colonel delivered that famous speech which no man who heard will ever forget. It was entirely extempore and had the merit of brevity, and it made, not the orator, but the one addressed famous ever afterward. The Adjutant was hastening toward the opposite side of the square when the Colonel called him. The Adjutant did not hear—the only man in the regiment that did not, by the way. He called again and still no attention except from the 700 men and seven times 700 spectators who were all attention. Therefore he roused himself for his effort, and delivered the speech, which was taken down in short hand or some other way, and is recorded as follows:

SPEECH OF "OLD JACKS",

SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1861, IN FRONT OF CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

"JIM!—HO! JIM!!"

Moved by his eloquence the great assemblage of soldiers and citizens burst into one grand responsive echo—"JIM!" "JIM!" "JIM!" "JIM!" "JIM!" &c., which they kept up for a long time, and indeed, as far as the soldiers were concerned, they haven't quite quit it yet.

We were put into the funniest shaped cars ever seen, at Jersey City, and got away at about sunset. The people turned out by thousands in their Sunday dress, and gave us a reception that can't be described. Men, women and children lined the fences for miles, and they kept us hurrahing and waving our caps incessantly. It became tiresome to see so many people and to hurrah all the time.

Newark was the scene of even more furor than Jersey City, but it is simply useless to attempt to describe the enthusiasm of the people. After leaving this place it grew dark, but we could see at every road and house we passed

a crowd waving flags and handkerchiefs, but it was too much for human nature,—we had to lie down or lie askew the best way we could and sleep.

It was on the ferry boat that ammunition was first issued to us, and we were ordered to load, but not prime, i. e., not put on the percussion cap, thus preventing accidental discharge. This was preparing for Baltimore in good season.

June 3, 1861, *Monday*. We woke up at one o'clock this morning at Camden, crowded aboard a ferry boat and sailed up or down river, we couldn't tell which, it was so dark and we were so sleepy.

We were landed in the streets of Philadelphia by 2 A. M., when the companies were marched to various places near by and a good hot breakfast given us by the ladies. The streets were filled with them, and they were ladies beyond all suspicion. Think how patriotic these good women were to sit up for us! One old lady who looked like the pictures of our revolutionary mothers, said she had been up two nights expecting us, and determined that we should have some of her hot coffee.

We were here an hour and a very large crowd of good people had gathered at the end of it, yet I saw no improprieties and heard of none. Everyone shook hands with us and many of the younger ladies were kissed, yet all was honest; and what is worth noting, we didn't swear nor use improper language while in their presence. * * * * * * * * * *

We passed many beautiful residences, and though so early in the morning the folks were up and waiting to give us a shake of their flags. How they knew we were coming I can't imagine. Frequently this morning we would see a movement of a flag in a window a half mile off, to which we always responded, and wondered how they knew us, and how they could turn out at that hour of the morning to shake a flag.

The scenery all this forenoon was charming—the little red cedars take our eye especially; vegetation is about a month ahead of that in Maine.

We had a respite from our hurrahs after leaving Pennsylvania. At Wilmington, Del., we saw the "everlasting nigger" in great numbers, or what looked to us then as great numbers. After leaving them we fell in with squads of soldiers at every switch, culvert, crossing and station. Arriving at Perryville, cars and passengers were ferried across the Susquehanna in two loads. After this we passed over two very long bridges, one across Gunpowder creek, and one over Bush creek, both of which had recently been partly burned by the rebellious portion of Maryland, but were now repaired.

We arrived at Baltimore just before noon and saw but little

demonstration there, for at this time the city government had not passed out of rebel hands. Two or three times our flag was cheered and small boys as often proposed "three cheers for Jeff!" but they were not given. The police were very efficient in stopping all sorts of demonstrations, and it required courage for a man to cheer for either side in Baltimore that day. In marching from the President street depot to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad the sweat poured from us for we were dressed for cold weather and the day was very warm. We "veterans" of the "1st" never ceased telling the "*recruits*" of the "10th" about this terribly sweaty march till Banks's retreat, since which time there has been much back-talk from the recruits about it.

From Baltimore to Washington is a pleasant ride. At the Relay House—a place of military importance just now—the 6th Massachusetts is encamped. Here are the river Patapsco, a deep ravine, a ponderous stone bridge or viaduct, a waterfall, mills, camp and scenery over which Hudson the artist grew frantic. I would enlist to serve forever in such a place as this.

This last was a good tune to sing then; later in life we all sang, you remember, as we came away from this same spot, "O, ain't you glad to get out the wilderness?" The railroad was heavily guarded all the distance from Baltimore to Washington, and we thought then it was the very height of all pleasure that those sentinels were enjoying.

At length we arrived in sight of the great unfinished dome of the Capitol. Here, where one might think our patriotism would have been at boiling point, we found ourselves all tired out from the excesses of the past three days, and hungry as well. None were so anxious about the Capitol as about their dinner. There was no one at the depot to cheer for us, nor to care a fig whether we had arrived or not, so we were split up without delay, the Colonel and half the regiment taking a great house near by, the first one on Maryland Avenue, and the other companies some chambers on Pennsylvania Avenue.

We were followed by a small company of negro boys, who offered to "black yer boots", "shine 'em up", "Union shine", all for three cents. Scrawny, squalid women, such as we rarely saw

at home, came in by dozens with pies and lemonade, but some soldiers of regiments that had been in the city a longer time told us the stuff was all poisoned or had ground glass in it, and we suffered ourselves to be hoaxed a while, then hunger prevailed and we bought out the women.

CHAPTER V.

MERIDIAN HILL, WASHINGTON.

The first thing we did after arriving at our quarters was to strip, or "peel," as the slang was, and most of us peeled down to shirt and drawers and fell to work ripping out the trowsers lining. There was much loud talk and vigorous swearing about the heat, but louder and more vigorous was the cry for something to eat. A guard was put around our quarters at both places, and at Maryland Avenue at least, it required an expert at the business to pass out. Our first impression of Washington was summed up in the diary as follows:

Washington is dead—nothing is being done that we can see or hear. Numbers of negroes pass by us grinning; whole droves of hogs come to the very door steps and grunt for our crumbs. This is really so; they let their hogs run loose as we do our dogs, and as if to prove the Darwinian theory, their swine have adapted themselves to this style of life, and have, as compared with ours, clean race-horse legs, and the longest, sharpest snouts that you ever saw. What a community this must be to tolerate such a nuisance.

The diary also shows that we complained bitterly of the water, and that most of us were pretty well "played out" from loss of sleep and long excitement, and slept all night without any disturbance, as there was not one man drunk in the companies on our floor. So it seems that after all our tears and troubles, after a month of impatience, and fear that the Capital would go to the rebels, when at length we came where we could protect it, there was nothing more prominent in our minds than the stupidity of the Washingtonians and the activity of their hogs; and as a regiment we wanted nothing more than a good square meal, and

a chance to sleep in a cool place. It is needless to remind you, my friends, that the square meal was not eaten that night.

The next morning was cold and rainy. Those who had ripped out their trowsers linings in a hurry, wished them back again. We learned that Senator Douglas was dead, and noticed flags at half mast. Also, by way of news, we heard that the rebels, after the 1st Maine had gone well out of Havre-de-Grace, had attacked that place and captured it. This was hard, but by and by we were cheered by the glorious news that the Federal troops had rallied, and with reinforcements had re-captured the town; and last of all, our Adjutant and Chaplain, who were great news men and rumor killers, told us that all the stories about Havre-de-Grace were a hoax.

The whole of company B, and a dozen or more men from every other company, were sent out under the Quartermaster's directions, to a place called Meridian Hill, on 14th Street, and there pitched all of the tents. A number of the men passed the guard and came back telling marvellous stories of the sights about town. They had been all through the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury building, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institute and a dozen camps. They had seen "old Scott" and the President and Colonel So and So, for you must know that Colonels were scarce and noted in those days, and that all the buildings named and many others were open to the soldiers then. We who were penned up in the houses or factory, noticed all that passed, and were pleased to see the Zouaves, the German Rifles (8th N. Y.) and a number of other finely dressed fellows. Gray was the predominant color, however. The dark blue and sky blue of the regulars was worn only by very few regiments then, if memory serves rightly. The Quartermaster gave us some good home-made pilot bread this morning, and I infer from the diary that we received some meat, from the prayer there, "The Lord deliver us from any more of what they call 'middlings,' which is a kind of bacon, all fat, and disgusting enough."

The men spent the day in setting little black boys fighting, or rather butting. It was rich sport for us, since we had not seen much of the genuine darkey before. One little fellow who was

whiter than we were, but who showed his negro blood nevertheless, was handled roughly by his blacker friends, who took great delight in proving to us that he was black and a slave. This reminds me that at this time public sentiment was for the "*Union as it was*," which meant as far as slavery was concerned, that each State should mind its own business. In our anxiety for the Union, we of the North lost sight of what appeared a secondary matter. The slavery question was crowded aside the better to put down the rebellion! In the first days of the war, and until after the battle of Bull Run, the presence of the army did not disturb the slaves as it did in later days. Although Gen. Butler's famous decision* that a slave was "*contraband*" received a ready amen all through the army and the North, yet as far as we could judge, the policy of the government was for us to keep our hands off the "divine institution." But more of this by and by.

What a treat to a man's vanity it is to see his name in print! Naturally enough we all bought the papers on our first morning in Washington, to see what they had about the "crack" regiment from Maine. We found out by one of them that the 1st Maine was organized in three days after the President's call, and was recruited principally in Androscoggin County,—a county noted for its beautiful women and finely formed men!!

There is nothing of note in the diary for June 5, save the remark that looking from the dome of the Capitol we saw—

Camps stretching all around from Arlington Heights to Alexandria, and from Georgetown down as far as we could see. There are about 30,000 troops near by now, so the papers say.

On that day too, most of us ran out and visited the Capitol, and were interested in all we saw of course; we wished so much to be quartered there ourselves, that we kept alive all day the very foolish rumor that Gen. Scott would order us to guard it. The diary states that—

Tobacco spit stains the stairs and is all over the building, but no real act of vandalism is visible. In the Senate reception room, twenty soldiers of the

*At the Commencement exercises of Bowdoin College, 1870, Gen. [Governor] Chamberlain gave Gen. Ames the credit of originating this term.

German Rifles were smoking or lounging on furniture worth thousands of dollars.

For June 6th, we had by way of news that—

One of the "Blues" was knocked down by a brick while on guard last night over in the camp, and had to be carried off. The guard turned out and fired thirty shots at them. (Who?) There is a secession academy very near.

After getting worked up to fever heat by talking about this and about some blue lights that had been seen burning at the academy, we heard another version of the affair, and still another, and then the officers told us that it was a hoax!!

June 7th, *Friday*, was another dull day. We had not been over to camp before for various reasons, but after breakfast, or "peas-upon-a-trencher" as the Adjutant had taught us to call it, we formed line, stood there half an hour in knapsacks, and then marched around to Pennsylvania Avenue and down to the Treasury Building, where we turned off and marched in the mud to Meridian Hill, making about two and a half miles.

We found our tents pitched on ground that had been ploughed and then trodden down by soldiers in drilling: and lumber near by for floors and tables. We had a dress parade immediately on arrival and some hard cursing. The heat and fatigue caused four men of our company to faint and fall down during the dress parade, showing how much easier it is to keep moving than to stand still with a knapsack on.

The 2d Maine was in camp a few yards from our left. They had a beautiful old mansion, with a large grove of trees unknown to us in Maine, in their lines. The grounds of Columbia College were in our rear (east). Still farther to the rear and across 14th street was the 9th New York Militia, on the ground made famous by Major Winthrop, in his contributions to the Atlantic Monthly.

The 27th Penn., composed of Germans, French, Italians and everything else, under a Colonel Einstein, was not far off to the west. Soldiers were abundant; it did not take a day to convince us that Camp Jackson, as we called it, was not to be a Camp Washburn. We saw at a glance that we could only play second fiddle here.

Straw was issued to us by the rack-full, and at the cry of "fleas" the Norway Co. (G) burnt up theirs before night. But this was

not so much after the manner of recruits as was another freak which older regiments than ours have played. Our muskets had been loaded now a week, during which much talk had been made about the poor powder, and the impression in some minds was that the taint of treason possessed the men who made it. We took this first opportunity to discharge the pieces to see if the powder was true, and as we knew nothing then of their tendency to over-shoot, and were all untaught as to richochet balls, we had a lively time of it. But to say that our neighbors had only a lively time, would do them injustice, They stood fire well, and no doubt looked with pity and contempt upon "those Maine recruits." No one was shot, and after a while the fusilade ceased. A guard was put around the camp, and none were allowed outside except squads for water. To get out, however, was never difficult; besides our officers passed us out to cut brush with which we shaded our tables and our officers' quarters, the last, partly out of respect to them, and partly because no company would let another get ahead of it in any such notions as these.

At night a heavy guard was sent out, armed to the teeth, some men having two pistols, and wonderful things were done by this guard, as we all know very well.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMP LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

JUNE 8th, *Saturday*. We were awaked on this our first morning in Camp Jackson, by most unearthly cries, which would never have been mistaken for human, had not "Murder!" "Murder!" alternated with the yells. The camp guard and a few of the companies nearest the place whence the noise issued, turned out with creditable promptness, and stood to arms, waiting orders, while the officer of the guard went out with his men, who, after traveling about a quarter of a mile, found a negro and his wife in a shanty, both drunk and fighting, besides screaming at the top of their voices. We had supposed that one of the picket guard was being murdered by the college students, and we had roused the sleepers by shouting "*pickets in trouble*," a by-word in some of the companies till the end of their existence. When we learned what it was we went back to our tents very quietly and made no brag about how quickly we had turned out.

In the afternoon, one of the thunder storms peculiar to the latitude, astonished us. We were not accustomed to such winds and rains, and never had seen such streams of water rush past our tents before. We held on to the poles of the tents, and as is customary with new soldiers, we yelled all the time, occasionally quoting the Colonel's oration, "JIM!" "JIM!" for somehow we all felt that this was not according to the Adjutant's "*Orders for 1st Maine Regiment*," and for this reason we felt bound to call his attention to the irregularity.

JUNE 9th was our first Sunday in Washington. We had divine

service before noon, and as we were baked well by the sun we did not like it at all.

A regiment of Germans, 5th New York Militia, Col. Scharzwalder, marched over to the hill in our front (west) and pitched their tents this forenoon. They had a fine band and a drum corps with eighteen brass drums, and they had a lager beer barrel tapped long before they had their tents pitched. "Flies are plenty and mosquitoes scarce"; so says the diary.

Monday a large body of troops moved off toward the North. We noticed that some regiments wore their havelocks as they passed along. Havelocks had been given to us by our lady friends, and we sometimes wore them when on guard. The havelock, it is said, was worn by the British army in East India, under the general whose name it takes. And during the months of May and June, one could hardly lift a newspaper without seeing something about them and their great benefit to the wearer. They are simply a cap covering of white linen with a long flap or cape which falls to the shoulder, and will scantily cover it if your sweetheart has been over liberal in cutting the pattern. They answered for towels and handkerchiefs when we had nothing better, but hot as it was sometimes in the "1st," (and we saw hot weather and bragged about it you know), it was always hotter for the head to put on these things. I do not remember seeing one the second summer of the war.

June 11th was a day of unusual complaint about the rations. The bread from the Capitol bakery was not palatable, and the beef was tougher than the "old hoss" which the sailors say came "from Saccarapp to Portland Pier." I believe this was the day that a horse's hoof or part of the leg was said to have been found in a barrel of beef, though few were gulled by this yarn. This afternoon, however, a climax was reached when some half-starved genius in the left wing mustered a funeral procession to bury their "*old hoss*." Man after man fell in and marched to the muffled drum, till the procession was nearly half as long as the camp. Seeing this, Lieutenant Colonel Witham, who happened to be in command, went out, rebuked the ringleader, explained to all the *proper* remedy for any grievance, and assured us that we should

be fed according to regulations; for all of which he received three cheers.

Adjutant Fillebrown to-day picked up in camp a fine looking colored boy. He gave his name as Jim Munroe; he says he and his mother are slaves, but his owner is a rebel and has ran away to Virginia.

The Adjutant kept Jim all through our term of service, intending to take him North, but failed to do so for some reason. After we were back at Baltimore in the "10th" the Adjutant, by this time Lieutenant Colonel of the "10th," went into Washington one day, and learning that Jim was in the military prison he did his best to get him back but could not. He tried first one officer and then another, and tried again some weeks later, but always failed. On making a third attempt he learned that poor Jim was dead. This case illustrates the policy of the government, or at least its *action* at that time. The prison where Jim was kept was crowded with slaves. We, who know our old Adjutant and Lieutenant Colonel so well—who know what a rare beggar he was for us, how steadily, cleverly and persistently he worked to carry his point, and how he always did carry it, we know, I say, that if he failed in this it was because poor Jim was held with a mighty grip; yes, my boys, what Col. Fillebrown couldn't do in a case like this, could not be done.

We heard to-day of the Big Bethel disaster and the death of Major Winthrop. On the 12th the rumors concerning this battle were too many to count, but all agreed that our men had fired into each other and that the rebels opened a "*masked battery*" on our troops, "*mowing them down by hundreds.*" This was the first important movement where the "masked battery" did so much mischief. Every gun that was fired in those days was a "*masked battery.*"

The time passed heavily now for some weeks. We had our usual drills by company and regiment, and dress parades every evening all in our shirt sleeves, which was the only comfortable rig we had. We growled continually about our rations and had to buy a good deal to keep down hunger. General Mansfield ordered all pistols, whether public or private property, to be taken away from the enlisted men except when on duty needing them.

The bands of the Germans and 3d Maine gave us music enough, in fact, too much sometimes when all four regiments were having a dress parade at the same time.

We ran guard continually, and those few who were in the habit of drinking got drunk pretty often and made much trouble. Our Chaplain obtained a great abundance of envelopes franked by "J. W. Forney, Clerk of Ho. Reps.," "Potter, M. C. from Michigan," and others, and distributed them freely among us.

The weather was hot and grew more so. We did not then so thoroughly understand our duty in keeping a clean camp, and often the kitchen refuse was thrown about, and so we were over-run with flies, the like of which we had never seen before. Many of the men were taken with the scourge of the army, the diarrhœa. Dr. Richardson's great remedy was quinine, and he often had many rebellious patients. But it is to his credit that none of us died. It was not often that a new regiment went three months without a death.

We had not been on Meridian Hill long before we had a fever for making bone rings. Some of the workmanship and designs were really good, but as the cutting grew better, you will remember that the designs were less and less commendable, being too often of an obscene character. Another mania was that of having India ink and vermillion pricked into the arm and breasts. At one time it looked as if half the regiment would be tattooed before our three months were out. And it is surprising how the goddesses and Venuses, and all kinds of half covered women predominated over the other designs in this nonsense. This reminds me of a funny fellow in my own company whom we called "Sleepy." It happened one afternoon that he fell asleep while lying flat on his stomach, in our arbor where many of us were writing letters. We daubed a little molasses on the seat of his trowsers—or what there was left of a seat—and poured liberally also into the two holes he had worn thereabouts in the shoddy, and because his shirt was originally short, and had shrunken and worked up, the molasses thus poured, fell, of necessity, upon the genuine Sleepy, and was instantly followed by the flies in swarms. This of course roused our chum. He

woke quickly, but was slow to comprehend the situation. He felt the flies and the trickling of the molasses, and heard and saw half the company laughing at him, and so knew he was the victim of a joke, and seeing our ink bottles on the table he blurted out, "darn you! have you been trying to prick ink into me? you keep your ink to home!" Hence from that day we called him no more "Sleepy" but "Fly-trap."

CHAPTER VII.

A MIDNIGHT SCARE. THE EFFECT INDESCRIBABLE.

It was in the early morning of June 15th that our first scare happened. About midnight a tremendous racket was heard coming from the regiment over at the north-east of us. Volleys of musketry were heard occasionally, and single shots pretty often, cavalry with their sabres clanging, and army wagons rumbling along the road added to the uproar. We learned from our sentinels that cavalry were marching past. It soon became quiet, but shortly after we were awaked out of sleep by the same confusion, only now the sentinels of the 3d Maine were calling, "Turn out the *guard*"!! which quickly changed to "*Turn out the regiment*"!! Out they came, guard, regiment, drummers and all; the long roll was beaten, and of course that insured disturbance all around. Out came the "1st," out came the 2d Maine, and last but not least, the Germans over the gully came, and here let me state, that the turning out of a German regiment with eighteen brass drums at one o'clock in the morning is one of the noisiest things in the way of a military performance. Now at length we had it in full blast, four drum corps beating the long roll; 2,500 to 3,000 men and officers shouting and commanding. Every dog in the neighborhood was ki-yi-ing of course. Cavalrymen and staff officers were contributing their mites by jumping around and rattling their sabres. Words fail to convey the slightest idea of the din and confusion, much less can they tell the feelings of the frightened ones. What it was all for we never knew, and though we had a thousand rumors in the morning to pick from none were worth chronicling.

Before our first week at Camp Jackson was ended we were fairly settled in the ways of soldiers—as soldiers were then. We had target practice every morning for a while, and some remarkable shooting was done. I remember we generally considered ourselves safe if directly behind the man who was firing, and I must confess to an occasional nervousness when some names were called till the gun went off and nobody was found to be hurt. However, we improved wonderfully, and at last did some excellent shooting, though as the whole army had orders (so we were told) for target practice, you may readily imagine, if you don't remember it, that sometimes stray bullets were whizzing about very wide of their mark.

The guards loaded their muskets at night, and as no fixed rule was observed in our regiment and vicinity for the discharge of the pieces, a lively fusilade often occurred in camp. But woe betide the man who committed this error, if our Adjutant could lay hands on him! By good fortune we all came home alive at last, though why a dozen of us or our neighbors were not shot is still a mystery. We heard and read of fatal accidents of this nature, and were waked up early one morning by the cry of a man of the 2d Maine who was accidentally shot in the leg by his neighbor.

Among the pleasant remembrances of these days on Meridian Hill, is the occasion when the sergeants of the regiment presented Adjutant Fillebrown with a sword. It was not a public affair, but we were all glad to learn that our popular Adjutant had been thus favored.

Another incident which must not be lost was the drumming out of "Fifer Jack." His example was so bad that the Colonel reported him to General Mansfield, who ordered about as follows: "Musician ——— of the 1st Maine Volunteers, is, on recommendation of his officers, hereby discharged the service of the U. S."

As this was deemed insufficient, a Court Martial was held in the Adjutant's quarters and the order of its superior was approved!! Jack meanwhile slept in the stable chamber and grew saucy, but at length he was drummed out—thoroughly disgraced, and the others of us should have been terrified thereby, yet I remember

the discussion whether Jack had not been honored after all, in which debate the Ayes were victors, for, said they, "did not the regiment turn out for him and make as much fuss as it did for Gov. Washburn?" "Could we get excused; could we move or turn around, or even brush off the flies? What if Gov. Washburn did give us a speech, Jack gave us a grin and set us all laughing, and that's as much as the Governor did!"

JUNE 25th. The 17th N. Y. came in and camped on other side of the road from the Germans—N. W. of us. We are going home July 22d, to recruit up to a thousand. Col. Jackson is to be made a brigadier and will command all Maine troops.

All of which was a good rumor for one day.

JUNE 27th, *Thursday*, was a day of short rations in Company C. We growled and swore, and at length the officers went up and bought some bread and syrup, after which we hurrahed for them of course. This same trouble and a similar remedy occurred in most of the other companies I have been told.

JUNE 29th, *Saturday*. The 5th Maine regiment arrived, and went into camp a short distance to the north of us, and close by the 4th Maine, which last regiment has been here now ten or twelve days. So we have five Maine regiments within musket shot of each other.

The boys from the 5th Maine came over to our camp by hundreds, and our boys stole out and visited them; consequently a good deal of drinking was indulged in, and the picket guard filled every one of the guard tents full that night with the inebriated of both regiments.

JUNE 30th, *Sunday*. To-day one of the men of our company beckoned me to come away from the crowd in the streets, and I followed accordingly. His face and manner showed that he wished to confide some precious secret to me, and I listened with all seriousness. He whispered softly to me that he had taken this holy day, as was his custom at home, to wash and shift, and that he had found on his shirt some five or six or more *lice*. "Lice?" said I in horror, "you don't say lice." "Even so," said my chum. "Not the kind you find in your head, but the great Washington breeds—big as ants!"

I listened, and he confided for a long time, in sweetest innocence, never dreaming that the day was to come when we should esteem them our pets!! But as the history of no regiment is complete without allusion to this subject—a subject of great importance at times—and as by common consent no regiment can be a "veteran"

regiment that has not gone lousy a month running, let me say for the "1st," that it was not as a regiment infested, and considering all the circumstances it is a wonder it was not.

JULY 1st, *Monday*. The 2d Maine marched away this afternoon while we were on dress parade. It rained and blew a hurricane as soon as they started. We got an immense deal of plunder from them, the enumeration of which in the diary, shows how delighted we were with it. The principal items were boards, tables, stools, tubs, barrels, boxes, pots and kettles, a stove or two, and a number of shanties entire.

The 2d marched over Long Bridge and were moved about considerably, but never camped in our neighborhood again during the war.

JULY 2d the water gave out at the college well, and also at the one in the 2d Maine's old camp. This compelled us to go a quarter of a mile to a spring, and as it took from an hour to all day to go and get back we rather liked the new order of things, for the liberty it gave us.

About this time we became quite efficient, so we thought, at target practice at 75 and 125 yards, and commenced widening the distance from the target till finally the conceit was pretty well taken out of us.

It was this evening that the clouds cleared away and showed us the comet in the height of its glory. It had not been announced in the papers that we had seen, and none of us had an idea that anything so brilliant was coming. Its career was brief and dazzling; by July 7th it ceased to attract notice or to trouble the superstitious.

JULY 4th was a day of celebration of course. The sutler of the 5th New York Militia must have coined money in dealing out liquor to our boys. Almost everyone who ever got drunk felt it to be his duty to do so now, and this, with running guard, made the day attractive.

Next day we saw in the "extras" the President's call for 400,000 men and $400,000,000. This fell in camp like a bomb-shell. The men talked absurdly as usual, and had 400,000 new rumors and 400,000,000 exaggerations afloat before night. In the

officers' quarters the old story was revived, that Col. Jackson would be made a brigadier and numberless other promotions would follow.

JULY 6th the 3d Maine went off. A few days before, the 4th Michigan came and camped in the grove where the 2d Maine had been originally. This evening the Pennsylvania regiment at the west of us got up a scare, turned out and fired a number of shots; the panic spread to the 17th New York, and even a 4th Maine drummer commenced a "drummers' call," by reason of which error and the promptness of some officers there, the panic was staid. We and the Germans refused to be scared, having had enough of it before.

JULY 7th, the Germans marched for Harper's Ferry, and in the afternoon the Mozart regiment (40th N. Y.) came and squatted on the 3d Maine's old ground, but moved off before night. These movements of troops were exceedingly interesting to us at the time:—I trust these reminders to my comrades of the "1st" may awaken something of the old joy in them.

JULY 9th the 4th and 5th Maine left us for Virginia, from whence we daily heard most wonderful stories. There were no maps at that date in circulation among the men of our regiment, and we had a very confused idea of course, of all the localities. Manassas Gap and Manassas Junction were spoken of as being the same place, and it was understood to be the most strongly fortified place in all the world, not excepting Gibraltar. We understood there were miles and miles of "masked batteries" there.

JULY 10th. Three-fourths of the men rushed past the guard *en masse*, following the example of the 17th New York, which had done the same, and were crying as they came toward us, "Stop that hack." The hack was stopped and the driver received a cowardly pummelling from the roughs of both regiments; on what pretext I never knew, but it furnished something to talk about and swear about, and finally a half dozen fights came off in our camp as a natural sequel to this disturbance.

For a week or more we furnished guard over the camp of the 9th New York S. M. on the other side of 14th St. They gave

our sentinels bread, cheese and wine for a while, in consequence of which we all gladly volunteered for that duty.

July 11th, *Thursday*, was the day of days—the long talked of pay-day. Paymaster Fred. Robie seated himself behind a table in the basement of the college, and gave us each $14.33 in gold and silver. Not one of the men knew why such an odd amount as this was given, but all willingly signed the rolls and took it, believing it was all right. As soon as we were paid we all commenced indulging in sutler-stuff, till Drs. Richardson and Williams had their hands full. Many bought new clothing, the Lewiston boys especially, who were ever foremost in every move of this nature, came out with blue flannel coats and white gaiters. It astonished me most, I remember, to see so much gambling—some men were "strapped" by night, others had lost half and sworn off. But running guard and drinking were indulged in beyond mention. We sober ones concluded that paying off a regiment was very demoralizing to it, and our conclusion was strengthened considerably next day by having to go on guard a day sooner than our turn, in order to give a dozen drunken fellows time to sober off. Five days later, July 16th, we received $2.20 from the State of Maine for six days service, from April 27th to May 2d inclusive. This little added fuel to the flame, and we had more running guard, more gambling, more drinking, more demoralization.

That day the 36th New York Volunteers marched out to the old grounds of the 3d Maine and camped there. They were the hardest crew we ever had for neighbors. Apparently all were Irish and half of them under twenty-one years of age, so we never lacked for excitement after their arrival. On their first dress parade, or attempt at it, when the officers marched to the front to receive the colonel's instructions, the loafers around camp and the sentinels on duty, doubtless thinking that so many could not get together in one crowd without a fight, all ran and gathered around the officers, and staid there till the colonel dismissed them! This pleased us immensely.

Later in the war we met this regiment one day on the march, I forget when and where, but a great change was visible in it;

the boys were gone with about four-fifths of the original regiment. The 200 men in the ranks were as fine a set as ever wore the blue, but it had cost the 36th a heavy loss on paper, to free herself of her dross.

On the 17th, Gen. Mansfield, who commanded the troops in Washington, sent orders to us to be ready to march at five minutes notice, and this made some commotion, but would have made more if half the men had not been gambling or away from camp. The newspapers noted every movement of the troops that the reporters could learn, and we waited impatiently for our old lame negro with his "*morning paper*," and it is to be regretted that we cannot make words and letters express the odd accent of his morning cry. It was plain to see that rather more than half of the army around Washington was moving against the rebels, and that eventually there would be a fight. It was not so plain to tell what was truth in the hundred rumors we heard and read, which, while they kept us in constant expectation, served also to make us doubt even the truth. Hence, though we had waited anxiously for some days for news, when at last we heard of the repulse of Tyler's men, at Blackburn's Ford, it made little impression on the men of our regiment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A day that never will be forgotten by any who then suffered in body or soul, was Sunday, July 21, 1861.

It was, so the diary states, pleasant but not so extremely hot as it had been, and with a light north-east wind. We had been receiving all sorts of reports from the moving army for a day or two, and so were not much disturbed by a number of stories we heard this forenoon. The diary states—

At twelve, noon, being on guard, I heard a repeated rumbling like thunder; the whole camp seemed to hear the same noise simultaneously, and came out of the streets to listen. After noon the noise grew louder till 2 P. M., when there appeared to be something of a cessation till 5.30 P. M., when it was as heavy as ever. Our sutler says he was out in Virginia eight miles this morning, and the people he met told him that firing had been heard since 2 o'clock this morning. Somebody else has been in our camp and stated to Adjutant Fillebrown that he actually heard the musketry. It is too plain that there is a battle going on and here we are on this same old Meridian Hill doing nothing but listen.

7.30 P. M. The camp is in great excitement. A courier has arrived from the battle and told our Colonel that the Federals have taken three miles long of masked batteries (supposed to have been near Bull Run), and have driven the rebels back into their intrenchments, where they can be *starved out!!* Our company is falling in, whether to do service or to be "sold again," I cannot tell. If the company goes I shall try to get a chance.

P. S. 9½ P. M., *Sunday.* We have orders to take two day's rations and be ready to march at an instant's notice. Good bye.

This brings to mind one of the minor griefs of the day to a few of us who were so unfortunate as to be on guard. "The

guard will remain" was the order, but it was not to be entertained. Some of us procured substitutes from the hospital; I ran for my chum, the artist Hudson, who had been sick abed two weeks in the hospital tent; he was not there, but I found him at length in the company, and reasoned with him long and well, the end of it all being a stout refusal to go on guard or any where else except to fight. Some of us got drummers and fifers to take our places in the guard, and some paid $5.00 for a substitute, and a few who became desperate as they saw every resource fail them, made ready to desert the guard and go with the regiment. I have no recollection of anything like this occurring in the "10th" or "29th." Nevertheless it must not be quoted for more than it is worth.

We remember the bountiful supply of extrafine hard bread that was issued to us that night, and also the hankering we had for a little confirmation of that grand capture of the three miles of batteries. But we were compelled late at night to lie down with no further news from the front.

Monday morning at 4½ A. M., it was raining so hard that we had to turn out to break stacks and wipe the muskets. It was 7 A. M. before the negro news man came with the morning paper.

The diary says:—

The news on being read turned out very differently from what we had expected: in short, the victory was not quite so apparent. Yet as an offset to this damper, a man from the city said that the people in town had been hurrahing all night over the victory, and that our boys had taken a good many prisoners. Soon after breakfast a courier rode up to the Colonel's tent, and shortly after the Adjutant came out saying, "*We are whipped—whipped badly, boys!*" This news went over camp like a flash of lightning; it killed us all "dead as a door nail."

No hospital "beats" nor drummers were wanted after this.

The first particulars of this bad news were that we had received a counter-attack from the rebels, and had been beaten as badly by them as they had been whipped by our troops in the morning. We had been ploughed to death by masked batteries, and some cavalry had cut us all to pieces. Later we learned that our 2d Maine had been blown all out of existence by these masked batteries—and not one officer was left. The Ellsworth Zouaves were annihilated—only seventy left by actual count.

At noon this bad news was partly modified, and we heard of a number of regiments of our acquaintance as being yet alive in part. The 14th Brooklyn had run, they said—but the friends of the 14th Brooklyn in the city said this was a mistake and that it must be the 14th "Salt boilers"* and not the "Brooklyn"† that had run.

During the forenoon all sorts of stories of what this and that regiment had done were circulated. They had all been "cut to pieces," which was awful enough certainly to make any of us feel sick at heart, but if I can rightly judge, nothing was worse after the one sad fact of a national disaster, than the camp rumors we had that day, which were so wild, exaggerated and uncertain, that we knew nothing after we had heard them, but had only added to our stock of doubts. For instance a man rushed into our street saying, "A man out here says the 2d Maine was knocked all to the bad, not an officer left—they marched right up, drove the rebels, and thought they were going to take 'em all prisoners, when all at once any quantity of masked batteries let drive, and the rebels turned about, and the 'Black Hoss Calvary' came down from where they were hid and cut 'em all to nothing," &c. &c. All we had to do was to listen and we could hear all the particulars. In the left companies the story ran that this mishap befell the 3d Maine, while on the right they said it was all a lie, but Capt. Somebody of the 4th Maine had truly been bayoneted after he was taken prisoner; and this again good Chaplain Knox advised us not to believe till it was confirmed.

The first living hero from the fight came in at length. We saw him—him that had been clear to Bull Run. He had double quicked to the front for two hours, thrown away his knapsack, fought and driven the rebels, mowed them down like sheep and done great things. Then came the story of a retreat being ordered and the "masked batteries" raining down cannon shot, shell, grape and canister just as it rains in these Washington thunder storms, you know. A great cannon ball had knocked his gun out of his hand, so that he couldn't find where it went to! The bullets had torn the hat off his head, hence, behold him hatless, and all but headless. See where another bullet had cut

*14th N. Y. Volunteers. †14th N. Y. State Militia.

a button clean off, and still another had gone through his coat tail and between his legs. He had escaped only by running like a race horse, while hundreds of his regiment were chopped up by the "Black Horse" cavalry.

He told this story from company to company, and was finally treated to the boot of the officer of the guard.

Our Dr. Richardson was engaged in caring for the wounded a good part of the day. He brought in their reports, they being almost as favorable to our side as the lies of the stragglers were disastrous. By night we learned that a good part of the army had not fired a musket, and had brought up the rear in pretty good shape—repelling all attacks of cavalry, and saving much of the baggage trains, and that our troops had been their own worst enemies in giving away to a panic. Sherman's battery was *not* captured, on the contrary it had done wonderful service. Some other batteries had been captured however.

It may be well to add that this day there was no drilling, little running guard, less gambling than usual and very little drunkenness. It was cold and raw, and drizzled at times and during all the evening. The next day we heard nothing worse, though very many stragglers were in camp, telling their tales of woe and begging a new outfit. One boy of about seventeen years, who had an older brother in our company, came in with only pants and blouse on. He had thrown away his knapsack when the others had, and his gun and accoutrements followed later. Then his hat flew off and he didn't dare stop to pick it up; true, there was no enemy near, but they might have overtaken him, he said; he threw away his shoes because they were so heavy, and he had worn out his stockings and thrown them away, and last of all he had pawned his shirt to get something to eat, and here he was—such a soldier!

The killed, wounded and missing of different regiments were stated in the papers and by rumor, though not correctly. The 4th Michigan came back to the old camp-ground soon after the battle, looking worse for wear; their band played as usual every night, and to this day the tunes they gave us always remind us of the heart-sickness and demoralization we suffered then.

We heard great stories of the fight the Zouaves made, how they unhorsed cavalry and fought hand to hand with them,—bayonet against sabre. We believed somewhat of it then, but have lived long enough since to know that wearing red breeches and being called a Zouave does not make a soldier of a rough.

The only real joy we had in the "1st" was that of getting letters from home, and next to this was the pleasure of going into town. Regular passes were so few that not enough were issued to give each man two days in town during our entire stay. But the captains of companies managed to let us off in one way and another. I remember with gratitude being detailed for one of a guard of six, to go into town and arrest two good-for-nothings of our company, who had run away and been gone all night. This was three days after the Bull Run battle, and such a sight I never had seen, heard of or dreamed about; and I preface the account of this day's work by stating, that once in town with such sights to see, our sergeant never troubled himself about the runaways, but "took us around" till sunset. We talked with numbers who had been slightly wounded in the battle, and who were now lying around the doors of dwelling houses that had been converted into hospitals. We listened with the greatest credulity to their stories of double-quicking for miles, of charging on masked batteries, of how they might have done so and so *if* &c. &c., of their being ordered back when they were whipping the rebels and driving all before them, of the terrible Black Horse cavalry, of their double-quicking back again, all but dead though they were. Then the same sad story came always, "we couldn't stand it, we had to throw away everything we had." The most of those we saw that day had done this last whether they were wounded or not. These are points wherein nearly all agreed. They thought they were victorious but received the unexpected order to retreat, and fell back, first at a brisk walk, then at something brisker, and finally the "Black Horse" cavalry finished them. If we may believe all we heard, every one had a sight at this cavalry and was chased for miles by it. Going farther into the city and past the hotels the sight was sickening, only we poor greenhorns then, knew so little of what was right

and wrong that we did not know enough to feel sick about it. Brigadiers, and even colonels, had been rather few in numbers around Washington before the battle, but now we had a chance to see everything from the general who had figured at Bull Run, down to the wretch with a gash in his cheek and blood all over him, who said he had fought a Louisiana Tiger and killed him at last; whereas the villian more likely had been slashed in a grog shop. Here were gangs of rough, dirty, gray-clad fellows; some had hats, some caps; some had lost their coats, and all had lost their accoutrements; they looked as if they had not washed since the morning of the battle. Ask them where their regiment was, they would tell you it was "all cut up and not a corporal's guard left in any company." Then came a finely dressed fellow who had not yet had to sleep out of tents, and knew nothing of the rough side of war. Then a pack of drunken, brawling, half-starved, half-naked victims of the late disaster, and then a couple or more officers who had soiled their nice clothes surely, their reputations possibly, during the last week. I remember a group of Highlanders; in the whole posse perhaps you might have picked out one complete Highland uniform, but the individuals were a wreck, and a sort of cross between a Highlander, a true blue and a "gray back." Mixed in with the crowd were squads with arms, such as our squad was, picking up runaways as we were—or weren't—and telling stragglers where their "all-cut-up" regiment could be found with a respectable number left to do mourning duty.

All over the town the wreck of the army was strewed. Apparently a regiment of men were lounging under the shade trees around the Capitol. In every grog shop and low place were crowds, drunk, vomiting and rolling in their filth. The hotels were crammed with mobs of officers, as far gone from propriety as the other mobs were.

It must have been a trying and sickening sight to the old army officers, to have seen these "brothers" of theirs in such a plight.

Yet Bull Run was not without some small gain to our cause. It was a great day to weed out the trash, and my friends, there

was a deal of trash that had to be weeded out before the end came. It is unfair, too, to drop this subject, without saying that Washington was the worst side of the bad picture. Here all the scum had floated; here were those who had fought little and run much, and those who saw more danger the farther they ran from it, and those with whom it was second nature to lie, to get drunk and "shove up" their clothing for another drink.

I state it without fear of contradiction, that there never was such a mob of worthlessness in this country as this was in Washington city after the great Bull Run.

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATIONS FOR GOING HOME.

Our term of service was now nearly out. We had many suspicions that we were to be kept over our time, but we heard of other troops receiving orders to make ready to go home, and we knew our turn would come. We counted the days, and in the morning congratulated ourselves as follows: "Ten days more and we'll be back at Camp Washburn. Nine days more we'll see those Fall River girls. Eight days more, and look out for Philadelphia coffee pots! Eleven days more, and we'll give the Captain a licking!!" The last threat grew less and less prominent, however, as the days wore on. Whatever discipline there had been in the regiment, disappeared. If we had any drilling after Bull Run, it was not recorded. The Colonel took us out to march a number of times, which we understood as a preparation to do well in the streets during our homeward move. We furnished a heavy guard for Long Bridge, and relieved it daily. But the men showed more desire to get home than to do anything else, and a more unpleasant and unprofitable week was never spent in the "1st" than this one after Bull Run.

The day at length drew nigh for us to start. It was promised by rumor for "to-morrow" for a long time, but July 30th it began to look like it, as on that day the 6th Maine marched into our camp and changed muskets with us. They gave us the old flint-lock smooth-bore, altered over to a percussion-lock, and understood to be more dangerous to the user and his right hand comrade, than to the enemy.

We heard that all sorts of inducements were to be offered to us to re-enlist, principally a new blue uniform and Springfield muskets such as we had just lost. It was no time to talk of re-enlisting then, and the subject was not broached in earnest.

That night was as wild a night in camp as ever we saw. We commenced at sunset to burn and destroy almost everything we could lay our hands on. The arbors that we had made were torn down, and with much of our furniture were given to the flames. We made an effigy, really representing a 1st Maine soldier, but intended, I believe, as a mark of our contempt for the uniform, and putting it on a pole over the flames tried to burn it, but he "stood fire" well. All sorts of pranks were played that night; few of us slept much; those who ever drank, couldn't resist this glorious occasion, and though some of the officers tried to restore quiet, it grew worse and worse till two o'clock of the morning of July 31st, when the drummers, unable to resist the tide, commenced beating the drummer's call a half hour or more before the appointed time. This brought out the Adjutant, and it is said that he took this occasion to vent all the vexation and rage he had felt for a week. We put the most of our stuff in boxes and packed our knapsacks lightly and uniformly. Wagons were borrowed to haul our baggage to the depot, for we did not have ten to twenty-four wagons, as some regiments had then. At last we fell in and marched off to the Arsenal, where our muskets and equipments were given up. Then marching to the depot we waited some hours, and tumbled into freight cars, and started. Our old friends the Germans (5th N. Y. S. M.) went home with us, but we caught the first train at Baltimore, leaving them to drink lager and whiskey to excess, till they got fighting with the citizens, and so next morning the news was, "*another regiment attacked in Baltimore.*" We received more hurrahs in Baltimore, returning home, than we did in going on—not that the people were glad to have us go home, but they were now free to hurrah as much as they chose. We left Baltimore a little before sunset, and had a fine night of it in box and platform cars, especially when those on the latter insisted upon coming into the covered cars early in the morning of Aug. 1st, to get out of the rain. We had a good

breakfast at the Cooper shop in Philadelphia, crossed the river, and hurrahed from one end of Jersey to the other. We reached New York about 5 P. M., and as the Quartermaster's Dep't* was not fully organized at this time, no arrangements had been made for us to proceed farther; therefore, nothing better could be done than to quarter in the Park barracks. The men were allowed the liberty of the city, and improved it.

Next day we went aboard the Steamer "Bay State" and started about noon. It was a quiet sail and free from much enthusiasm. Early Saturday morning we arrived at Fall River and found a collation ready for us. This and the attentions of the fair ones caused me to record in the diary—

Nothing has been so pleasing in all our trip as the pretty girls we have seen in New England. They are all so clean and white and neatly dressed and loving—so far ahead of any we saw in Washington, &c. &c.

About 2 P. M. of that day (Aug. 3d), we reached Portland and marched through the city to the Grand Trunk depot, the Portlanders throwing their knapsacks to their friends as they went along. This taking off of baggage revealed the weakness of shoddy, and Co. C will never forget the independence of an "infant" named Phawkes, in whose pantaloons seat there were two holes, each eight inches square, inside of which there might have been seen a remnant of shirt trying to "cover the law." We were all of us nearly as badly off, only he was a gentleman of culture and fortune and of extensive acquaintance; therefore we offered to pin up the holes for him, which favor he refused to accept. We then offered to stuff in two old hats, or even buy a large salt fish for him to hang over behind for a tail-piece, but he still refused both these projects. Two kind hearted fellows proposed to stuff in their overcoats and blankets if he would not be content with hats and fish, and I suspect they were commencing something of this sort when he turned sharply around and told them, "That's Uncle Sam's property in there—hands off—

*As the world was not made in a day, neither was the army that suppressed the rebellion, nor were any of its departments found fully equal to the emergency. We all had to learn by experience, and so through many failures, at last became apt scholars.

when I'm mustered out and Phawkes owns himself again I'll see he's taken care of."

We ate a good lunch in the English steamers' shed and then dispersed. Monday we met by companies, and under the eye of Capt. Tom Hight of the Regulars our names were called—this constituted a "mustering out." We received final pay of $23.83, and such swearing and threatening we hadn't heard for a fortnight, and all because the clothing money was withheld. During the vacation and for months afterward, we heard the old accusation of the government having cheated us out of our clothing money, —yet we have lived to see that the boot is really on the other leg.

So ended the 1st Maine: its birth was honorable and glorious, and it did all the service that was required of it.

We believe that few other Maine regiments had so many intelligent, influential and talented young men in its ranks. It was well drilled moreover, and as well off for discipline as most three months troops. Yet it was doomed to contend with nothing more serious than the measles; to indulge in more conceit than tongue can tell, and to die cursing the government for withholding clothing money, when really the government was a creditor!

Yet I will not concede that any of the first nine regiments from our State got further in three months toward being a regiment of soldiers than did the "1st." Our officers and non-commissioned officers knew their duty as well as could be expected of them under our State militia system, and after we were dispersed the individual members were looked upon as "veterans," and a *great many* of the non-commissioned officers and privates obtained promotion in other regiments. Yet judged by the European standard of what a soldier and a regiment should be, or judged by our own volunteer army standard of later years, we are compelled to admit that the "1st" was "nowhere." But we did what we could—it was not our fault that we did no more.

CHAPTER X.

Roll of the First Maine Regiment.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel,	NATHANIEL J. JACKSON,	Lewiston.
Lieutenant Colonel,	ALBION WITHAM,	Portland.
Major,	GEORGE G. BAILEY,	Portland.
Adjutant,	James S. Fillebrown,	Lewiston.
Quartermaster,	William S. Dodge,	Portland.
Chaplain,	George Knox,	Brunswick.
Surgeon,	Wentworth R. Richardson,	Portland.
Assistant Surgeon,	A. A. C. Williams,	Brunswick.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major,	Foster Randall,	Lewiston.
Q. M. Sergeant,	Stephen H. Manning,	Brunswick.
Hospital Steward,	George J. Northrup,	Portland.
Drum Major,	David Jones,	Portland.
Fife Major,	Cyrus Freeman,	Lewiston.

Company A. (*Portland Light Infantry.*)

CAPTAIN.

Tukey, George W.	Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Chadwell, George H.	Portland.
2d, McAllister, Charles L.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Beal, John M.	Portland.	Burnham, Perez B.	Portland.
Bell, Alexander	"	Wiggin, Simeon B.	"

CORPORALS.

Chellis, Charles A.	Portland.	Berry, James	Portland.
Scott, Charles H.	"	Witham, Benjamin T.	"

MUSICIANS.

Sewell, William H.	Portland.	Graham, Joseph H.	Fall River, Mass.

PRIVATES.

Adams, George M.	Westbrook.	Munsey, John H.	Portland.
Barnard, John E.	Portland.	Murray, Albion	Westbrook.
Barry, Thomas	Cape Elizabeth.	Newell, Charles H.	Portland.
Begg, John R.	Portland.	Norton, Charles P.	"
Bowie, John B.	"	Osgood, Charles H.	East Boston.
Bowker, Davis C.	"	Pike, John B.	Portland.
Boynton, Freeman N.	C. Elizabeth.	Pillsbury, Tobias 2d	C. Elizabeth.
Chamberlain, Chas. B.	"	Purinton, Albert H.	Portland.
Collis, John F.	Philadelphia.	Rich, Frank G.	"
Coolbrook, Thad. W.	Portland.	Roach, Edward	"
Copp, John F.	"	Ross, George H.	"
Cushman, Benjamin S.	"	Schoonmaker, Ed. G.	Cleveland.
Dyer, Edmund W.	C. Elizabeth.	Smith, Albert W.	Portland.
Green, John	Portland.	Soule, Thomas W.	"
Guptill, Stephen H.	Fryeburg.	Stackpole, Daniel W.	"
Hall, Henry D.	Portland.	Stevens, George L.	Westbrook.
Hall, Webb	"	Stockman, Charles W.	Portland.
Hanley, Thomas	Cumberland.	Swett, Albert H.	"
Hanson, Nils A.	Portland.	Swett, George W.	Gorham.
Hockley, Edward J.	"	Swett, John B.	Portland.
Holbrook, Charles L.	Starks.	Thaxter, Geo. R. W.	"
Hyde, Rufus W.	Portland.	Tyrell, William D.	Cape Elizabeth.
Ilsley, Charles E.	Harrison.	Waterhouse, Sam. O.	Portland.
Jordan, Andrew B.	C. Elizabeth.	Watts, Albert S.	New Gloucester.
Jordan, George S.	"	Whitten, Benjamin F.	Portland.
Kennard, Frank S.	Portland.	Whitten, Oliver G.	"
Kennard, Merritt A.	"	Willard, Henry E.	Cape Elizabeth.
Lincoln, Edward R.	"	Wilson, Alvan S.	Portland.
Loveitt, James	Cape Elizabeth.	Witham, John	"
Loveitt, William	"	Wormwood, Alfred R.	N. Gloucester.
McDonald, Angus	Portland.	Wyer, Edward P.	Portland.
McKenney, George H.	"		

Company B. (*Portland Mechanic Blues.*)

CAPTAIN.

Walker, Charles — Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Pennell, Charles J. — Portland.
2d, Black, James M. — "

SERGEANTS.

1st, Roberts, Charles W. — Portland.
Turner, Alfred L. — "
Pennell, Woodbury S. — Portland.
Libby, Charles H. — "

CORPORALS.

Beazley, Richard T. — Portland.
Farley, Alfred D. F. — "
Colley, Charles H. Jr. — Portland.
Cushman, Charles H. — "

MUSICIANS.

Dyer, Samuel T. — Portland.
Waterhouse, Peter B. — Westbrook.

PRIVATES.

Alexander, Reuben — C. Elizabeth.
Allen, Charles F. — Portland.
Armsbey, George L. — "
Berry, Charles R. — "
Bowie, Augustus — "
Brown, Daniel H. — "
Buck, Cyrus W. — "
Chase, Reuel D. — "
Colley, Charles H. — "
Cummings, Frank L. — "
DeLano, Marcus — "
Fagan, William H. — "
Folsom, William H. — "
Folsom, Samuel P. — "
Fowler, Sewell T. — C. Elizabeth.
Frost, Charles H. — Portland.
Glendenning, John G. — "
Goff, Lindsey O. — Gray.
Graffam, Edward W. — Portland.
Green, Joseph M. — "
Hall, Dana — "
Hall, Daniel W. — Starks.
Hall, David N. — Portland.
Hall, Henry C. — Starks.
Knight, Simeon — Portland.
Lemont, George W. — "
Libby, John F. — "
Loveitt, Edward W. — "
Mason, Edwin — Westbrook.
Mahan, George T. — Portland.
Marshall, James G. — "
Meserve, Amos — Westbrook.
Moses, Alfred L. — Portland.
Mountfort, Daniel E. — "
Newell, James N. — "
Noble, Rufus W. — "
Noyes, Stephen Jr. — "
Paine, Charles H. — "
Pennell, William H. — Gray.
Peterson, John P. — Portland.
Pote, Daniel M. — "
Quimby, Charles O. — "
Rines, David H. — "
Robie, Lincoln — "
Seal, John — "
Seed, Francis — "
Shaw, Edward — Cape Elizabeth.
Thurston, George H. — Portland.

Hodgdon, Moses S.	Portland.	Totman, John F.	Portland.
Hoyt, Benjamin G.	"	Trowbridge, Charles I.	"
Hurd, Charles S.	"	Trowbridge, John	"
Ilsley, Enoch B.	Westbrook.	Verrill, Benjamin F.	"
Jones, Charles D.	Portland.	Waterhouse, Cyrus T.	"
Jost, George D.	"	Westcott, Richmond T.	"
Johnson, Walter	"	Willey, John C.	"
Kelley, Thomas	"	York, James B.	Cape Elizabeth.

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Company C. (*Portland Light Guards.*)

CAPTAIN.

Fessenden, Menzies R. Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Jordan, William P. Portland.
2d, Redlon, Benjamin M. "

SERGEANTS.

1st, Greely, Edward N.	Portland.	Clark, Daniel C.	Portland.
Graffam, George W.	"	Safford, James M.	"

CORPORALS.

Jordan, Charles E.	Portland.	Merrill, Simeon H.	Portland.
Burnham, Henry A.	"	Howard, Charles E.	"

MUSICIAN.

Jones, David Portland.

PRIVATES.

Berry, Osborn R.	Portland.	McGinley, George	Portland.
Bicknell, Edwin	"	Miller, James P.	"
Bonney, Edward W.	"	Mills, Joseph W.	"
Burns, John	"	Mitchell, Eben M.	"
Campbell, Daniel C.	Boston.	Mitchell, James E.	"
Colesworthy, Henry R.	Portland.	Monroe, Thomas	"
Colley, Albert F.	Gray.	Moore, Edward K.	"
Colley, Orrin B.	"	Mosher, Marshall M.	Gorham.
Coffin, William H.	Westbrook.	Plummer, Henry A.	Portland.
Crediford, George H.	Biddeford.	Prince, Levi M.	"
Curran, Thomas	Portland.	Reed, William H.	"
Dodge, John M.	"	Rich, Marshall H.	"
Dolan, Edward J.	"	Richardson, Columbus C.	Dixfield.

Fox, William O.	Portland.	Sargent, John A.	Portland.
Furbish, James C. M.	"	Sawyer, Frederick A.	Westbrook.
Gould, John M.	"	Sawyer, William K.	"
Greely, Rensselaer	"	Sawyer, George W.	Portland.
Harris, Alberton P.	"	Smith, Frank A.	"
Hamilton, Charles B.	"	Smith, Henry M.	"
Hamilton, William P.	"	Smith, James	"
Hatch, John H.	"	Stoneham, Peter W.	"
Hiller, Edward Jr.	"	Thompson, Frederick H.	"
Hilton, Eben	"	Trask, George F.	"
Holt, George S.	"	Walton, Henry B.	Peru.
Hudson, John B. Jr.	"	Weeks, Robert M.	Portland.
Hurd, George H.	"	Wetherbee, Alfred H.	Bath.
Kennard, Charles O.	"	Whitney, Benjamin F.	Windham.
Knowlton, Charles T.	"	Whitney, Isaac R.	"
Lamson, Charles O.	"	Whitten, J. Henry	Portland.
Langley, Henry	East Boston.	Wiley, John N.	Bridgton.
Leslie, James W.	Portland.	Wilson, Archibald	Portland.
Lowell, Albert	Windham.		3—72

Company D. (*Portland Rifle Corps.*)

CAPTAIN.

Meserve, Charles H. Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Pearce, William A. Portland.
2d, Bailey, George H. "

SERGEANTS.

1st, Davis, William W.	Portland.	Fox, Augustus	Portland.
Bradford, Charles H.	"	Newhall, Otis O.	"

CORPORALS.

Ham, George C.	Portland.	Knight, Jacob F.	Portland.
Poor, Thomas H.	"	Emery, Francis E.	"

MUSICIANS.

Ward, Albert P.	Portland.	Butler, Frank H.	Portland.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, Tristram	Freeport.	Harmon, Sylvanus	Portland.
Atchison, John	Portland.	Hart, John H.	"
Babson, Washington	"	Hasty, William	Gorham.
Blake, John H.	"	Hazen, John B.	Westbrook.

Bradish, Henry C.	Portland.	Higgins, Alexander	Scarboro'.
Brown, William H.	Windham.	Hunt, Robert M.	Portland.
Brine, William	Portland.	Jewell, William F.	Hanover.
Burchill, Richard	"	Jewett, George H.	Portland.
Cammett, George H.	"	Jordan, Charles F.	N. Gloucester.
Campbell, John	"	Knapp, Nathan C.	Hanover.
Clark, William	Lewiston.	Lee, Frank	Portland.
Cobb, George S.[1]	Biddeford.	Littlefield, Charles	"
Cobb, Benjamin F.	Portland.	Maloney, Patrick	"
Conley, George E.	"	Moore, Alfred S.	"
Corliss, George L.	Yarmouth.	Mountfort, John E.	"
Conway, John	Portland.	McCarthy, Timothy	"
Curran, Robert	"	McDermit, Patrick	"
Damren, Dustin	"	Newbold, Andrew D.	"
Doody, John H.	"	Newcomb, Abram	"
Downes, John W. C.	"	Pearson, Lewis E.	"
Dyer, Franklin	Danville.	Phelps, Henry N.	"
Eustis, Leonard	Portland.	Pillsbury, John G.	Biddeford.
Eustis, Frank F.	"	Randall, Albert	Freeport.
Farnum, Charles W.	Woodstock.	Ricker, Melville	Westbrook.
Fellows, John C.	Fryeburg.	Riddell, Thomas C.	Portland.
Files, William H. P.	Gorham.	Sawyer, Charles	"
Forsaith, George	Portland.	Sawyer, Thorndike H.	Woodstock.
Grant, Jotham	"	Smellage, George W.	Portland.
Green, George A.	"	Smith, Charles J. B.	"
Gribben, Watson R.	"	Walker, Samuel A.	"
Ham, William L.	Portland.	Wescott, David	"
Hamilton, Robert	"	Winslow, Hiram	"

3—74

Company E. (*Portland Rifle Guards.*)

CAPTAIN.

Shaw, William M. Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Estes, Albert H. Portland.
2d, Marston, John M. Portland.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Latham, Cyrus	Portland.	Rolfe, William	Portland.
Moody, Sylvester	"	Sargent, Herbert R.	"

CORPORALS.

Thompson, Joseph Jr.	Portland.	Gill, William L. L.	Portland.
Cook, Hiram T.	"	Roberts, James S.	"

MUSICIANS.

Morse, Charles T.	Portland.	Cary, Turner	Portland.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Jesse T.	Portland.	Lawrence, Luther	Pownal.
Beal, Flavius O.	"	Libby, Samuel B.	Portland.
Bent, Orrin	"	Lombard, Theodore H.	"
Blake, Charles H.	"	Mackin, Joseph F.	"
Bonney, Alonzo G.	"	McClanning, William S.	"
Bragdon, Charles W. M.	"	Oakes, Benjamin F.	Kennebunk.
Card, George A.	"	Pennell, Benjamin C.	Portland.
Chamberlain, George	"	Perley, Joseph H.	"
Chaplin, John	Naples.	Quimby, Alonzo H.	"
Cloudman, Andrew C.	Portland.	Randall, John T.	"
Coe, Cornelius B.	"	Ritter, John H.	"
Coffin, George W.	"	Rounds, Charles H.	"
Colesworthy, Joseph C.	"	Sanborn, William H.	Bridgton.
Coolbroth, Charles	"	Simpson, Henry T.	Portland.
Crowell, Jesse H.	"	Skillin, Charles D.	"
Cummings, Samuel P.	Gray.	Smith, Harrison W.	"
Davis, Samuel C.	Portland.	Smith, Ambrose G.	Raymond.
Dennison, John H.	"	Smith, Henry F.	Portland.
Dodge, William T.	Westbrook.	Smith, George A.	"
Dunn, Martin T.	Portland.	Smith, Joseph M.	Biddeford.
Edwards, Sewell A.	Naples.	Soule, George A.	Portland.
Field, Edmund D.	Portland.	St. John, William E.	"
Floyd, Appleton H.	"	Thurston, Lewis L.	"
Frazer, William	"	Thompson, Edwin L. R.	"
Googins, William C.	"	Townly, Samuel	"
Green, Charles R.	"	Trefethen, Clifford J.	"
Haskell, William S.	"	Trowbridge, Charles S.	"
Harmon, Algernon S.	Naples.	Walton, Benjamin F.	Peru.
Jameson, George W.	Westbrook.	Webster, Chauncey B.	Yarmouth.
Jones, George W.	Portland.	Whitney, James	Casco.
Knight, Frederick M.	"	Willard, Daniel	Portland.
Knight, Ormond W.	Falmouth.		

Company F. (*Lewiston Light Infantry.*)

CAPTAIN.

Stevens, Jesse T. Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Knowlton, William Lewiston.
2d, Shaw, Elijah M. Lawrence.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Faunce, Isaac S.	Lewiston.	Blood, Marvin L.	Lewiston.
Ferguson, John H.	"	Cook, Harrison A.	"

CORPORALS.

Moore, Charles H.	Lewiston.	Gardner, Almon J.	Durham.
Eustis, Edgar M.	"	Butler, Edward S.	Lewiston.

MUSICIANS.

Pierce, Frederick R.	Harrison.	Carman, Edward P.	Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Abbott, George	Lewiston.	Heney, Charles W.	Lewiston.
Annis, Augustus C.	"	Hill, Theodore V.	"
Annis, Zelind W.	"	Jackson, Andrew	"
Baker, Hardy W.	Auburn.	Jones, David	"
Bangs, Gilbert V.	Lewiston.	Jones, William H.	Monmouth.
Bartlett, Alonzo M.	"	Lovell, Samuel W.	Lewiston.
Beals, Charles A.	"	Low, James	"
Blake, John 2d	Turner.	Lowell, Dennis E.	Plymouth.
Bowker, Charles H.	Auburn.	Mace, Hosea S.	Lewiston.
Brown, George W.	Lewiston.	Mann, Samuel S.	"
Burnham, Daniel W.	"	Morrill, Joseph S.	Readfield.
Carvill, Lewis	"	Neal, Albion K. P.	Lewiston.
Chandler, Daniel J.	"	Oliver, Luther	"
Clark, Eli B.	New Vineyard.	Parlin, Edwin W.	Weld.
Cross, Lewis Jr.	Solon.	Pearson, Chester C.	Lewiston.
Curran, Nicholas	Lewiston.	Pratt, Reuben D.	Mercer.
Dakin, Frank B.	"	Preble, James G.	Lewiston.
Dean, Charles B.	"	Price, William	"
Dudley, Henry H.	Lawrence.	Prindall, Edward L.	"
Durell, Abraham G.	Lewiston.	Rankin, Abel G.	"
Emery, Joseph J.	Palmyra.	Reed, Charles H.	"
Farrar, Edwin	Bethel.	Stevens, Isaiah S.	Auburn.
Forbes, William	Lewiston.	Stewart, Hiram S.	Greene.
Foster, Charles R.	"	Stockbridge, Joseph T.	Auburn.

Follynsbee, Frank M.	Monmouth.	Stover, Samson H.	Lewiston.
Gay, Benjamin F.	Bath.	Thayer, Robert C.	Turner.
Gould, George H.	Lewiston.	Thompson, Andrew J.	Lewiston.
Graffam, Stephen	"	Trufant, John A.	"
Grover, Boynton	Bowdoin.	Tubbs, John L.	Paris.
Gurney, Bradley F.	Lewiston.	Whitney, Charles H.	Lewiston.
Hall, Enoch L.	"	Winter, Harrison B.	Dixfield.
Handly, John J.	Wilton.	Winter, William C.	Freeman.
Haskell, Charles H.	Lewiston.		3—75

Company G. (*Norway Light Infantry.*)

CAPTAIN.

Beal, George L. — Norway.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Rust, Henry Jr. — Norway.
2d, Blake, Jonathan — "

SERGEANTS.

1st, Whitmarsh, W'm W.	Norway.	Favor, Claudius M.	Norway.
Millett, Henry R.	"	Sholes, George W.	"

CORPORALS.

Buck, Caleb C.	Norway.	Butterfield, David L.	Norway.
Andrews, George E.	Oxford.	Fitz, John F.	"

MUSICIANS.

Hobbs, Wellington	Norway.	Webb, John T.	Bridgton.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, Hiram P.	Minot.	Hicks, Alfred C.	Oxford.
Barrows, William A.	Sumner.	Hill, William F.	Norway.
Bean, Timothy H.	Bethel.	Hobbs, J. Frank	"
Beman, Stephen S.	"	Horr, Augustus E.	Waterford.
Berry, Frank L.	Norway.	Irish, Samuel C.	Sumner.
Bisbee, Eliab	Sumner.	Jordan, Granville P.	Norway.
Brann, Thomas A.	Paris.	Jordan, John F.	Paris.
Brown, William C. A.	Gardiner.	Judkins, Henry N.	Greenwood.
Buck, James M.	Sumner.	Littlefield, Albert	Stoneham.
Cherry, Philo S.	Norway.	Littlefield, James A.	Greenwood.
Connor, Peter C.	Paris.	McAllister, Stephen C.	Stoneham.
Cordwell, Winfield S.	Greenwood.	McKeen, Henry H.	"

Crockett, Grosvenor	Norway.	Merriam, Frederick R.	Norway.
Cushman, Freeland A.	Oxford.	Morey, Henry C.	Oxford.
Dolloff, Alphonzo	Rumford.	Parker, Isaac O.	Greenwood.
Davis, Joseph C.	Norway.	Pike, Darius F.	Norway.
Dean, Jacob 2d	Oxford.	Raynes, Joseph F.	Auburn.
Dempsey, Jere	Norway.	Robertson, Solon	Bethel.
Durgin, William W.	Stoneham.	Seavey, Ai E.	Albany.
Emery, Melvin W.	Greenwood.	Shaw, Francis E.	Greenwood.
Evans, Samuel S.	Stoneham.	Stearns, Charles P.	Bethel.
Farrar, Sidney A.	Paris.	Stearns, Edward P.	"
Farris, Rufus E.	Hebron.	Stephens, Lewis H.	Woodstock.
Field, George W.	Minot.	Stevens, Danville B.	Paris.
Foster, Jere Jr.	Norway.	Stowell, Thomas N. Jr.	"
Foster, Wallace	"	Thompson, Charles	Norway.
Foster, William H.	Albany.	True, Alfred M.	Bethel.
Gammon, C. Albert	Norway.	Warren, Hannibal F.	Norway.
Hale, William F.	"	Washburn, Watson	Oxford.
Hall, Rodney A.	Paris.	Webster, John N.	Waterford.
Hapgood, Andrew S.	Waterford.	Whittle, John W.	Greenwood.
Hersey, Albion	Paris.		3—73

Company H. (*Auburn Artillery.*)

CAPTAIN.

Emerson, Charles S. Auburn.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Folsom, James C. Auburn.
2d, Dill, Phineas W. "

SERGEANTS.

Dingley, James Jr.	Auburn.	Wright, Horace	Auburn.
Frost, Aaron T.	"	Bray, Royal A.	"

CORPORALS.

Kidder, John O.	Auburn.	Furbish, Albert B.	Auburn.
Thing, Charles W.	Waterville.	Hogan, Jabez M.	Lewiston.

MUSICIANS.

Philbrick, Andrew J.	Palmyra.	Warren, George A.	Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, Charles R.	Lewiston.	Kimball, Isaiah	Lisbon.
Atwood, Eleazer B.	Poland.	Lake, Henry H.	Starks.

Bailey, William W.	Durham.	Lamarche, Alfred F.	Hebron.
Baker, James L.	Lewiston.	Little, William R.	Auburn.
Beal, Thomas R.	Durham.	Lovejoy, Nathaniel Jr.	Greene.
Bisbee, Elisha S.	Peru.	Luce, Sullivan	Lisbon.
Bradbury, Benjamin M.	Auburn.	Manning, Lemont	Lewiston.
Brown, Frank W.	Lovell.	Merrill, Charles S.	Durham.
Coburn, George B.	Lewiston.	Merrill, Auburn	Readfield.
Conant, Alexander B.	Auburn.	Miller, Charles P.	Auburn.
Cotton, Dennett	"	Morton, Randall B.	Paris.
Cotton, Thomas H.	"	Nason, Chandler	Auburn.
Davee, William G.	Buckfield.	Noyes, Alonzo	Canton.
Doyle, James T.	Lewiston.	Parker, George H.	Durham.
Driscoll, Timothy	Lewiston.	Pratt, Jabez	Greene.
Eaton, Daniel P.	Auburn.	Royall, Andrew J.	Danville.
Edgecomb, Ozias B.	Albany.	Savage, William M.	Auburn.
Estes, Stephen R.	Lewiston.	Skinner, Phinehas W.	Poland.
Freeman, Albert W.	Minot.	Small, Sidney	Auburn.
Furbish, Henry W.	Lewiston.	Smith, William B.	Hallowell.
Getchell, Otis J.	N. Portland.	Stevens, Samuel L.	Auburn.
Gordon, William H.	Auburn.	Stevens, Churchill S.	"
Green, Harrison B.	"	Stone, Josiah	Lewiston.
Haley, George B.	Lisbon.	Tunks, James H.	Auburn.
Handy, Charles E.	Norridgewock.	Turner, John S.	Lewiston.
Harradon, George W.	Auburn.	Turner, Nathaniel R.	"
Harradon, Washington F.	"	Welch, William A.	Casco.
Harradon, Charles E.	"	White, Augustus	Auburn.
Huntress, Henry O.	Barnstead.	Witham, Philip	Lewiston.
Joy, George F.	Lisbon.	Wood, George H.	Hartford.
Jumper, David A.	Lewiston.	Yeaton, William H.	Farmington.
Kidder, Roscoe J.	Turner.	Young, Onslow W.	Hebron.

3—74

Company I. (*2d Co. Portland Rifle Guards.*)

CAPTAIN.

Quimby, William M. Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Furbish, Nehemiah T. Portland.
2d, Mayhew, Hebron Westbrook.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Simpson, John T.	Portland.	Wade, William	Westbrook.
Hutchins, Tho's H.	Winthrop.	Sweetser, Frank C.	

CORPORALS.

Randall, Isaiah	Westbrook.	Gove, Charles H.	Westbrook.
Foye, Charles H.	"	Wescott, Enoch	"

MUSICIANS.

Allen, William	Westbrook.	Hanson, Amos H.	Windham.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Irving H.	Westbrook.	Hodsdon, Charles A.	Westbrook.
Atwood, Hezekiah	Portland.	Houston, John S.	"
Babb, Henry S.	Westbrook.	Houston, Ithamar	"
Bacon, George Wm.	Calais.	Jewett, William W.	"
Bakeman, John C.	Portland.	Leighton, David H.	Portland.
Barber, Lorenzo	Westbrook.	Lewis, George P.	Westbrook.
Bolton, William	"	Libby, Alonzo	"
Boston, Nathan P.	Bridgton.	Mariner, Thomas B.	"
Calkins, Frank A.	Portland.	Mulvey, John	"
Chaplin, Augustine	Naples.	Murphy, William H.	Portland.
Clapp, James M.	Portland.	Pennell, George A.	Westbrook.
Clusky, Peter	"	Pennell, John W.	"
Cooley, John F. L.	Standish.	Quimby, William A.	"
Davis, Alonzo A.	Portland.	Richardson, Albert B.	Portland.
Deland, Daniel Jr.	"	Ripley, Nathaniel D.	"
Dunn, Charles T.	"	Roberts, Charles H.	Falmouth.
Elwell, Hezekiah	Westbrook.	Sawyer, Albion	Portland.
Fellows, James L.	"	Stanford, James W.	Westbrook.
Fitch, Edwin	Bridgton.	Stanford, Charles I.	Portland.
Fogg, Albert R.	Westbrook.	Stinson, Warren B.	Albion.
Foster, Samuel H.	Portland.	Strout, George A.	Raymond.
Franklin, John B.	Dover, N. H.	Terhune, Stephen	Portland.
Gill, Leonard F.	Portland.	Thompson, James M.	Gray.
Goodrich, Charles H.	Westbrook.	Totman, William H.	Richmond.
Gove, Horace	"	Towle, Ared P.	Westbrook.
Graham, Charles C.	"	Varney, Mark S.	Windham.
Greeley, John W.	"	Welch, William	Portland.
Haskell, Foster M.	"	Welch, Albion F.	Westbrook.
Hicks, Benjamin F.	Lewiston.	Welch, Robert B.	"
Hocket, Asa	Hollis.	Whidden, George A.	"

Company K. (*Lewiston Zouaves.*)

CAPTAIN.

Osgood, Silas B.	Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Johnson, Elijah D.	Lewiston.
2d, Nye, George H.	"

SERGEANTS.

Cook, John B.	Lewiston.	Robbins, Edwin	Lewiston.
Howard, Benjamin A.	"	Stewart, Richard W.	"

CORPORALS.

Caswell, Ethelbert C.	Lewiston.	Cole, Asa J.	Lewiston.
Layden, James	"	Morrill, John R.	"

MUSICIANS.

Hanson, Albert E.	Lewiston.	Lovejoy, John C.	North Anson.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Frank C.	Lewiston.	Lane, Augustus K.	Lewiston.
Ashton, Henry	"	Mayberry, George H.	Solon.
Baker, Frederic N.	"	McCarthy, Richard	Auburn.
Bickford, George W.	"	Moore, William H.	Corinna.
Bicknell, Fayette	Oxford.	Myrick, Frederick S.	Lewiston.
Bolan, Albert L.	Lewiston.	Nash, Jonathan	Auburn.
Bond, Houghton	"	Onias, James	Lewiston.
Brailey, James R.	"	Osgood, James E.	"
Brown, Ellsworth A.	"	Patterson, Samuel	Salem.
Brown, Ivory	"	Pettengill, Manassah	Lewiston.
Bubier, Andrew	"	Pratt, Francis H.	Hebron.
Carvill, Jordan G.	"	Ring, Mellen	Gardiner.
Chipman, Elmer	Poland.	Rockwood, James M.	Belgrade.
Churchill, Algernon H.	Bridgton.	Robinson, James D.	St. John, N. B.
Cordwell, Hiram	Lewiston.	Sawyer, Llewellyn	Lewiston.
Denner, William W.	Oxford.	Smith, Charles W.	"
Donnell, Samuel	Bath.	Smith, James	"
Dyer, William H.	Farmington.	Stearns, Gratus B.	Weld.
Eaton, Benjamin A.	Greene.	Stockbridge, Cornelius D.	Dixfield.
Edgerly, George W.	Parsonsfield.	Stone, Levi	Cornish.
Ford, James B.	Lewiston.	Tarr, James E.	Lewiston.
Forsyth, Nelson S.	Wilton.	Tarr, Philip H.	"
Gass, James	Lewiston.	Taylor, Charles E.	"

Goss, Almon L.	Danville.	Thompson, Charles S.	Burnham.
Guiney, James	Lewiston.	Viele, Reuben	Lewiston.
Hammond, Ambrose E.	"	Watson, Moody	Hartland.
Hedon, James	"	Webber, Elias S.	Lewiston.
Jackson, Charles P.	Paris.	Welch, Michael	"
Jepson, Leonard	Lewiston.	Witherell, John F.	Monmouth.
Jumper, Charles H.	"	Willard, John A.	Lewiston.
Jumper, George E.	N. Gloucester.	Woodcock, Melvin	"
Kingsley, Albert E.	Lewiston.		3—71

NOTE. Only 771 names appear on these rolls, counting David Jones but once, though his name shows in the N. C. S. and in Co. C. The aggregate given on page 17 includes Jones and other "repeaters" in both positions, and also a number of men who did service only for the State of Maine.

CHAPTER XI.

RE-ORGANIZATION—TENTH MAINE.

During the month of August nothing was done in reference to our going back to the seat of war until the 24th day. Recruiting all over the country had nearly come to a stand-still. The rebels menaced Washington, and General McClellan, who had been called to command the army, was busily engaged in bringing order out of confusion.

On the day above mentioned (Aug. 24th), the diary states—

Our company held a meeting this afternoon in the old City Hall by order of Governor Washburn, and voted upon questions proposed by him, with the following result:

4 desired no change of Field Officers.
10 desired a change of Major.
23 desired a change of Lieutenant Colonel.
None desired a change of Colonel. (Three cheers for "old Jacks.")
26 desired no change of company officers.
6 desired a change of Captain.
1 desired a change of 1st Lieutenant.
23 were not willing to enlist another year, making three years in all, and to be mustered into the U. S. service.
8 of the 23 were undecided in this matter.
4 were ready to go for 3 years!! (Three times three for the plucky four!!)

We remark here that this voting was the nearest approach to the fulfillment of the oft repeated threat to "*lick the captain when we were mustered out.*" The other companies went through this form but the result I never learned. The officers also were summoned to Augusta, where they expressed to His Excellency

their dislike of Col. Jackson's way of teaching them the tactics in presence of the men.

The next news we heard was the order for the "1st" to go into camp again.

Sept. 9, 1861. *Tuesday.* The companies of the old "1st" rendezvoused at Camp Preble,* Cape Elizabeth, on the race-course grounds. It was Governor Washburn's intention, we understood, to have us serve our two years out. We heard it straight from our officers that if we did not go back to war we would be made to do duty—or "shovel dirt" as the word was—in Maine. Some of our men had been to Augusta for their discharges, but the Governor had told one of them: "It is strange that a man who has received a bounty of $22 and served only three months of the two years should expect to be discharged. His excuse must be very good, *very* good indeed." We thought the Governor was a tyrant then, yet he could not have done much better as matters stood.

I have no means of knowing exactly how many of us marched over to camp that afternoon; the diary gives 300 to 400 as the number, but this was guess work and included some recruits.

Col. Jackson had been appointed colonel of the 5th Maine, and had taken our old Quartermaster Sergeant Manning to be quartermaster of the 5th, and Sergeant Graffam of Co. C for his adjutant, his friend "Jim" declining the offer of the latter position. We learned of many other promotions, and saw that more would have to be made. The command of the camp devolved on Capt. Beal of the Norway company—since it was a camp of companies and not of the regiment—a distinction without much difference in this case. But as the Governor intended to re-organize us he permitted none of the old field officers to go on duty.

Sept. 17th. Major Dyer of the Governor's staff presided over each company by turns while the enlisted men expressed their choice for officers. It became evident, however, before many

* Afterward called Camp McClellan, and at this date (1870) is occupied by the Portland Rolling Mills.

days, that companies A and D would not be filled up with recruits as soon as the other companies would. Old Co. C also was demoralized by Captain Fessenden proposing to resign, which he finally did, and your historian regrets to say that he (your historian) also resigned for a few days in the French style, and so lost the run of events, but on Monday, Sept. 30th, he again reported for duty, and—

Found things in a very satisfactory condition. Capt. Beal is now colonel, our good friend "Jim" is lieutenant colonel, and Capt. Walker is major.* Lieutenant Jordan is acting as adjutant, though Colonel Beal told me he should appoint Lieutenant Shaw by and by.

Next day was to me one of the days the like of which a man never forgets who experiences its joys—the day of one's first promotion. The Colonel called me to his tent, and removing his pipe a moment, said "Mr. G. you may report to Adjutant Shaw for duty as sergeant major,"—and didn't I report?†

Oct. 4th was a day of great activity and some confusion. The State of Maine officials were in camp at work on the pay rolls, and as no one at that time had a very clear idea of the way to make any kind of an official document, there was a deal of ink shed uselessly and paper spoiled.

One who has never been "through the mill" has no idea of the difficulties besetting a new regiment. Every one from the Col. down, is harrassed by much work and little comprehension of how it needs to be done. We considered ourselves "veterans," and really were head and shoulders above many regiments, yet the things we did not know would have filled a book bigger than this I suspect.

Major Seth Eastman, of the U. S. A., commenced mustering in the companies to-day. A new company came in from Saco under Captain John Q. Adams last evening, and will be styled Co. A. A new Co. D, composed of Aroostook lumbermen and old British soldiers, takes the place of our old "Hard D."

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*Commissions dated Sept. 28, 1861.

†Please note the change of situation of the writer of the diary, from a company to a regimental position. On March 29, 1862, a further promotion to 2d lieutenant of Co. E, and the appointment to acting adjutant, June 21st, should also be borne in mind.

Next day, Saturday, the Major mustered in Lieut. Colonel Fillebrown, Major Walker, Chandler's magnificent band and the remaining companies, but in consequence of the deficiency of men in one or two of the latter, the colonel and staff were not mustered into U. S. service until Oct. 26th at Baltimore.

We called ourselves the *First Maine* as long as we could, but the muster-in put an end to the last hope of our retaining the old number. We pleaded hard against being called the Tenth, and when we re-organized as the Twenty-ninth we begged harder still to keep the old name.

Besides the officers mentioned, we carried back our old Quartermaster, Lieut. Dodge, and Chaplain Knox. None of the non-commissioned staff returned, excepting Northrup the hospital steward.

Our new Company A had three officers who had not belonged to the "1st," viz: Capt. John Q. Adams, 1st Lieut. Ephraim M. Littlefield, and 2d Lieut. Charles E. Pierce.

In Co. B, (Portland Mechanic Blues) after Walker's promotion, Lieut. Black was made captain. Roberts, who had been 1st sergt. in the "1st," was made 1st lieut., and Turner, who had been a three-months sergeant, was made the 2d lieutenant.

Co. C, (Portland Light Guards), was barely saved from extinction. Capt. Fessenden did not like being "jumped" and so he resigned. Lieut. Jordan was offered the adjutancy and went on duty as such, but preferring to be a captain, the colonel permitted him to try his fortune once more at recruiting, and C was finally filled, receiving a number of recruits who intended to go back in old A or D. Redlon went up to the 1st lieutenancy, and Benj. F. Whitney, who had been a private in C of the "1st," was made 2d lieut.

The new Co. D promised well at the start. We "old ones" were jealous of new comers—recruits—but we had little to say to the old English soldiers of D, whose manual of arms we laughed at, though the men handled their muskets with an ease that astonished us. It was a superb company; Capt. West was born a soldier, and for years had been connected with the military companies of Massachusetts, and acquainted with the English

garrisons of New Brunswick, from which last he so largely recruited his company! His stay with us was not long; eventually he became major and colonel of the 17th Maine, and brig. gen'l of vols.

For 1st Lieut. D had John D. Beardsley, a gentleman from New Brunswick, who also held a commission in the Provincial militia and had previously been an operator in lumbering. He became "one of us" and departed in 1864, after a rich experience, to accept promotion in the colored troops.

Henry M. Binney, of Somerville, Mass., was appointed 2d Lieut. at the request of Capt. West. He had been in the military companies since boyhood, and was a first class drill officer, an accomplishment somewhat rare in those days. He was still better as a joker, or story teller, and imitator of Gen. Ben. Butler. He made friends with us all, but his career was unfortunate; yet he was brave and did our country good service after he left us; therefore let this cover all his misfortunes.

In Co. E, (Portland Rifle Guards), Capt. Shaw having taken the majorate of the 11th Maine, Lieut. Estes was made captain. 1st Sergt. Latham went up to 1st lieut. on ballot, and Private Andrew C. Cloudman, by the same recommendation, was commissioned 2d lieut.

In Co. F, (Lewiston Light Infantry), Lieut. Knowlton was chosen captain. Corp'l Edward S. Butler 1st lieut., and Private Abel G. Rankin 2d lieut. These were all 1st Mainers of Co. F.

In Co. G, (Norway Light Infantry), after Capt. Beal's promotion, Lieut. Rust was made captain, and Blake became 1st lieut. Wm. W. Whitmarsh, 1st sergt. of the company in the 1st Maine, went up to the 2d lieutenancy. Capt. Rust was made lieut. col. of the 13th Maine, before the month was out, when Blake and "Whit." went up a notch, and that "redoubtable stub of a 'Major' Millett" was sent for, and came out with his sergeant's chevron changed to a shoulder strap. We lost a good officer in Rust, but we gained another in Millett. He went through thick and thin with us, and by his wit and nonsense drove many a fit of blues away.

The officers in Co. H, (Auburn Artillery), remained the same as in the "1st," Emerson, Folsom and Dill retaining their old positions.

In I, (second company of Portland Rifle Guards), Capt. Quimby had been commissioned captain in the 12th U. S. infantry. He met us in the Valley, in 1862, and at Cedar Mountain was crippled for life. Lieuts. Furbish and Mayhew thereupon were commissioned captain and 1st lieut. respectively, and 1st sergeant Simpson was made 2d lieut.

In K, (Lewiston Zouaves), 2d Lieut. Nye was elected captain, and privates John F. Witherell and Fayette Bicknell were chosen 1st and 2d lieutenants.

Neither of our medical officers returned. Dr. Williams had entered another regiment, and Dr. Richardson the navy. For surgeon we had Dr. Dan'l O. Perry, who had practiced in Portland for many years. The assistant surgeon was Dr. Josiah F. Day, Jr., a Portlander also, but more recently a resident of Missouri, where the rebels had plundered him of all he owned.

Roster of 10th Maine Regiment,

AS ORIGINALLY ORGANIZED.

Colonel,	GEORGE L. BEAL,	Norway.
Lieutenant Colonel,	JAMES S. FILLEBROWN,	Lewiston.
Major,	CHARLES WALKER,	Portland.
Adjutant,	ELIJAH M. SHAW,	Lewiston.
Quartermaster,	WILLIAM S. DODGE,	Portland.
Chaplain,	GEORGE KNOX,	Brunswick.
Surgeon,	DANIEL O. PERRY,	Portland.
Assistant Surgeon,	JOSIAH F. DAY, JR.,	Portland.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major—John M. Gould.
Q. M. Sergeant—Charles F. King.
Com. Serg't—Charles Thompson.
Fife Major—William Allen.
Drum Major—Alpheus L. Greene.
Hospital Steward—Geo. J. Northrup.

Leader of the Band—(2d Lieut.) Daniel H. Chandler.

LINE OFFICERS.

A.

Captain—John Q. Adams.
1st Lieut.—Ephraim M. Littlefield.
2d Lieut.—Charles E. Pierce.

B.

Captain—James M. Black.
1st Lieut.—Charles W. Roberts.
2d Lieut.—Alfred L. Turner.

C.

Captain—William P. Jordan.
1st Lieut.—Benjamin M. Redlon.
2d Lieut.—Benjamin F. Whitney.

D.

Captain—George W. West.
1st Lieut.—John D. Beardsley.
2d Lieut.—Henry M. Binney.

E.

Captain—Albert H. Estes.
1st Lieut.—Cyrus Latham.
2d Lieut.—Andrew C. Cloudman.

F.

Captain—William Knowlton.
1st Lieut.—Edward S. Butler.
2d Lieut.—Abel G. Rankin.

G.

Captain—Henry Rust, Jr.
1st Lieut.—Jonathan Blake.
2d Lieut.—William W. Whitmarsh.

H.

Captain—Charles S. Emerson.
1st Lieut.—James C. Folsom.
2d Lieut.—Phineas W. Dill.

I.

Captain—Nehemiah T. Furbish.
1st Lieut.—Hebron Mayhew.
2d Lieut.—John T. Simpson.

K.

Captain—George H. Nye.
1st Lieut.—John F. Witherell.
2d Lieut.—Fayette Bicknell.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE—BALTIMORE—RELAY HOUSE.

We were hurried off in a rainstorm Sunday, Oct. 6th, by a very unexpected and peremptory order. We had no arms, but we had received accoutrements which had V. M. M. (Volunteer Maine Militia) instead of U. S., on the brasses. No intimation of our coming had been given to the people along the route, hence few came out in the rain to welcome us. Rubber blankets had not been issued, therefore we were well drenched before going on the cars. There were six ladies with us, two of whom, Mrs. Goddard and Miss Merrill, will receive the blessings of our sick boys to the end of life. Nothing of note occurred in our passage to Boston; it was free from the wild enthusiasm we had in the "1st," but we found warm friends everywhere, and at Boston they gave us a collation in the Old Colony depot. At Fall River the steamer State of Maine was in readiness for us, yet judging from the "missing" there was something more enticing to some of our men; at all events, Fall River was always noted in our regiment for its women.

Next forenoon, (Oct. 7th), after a long night of seasickness, a man was discovered sitting on the guards of the steamer, just forward of the paddle wheel. He was staring at the sea, and paid little attention to those who beckoned for him to return. After many attempts to have him come back or to take a line which was lowered to him, he fell or jumped off. The steamer was stopped; Capt. Nye jumped over, and we showered the life preservers after him, but the cap and canteen were all that ever

were saved. We learned, after an hour of doubt and rumors, that it was Howard S. Griffin, from New Gloucester, belonging to Co. H.

The event cast a profound gloom over the entire regiment, and it did not wear off till we arrived in New York, where we saw the city from the boat but were not allowed to land. The Atlas ferryboat, came alongside, and after shifting over to her, we sailed at sunset for Amboy; reached there in two hours, and after waiting two more we finally were whirled off to Camden, opposite Philadelphia, and arrived at the latter place at 3 A. M. Here we received a bountiful meal at Wm. Cooper's cooper-shop, and the other refreshment rooms, which made Philadelphia the synonym of hospitality.

It took nearly all of Tuesday to get from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and once there we passed the night in the depot.

Col. Beal says we were originally ordered to report to Gen. Sherman (Thos. W.) to form a part of the Sherman expedition. On reporting to the General in New York City, and telling him of our half-equipped condition, he raved well, and ordered the Colonel to take his regiment to ———, call it Washington for short. We had seen enough of Washington in the 1st Maine, and so on arriving at Baltimore, the Colonel thought he would step over to Gen. Dix and innocently inquire for orders. The General telegraphed to Washington, forthwith, but it took some hours for the War Department to understand how we were in Baltimore, and at length the dispatch came for us to go to Fortress Monroe.

The officers had set their hearts on going into a camp where they could arm and fully equip and instruct their men, so the Colonel, with the assistance of his able lieutenant, "Jim," was not long in convincing Gen. Dix that we ought to camp in Baltimore for a month or two. In the morning the order came to do this same thing, and we all heard it with pleasure.

PATTERSON PARK—BALTIMORE.

Those of us who had been members of the "1st," and had indulged in the pleasant conceit that it was *the finest regiment*

in the service, naturally looked for evidences of inferiority in this new organization, but I was forced to admit that the men did not abuse the liberty they were allowed on our first evening and morning in Baltimore. The diary states that "*some came back to the depot very drunk and noisy*, but most of the men behaved like gentlemen."

October 9th, *Wednesday*. We marched from the depot to Patterson Park, and went into camp there. Here began camp duty in earnest. We thought the Government stingy for not allowing us boards for our tent floors, or straw for our sacks. The last, our Lieut. Colonel, with his characteristic persistence, obtained for us, after boring every quartermaster in town for it.

Fifty-six officers and men arrived from the State of Maine, next day, having been left behind by permission or accident, and on the 20th of the month eighty-three more came in under Captain Estes and Lieuts. Whitney and Pierce, most of them being recruits for Companies A and D. The companies were now equalized in numbers, and Colonel Beal and staff were mustered into the U. S. service Oct. 26th.

Oct. 21st, muskets were delivered to the men, and this furnished another excuse for a hearty growl from the 1st Mainers. "Had we not been promised a new blue uniform and Springfield muskets?" To be sure we had the blue uniform and a good outfit every way, "but look at these Enfield muskets," said they, "with their blued barrels and wood that no man can name!" They were not a bad weapon, however, differing little from the Springfield, in actual efficiency, weight, length, and caliber, but far behind in point of workmanship. For a while we kept them blued, then orders were issued to rub them bright and we kept them so ever after.

Gen. Dix at this time commanded the department of Pennsylvania, which included Baltimore, but he never favored us with his presence. There were not many troops around the city then. The Seventh Maine was in a fort of their own making, a half mile from us, and its colonel (Thos. H. Marshall) died a fortnight after we arrived, just as his regiment marched past his house on

its way to Washington, and our regiment escorted the corpse to the railroad depot.

We were kept pretty busy drilling while in Patterson Park. Major Walker drilled the officers, and Capt. Jordan instructed all the sergeants of the regiment, and thus we ensured uniformity of drill, as we did not conform to the U. S. infantry manual—or "Hardee" as it was often called, but took up the more showy exercises of Ellsworth's Chicago Zouaves, which Capt. Fessenden of the "1st" had introduced, and for which we had no text-books. I believe it was on account of this care and attention to detail, which was shown in Patterson Park, that our final excellence in the manual and manœuvre was attained. We lost a like occasion in the "29th," and never wholly made up for it.

We were remarkably healthy as a regiment while in this camp, and the few sick were well cared for. Could the pie-venders have been kept away it would have been better still for us.

We "old ones" of the "1st" hailed with delight the improvement in the pass system and the punishment of offenders. We noticed also that though liquor could be easily obtained, there was scarcely any drinking as compared with what we saw on Meridian Hill; in truth there was little of it done except by twenty or thirty hard cases.

We were visited by the good people of Baltimore every fine afternoon, and many of the men made pleasant and lasting acquaintances. Our band was invited to spend an evening with a German club, and after much deliberation as to whether or not there was mischief brewing, it went, and never after ceased to refer to its hearty reception and the dinner. The small boys and girls that we passed in going from camp "down town" had learned to "hurrah for the Union" before we arrived, and now they took up a new cry of "please give me a cent." These little attentions helped to make our stay in Baltimore pleasant, and by attending promptly to our duty we improved every day.

Of the acquaintances we made, one circle deserves especial mention, as our history would be incomplete without it; Mr. Edwin A. Abbott's family, including the Hutchinson brothers who were related to the Abbotts, became our friends at an early

Chas P Walker

MAJOR 10TH ME. VOLS

day. All who were officers of the "10th" at that time, know them too well for me to dwell long in praising them. Theirs was a whole-souled, christian friendship. They never lost an opportunity to give us substantial help, and many times when we were far away "in the field," they attended to our errands and looked out for our interests unasked, and without remuneration. Corp'l Reuben Viele, of Co. K—afterward the color sergeant of the Twenty-ninth, lay sick for weeks at Mr. Abbott's, and was saved to us by the careful nursing of the good ladies of the family. Baltimore had been overawed by rebels during the first days of the rebellion, but she nobly redeemed her character afterward, for a more loyal city did not exist; this every soldier of the eastern armies knows. Cold weather came soon after our arrival, and brought with it the problem of keeping warm at night. This was the first cold weather the army had experienced. There was an abundance of straw furnished, and by huddling together "spoon-fashion" there was no great trouble in any tent, except for the two sleeping at the end of a line. A number wound their clothes around them, and by hauling over the great canvas bag, made to protect the tent during transportation, the clothes were kept in place. We heard though of a strange mishap to one of our comrades, who woke one night from ugly dreams to worse realities, to repent of having tied a hard knot to his bag-string after taking a dose of Dr. Perry's physic.

GUARDING THE B. & O. R. R.

November 3d, Major Walker took Companies B and F, and went out on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., posting B at the Relay House, and F at Annapolis Junction, relieving companies of the 4th Wisconsin. This was the first step in developing a plan of Gen. McClellan's to guard that important line.

November 4th, *Monday.* We were up early and marched to the Camden St. depot, and at 10 A. M. arrived at the place called Relay House, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, though the post office is St. Denis. We had such a quantity of baggage that it took an extra train to bring it, and it was late next day before all the stuff had been carted or carried to the camp.

We relieved the 4th Wisconsin (they taking our place in Patterson Park), and following their example in the matter of duty we detailed a camp guard of seventy men, a working party of one hundred to finish the fort,* a guard on the bridge and viaduct of more than fifty, and at night sent an entire company out as a "picket" *to protect the camp from surprise.* And as it took another company to garrison the fort the force left to drill was not large. Before a week was gone the guards were reduced in number and the folly of a picket dispensed with.

Our stay at the Relay House was pleasant as could be. We had a fine camp ground and an abundance of good rations, including the ærated bread. The few citizens living around the country and at the village of Elkridge Landing, which was across the Patapsco, were generally indisposed to welcome us into their houses, but we had some good friends both in high life and low. Acorns and chestnuts were ripe when we arrived, and there was no great difficulty in passing out to gather them.

Regiment after regiment went by on the cars; at first we hurrahed back to them, but it came to be too much like work at last, for during November and December there was never a day but some regiment, battery or company passed. I had a record once of all the regiments that went through in the day time, but Gen. Stonewall Jackson came up to Winchester on a flying visit one fine May morning after this, you know, and wanted it so much that I was glad to let him have it—very glad indeed—and as he never returned it I can't present you with a digest of it. The passing of two companies of regulars amused me once so much that I wrote in the diary as follows:

> They all kept inside the cars, and were very civil and stupid. I don't know a single instance where volunteer troops have passed without the tops and platforms of cars being covered. *These fellows never hurrahed once.*

November 9th the 60th New York came out and camped next to us during a heavy rain. They were a good looking set of men but we could not say much of all their officers. The weeding

*Fort Dix, a small work mounting eight or ten guns, overlooking the viaduct, and intended to protect it.

process finally put them on a good footing and they went through the war with honor.

Next day, the first Sunday at Relay House, our regiment was still further split up. Co. B was brought down from Ellicott's Mills and carried up on the Washington Branch five miles, to a place without a name. D marched over to Elkridge Landing, one mile. G went in the cars to Hanover switch, three miles, and A to Jessup's Cut, seven miles. F remained at Annapolis Junction, nine miles, where it had been since the 3d. The headquarters and five companies of the right wing marched over to Elkridge Landing the Thursday after. These movements were the development of the plan for guarding the railroad between Baltimore and Washington, a very necessary precaution considering it was the only railroad to the north from Washington. The 60th New York had the fort and viaduct and the railroad into Baltimore. Then we guarded nine miles to Annapolis Junction; next came the 1st Michigan and after them the 1st District Columbia, the whole constituting the "railway brigade," commanded by Col. John C. Robinson of the 1st Michigan, whose headquarters were with his fine regiment at Annapolis Junction.

Every switch had a sentinel on guard over it to prevent any one but railroad officials meddling with it. Also for every quarter mile of track there was a sentinel who traveled over the rocks and sleepers, ever on the lookout that the express trains did not run over him, though he was put there to keep the track from being torn up. This service was irksome after the first trial, but we found so much to interest us when off duty, that our days in the railway brigade were always looked back upon as days of rest and enjoyment.

A fortnight after the first Sunday, the right wing changed with the left; H changed with D, E with G, K with B, C with A and I with F, and it was intended to change every fortnight, but it was not possible to do so with regularity. We also moved headquarters to our first camp Nov. 27th—the 60th N. Y. going off nearer Baltimore, leaving us to garrison Fort Dix again and take care of the viaduct.

Nov. 13th. We learned of the success of Gen. Thos. W.

Sherman's expedition to Port Royal, S. C. We had waited anxiously more than three weeks to hear this good news, for the fleet had sailed into a tremendous storm, which impressed itself upon us very forcibly at Patterson Park by blowing down our tents. Though really a naval victory this was the cause of great rejoicing all through the army.

Nov. 18th, Major Fred. Robie, Paymaster, gave us twenty-eight days' pay. He always brought good news as well, and plenty of it about the other Maine regiments.

But it cannot be denied that pay is demoralizing, and I see in the diary that Co. D, the pattern for the regiment, so far as soldierly bearing and discipline were concerned, had several men, a sergeant and their English bugler, all down drunk at once. Lieut. Beardsley, who seemed to enjoy nothing better, collared the noisy ones and filled a tent full before night—and what a night that was! One old Englishman in particular, rebelled against this treatment, and kept up a steady roar from tattoo till reveille, singing occasionally a song which had for its refrain

"We made the Russian bear surrender–r–r,
And gained the heights of Almo–o–o."

Capt. West and his lieutenant were equal to the emergency, and though they could not stop drunkenness entirely, they kept the company discipline up to its excellent standard. The liquor dealers in the neighborhood were treated to our Maine law till they learned to refuse liquor to the soldiers; yet for all the precautions it was never difficult to obtain all that was wanted on the sly.

Congress had raised the pay of privates from $11 to $13 since the 1st Maine had been paid, and so hastily was the act passed that only the privates were thus favored. Consequently the corporals' pay being unchanged was still but $13, and the musicians' only $12. This also was our first payment in "greenbacks;" they were the issue known as "demand notes," and were payable in gold.

Nov. 21st, *Thursday*, was Thanksgiving day in Maine, and as our friends at home had sent us a great abundance of turkeys

and chickens all cooked, we had a holiday too. Under that date the diary, besides noting the general happiness of the occasion, states that we had an engine (our old friend No. 31) and car detailed by the railroad company for our use; also that all the companies have erected signs, stating their company and regiment, for the benefit of the passengers and soldiers going by. One company had also a request to passengers to throw them their newspapers, which was liberally responded to.

About this time Gen. Dix sent an expedition down the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia. The Baltimore papers were filled with accounts of it and of the people coming out with cooked meats for the soldiers. I remember that this was cheering news to us, and helped us forget the misery and gloom which came over the army and nation after Bull Run. The diary for November closes with—

The month has been mild. We have had few frosts and very little ice has formed, but the men have been quite uncomfortable from the rain.

December 2d. Capt. Estes came on with thirty-six more enlisted men. Next day Eben A. Kimball, of Co. G, died. This was the third death by disease in the regiment. All were from the measles, and all in Co. G. Four days later John S. Henly, also from G, followed them from a like malady. These deaths caused extra efforts to be made in the camp and hospital to keep the health and preserve life. The two lady nurses were at loggerheads with the medical faculty from first to last, which was unfortunate and unpleasant for us all. We naturally took sides with the women, and have always credited them for the general good health we were blessed with after this; but that our feelings against the surgeons were too severe at this time, I think all will admit at this late day. We had good medical officers, and if the ladies did interfere with them, as it was alleged, they none the less discharged their legitimate duties with rare fidelity and success. Our small number of deaths seems to me to be a compliment to all, from Dr. Perry down to the old black auntie who kept things tidy at the hospital.

We had advantages in the "10th" never enjoyed in the "1st"

and "29th," for you remember that our hospital was a house, which is certainly better than tents in cold weather; then we were all alone, away from the strict discipline so necessary in a large hospital. Our doctors too attended the sick with an interest and care that could not have been given to larger numbers of strangers, and we had a fund which purchased delicacies for the sick.

Beside building barracks the Colonel, who was much affected by the mortality in his old company (G), told the Quartermaster that he must provide some way for the men to bathe, and with his usual success in "drawing" Lieut. Dodge drew a hospital tent, a large bathing tub, a stove and a sixty gallon kettle; these were speedily put in working order, and every day one company was made to bathe there, the men taking turns, and every one of us having a tub of clean warm water. Some rebelled against this but they were threatened with a detail to scrub them. There were others who were indifferent, but the men were so anxious to "keep down the lice" that they insisted upon all being washed. Thus we kept clean and healthy at a very little expense, but I am not aware that any other regiment had such conveniences.

December 17th we began to work on our barracks. We were scantily supplied with tools, and the month went out before the last nail was driven. Each company had one building in which the officers and sergeants had each a room in one end. The cook had a kitchen pretty well fitted up on the other end, and the bunks were in the second story. The sheds up on the line were nearly all different, but not one of the ten could be kept warm in a windy winter day.

We were so late in moving into the barracks that many of us were taken sick, for there was no way to keep warm in the tents, though a few built underground ovens. Among others Captain Knowlton was taken down and was barely saved from death.

While we were right in the midst of building, Dr. McNulty, of Gen. Dix's staff came out to inspect us. It was my fortune to show him around the men's quarters, which of course were not very tidy then. The doctor, whose ideas of neatness were far ahead of anything then perfected among the volunteers, made

short work with us. He flew from tent to tent saying to the privates, "you're worse than hogs" and "you're perfectly filthy," "you'll all die of camp fever," and before they could understand what it was that he said he was off to the next company telling them the same. To the few sergeants that he met he was very severe. First dropping into their tents like a bomb-shell, but without waiting to get more than his nose and waxed moustache safely in, he exploded like this:—"Whew! whew! whew! whew!" "Heavens and earth! what filth! Are you a sergeant of this company? You're a hog!—worse than a hog. You deserve to have those stripes stripped off! Yes sir! and put in the guard house, too! Awful! awful!"

And away he went, fuming, to the next one. His visit did us good. Our medical officers looked after us sharply from this time, and we all soon learned the worth of these mottoes which you will not find in the Regulations or Hardee, though it would be well to place them in both and in capitals, as here:—

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR FIRST WINTER.

Long before we were established in our barracks we had lively rumors that we were to go into the Burnside expedition, then rendezvousing at Annapolis. This rumor refused to die; and it became startling one day when a man returned from a Baltimore hospital with a pass to Annapolis, which the surgeon in charge insisted upon his having, saying he had inquired at department headquarters and learned that the 10th Maine was at Annapolis, or was going there immediately.

A chapter in our history might be written how our field and staff officers fought for the location of the "10th." They had seen in the 1st Maine enough of the inconvenience of being in a large army—the main army—and had steadily resisted, as far as subordinate officers can, all attempts to merge us in it again. We were well content with our position on the railroad, but would willingly have shifted it for a "chance" under Burnside. The order never came, however.

The next thing on the programme after settling at the Relay House, was for the officers and a few of the men to send for their wives. These were quartered at the hotel and various private residences near by, and I am quite sure that the regiment generally felt towards them as sailors do towards "petticoats in the cabin." Lieut. Whitney being unable or unwilling to obtain leave of absence to go home to marry, sent for his betrothed, who promptly came. They were to have been married quietly within an hour or two of her arrival, but the project leaked out, and the diary states that "the officers went *en masse* to a wedding this evening."

Our Colonel never could be contented as long as there was anything to "draw." The question of leggins for the men was discussed a long time but never settled; hence we never wore leggins! But the sergeants received their swords in January, and the men were furnished with huge brass shoulder scales weighing nearly a pound. We had also drawn the regulation uniform coat, dark blue cloth, with nine brass buttons in front, and with the white gloves that we bought we were a gay-looking crowd; and if we do sound our own praise it is none the less true that very few volunteer regiments at that time were ahead of us in appearance. This was conceded by many visitors, civil and military, who had seen the regiments around Washington.

The mud was so deep during the month of December and January that most of our drilling was in the manual and bayonet exercise, and I believe we finally arrived as near perfection in handling the musket as could be expected of volunteer troops. In addition to guarding the railroad track we were soon required to put an officer and sergeant on each through train, to arrest deserters. This gave the couple on duty an opportunity to go into Washington or Baltimore, and so brought us in contact with the military world. We learned so many things in this way that it was always a desirable duty to perform, and nothing pleased us sergeants more than to see a good number of sergeants of other regiments going home to recruit, or still better, going home to accept a commission in new regiments. They told us also of officers resigning, or being sent up to the "Board" for examination, and failing, and having to resign in consequence, thus making a place for some good man. This was extra good news—was it not, brother sergeants? We did not arrest many deserters, however, but I had a day of rich experience in taking one back to Washington, which so shows the glories of "red tape," as we called it, that I quote from the diary:

A RED TAPE STORY.

Private Cohen, of the Anderson Zouaves (62d N. Y. V.), was sent back this morning in charge of Capt. West. I went as sergeant, and the Captain allowed me to attend to the business, after giving me full instructions. First, on arriving in Washington, I got a corporal's guard from the company on

duty in the depot, and marched them all down to the Central guard-house, where I took off my cap, made a low bow to the officer in charge and told my story. He wanted to know why I brought a deserter there without an order, so I showed him my R. R. pass, which read, "Pass Sergeant 'Goggle' and prisoner to Washington &c. &c."

"Who is this J. S. Fillebone?" asked the officer.

"Fillebrown!" said I, correcting him. "He is our lieut. col. in command of the regiment during Col. Beal's absence north."

Here the Captain did some swearing, I believe, and rather sharply inquired if I knew of Gen. McClellan, and did this Mr. Fillebrown command Gen. McClellan? I thought best to make no reply. "You must have an order from Major Burnham" said he, and turned away.

I inquired of an orderly who Major Burnham was, what he had to do about it, and where his office was, and he told me all in a way that did credit to the good fellow. My guard had gone back to the depot and I was left to take care of my prisoner alone. So I once more ventured to confront the Captain, and state the fact that the prisoner might overpower me and get away, and after a little pleading I obtained permission to leave him till I could see Maj. Burnham, whose office was a long way off. And this leads me to write, this is the way it is always, in all army business: First, you have to go to Captain Smith on A street, then to Major Jones, on Z street, who refers you to Colonel Brown on First street, who sends you to Gen. Van Blinks on 99th street, where you will learn that you have not addressed the proper officer, and that you will have to begin again.

Well, I went to Maj. Burnham's, and as a large part of the army is preparing to move,* his office was full of applicants. I waited a very long while before I could get a word to even a subordinate, and had just begun to tell my wants when he interrupted me with, "you'll have to wait a moment."

So I waited till that crowd had pocketed their passes, and then tried again, and was told to "*wait.*" I waited and then tried it on another officer, and was likewise told that my case would be attended to after the officers' claims were, and then it dawned upon my understanding that officers and not "*first comers*" are "first served" in the army. Watching my chance I tried the third time with the same want of success. So I patiently waited a while and saw the machine work.

There came in a chaplain who wanted to preach to somebody over the river. He procured a pass and vanished; the next, a captain, wanted to join his regiment, and he got a pass. In stalked Gen. Benham, and without waiting his turn he proceeded at once to the Major, took twenty minutes to transact his business and went off. It consoled me much to see the captains and lieutenants take their turn at waiting-while the General was chatting with the Major.

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*This was in March, when McClellan was embarking for the Peninsula.

Then in rushed a little 2d lieutenant, not twenty years old. He pushed right along as Gen. Benham had, and shoved his paper into the Major's face, obtaining his pass by sheer impudence. This was a lesson for me, the little fellow had refused to wait, I thought I would try it; wasn't a sergeant-major almost as high as a 2d lieutenant?

I went directly to the Major this time, pushed my railroad pass under his nose and talked as fast as I could of the importance of speedy action—but alas! the same "you must wait my good man," came in answer. Then I told him I would gladly do so if the case required a long time for consideration, or if it must be referred to Gen. McClellan, but "look, sir," and here I explained it all over to him refusing to hear him say "wait a moment," till he sat down and dashed off what looked like a physician's prescription, but if I deciphered it correctly it read as follows:

Confn prisr Cohn Cent Gud Hos

Bumhm

And then having been, by actual observation 55½ minutes in trying, I came off successful.

I wonder how long I should have waited had I obeyed orders, and sat quietly on the bench till the Major or his subs. could have attended to this highly important case; but if you wonder why I didn't leave the prisoner, the Major and all, you must know that I was obliged to have a receipt to carry back to Col. Fillebrown—not a duplicate receipt, by the way, for strange as it may seem, while the receipt for one condemned mule must be made in duplicate, a single receipt is sufficient for a whole gang of deserters.

It is worth a moment's attention to compare this day of wasted hours with a similar jaunt, about the same time, to Frederick, where Gen. Banks commanded. We had arrested two "Philadelphia Zouaves" of Stone's division, with forged furloughs, and I begged the duty of carrying them to Frederick. When I arrived there I reported for orders directly to Maj. Copeland* who had ordered the arrest by telegraph. He didn't send me to the other end of the town nor tell me to wait, but asked me to warm myself at the fire, where Gen. Banks sat toasting his feet, while he sent his orderly to Capt. ——. Then telling me to march the prisoners to the place where his orderly would guide me, he put me in the way to obtain a receipt and return pass, without delay or inconvenience.

Attentions like these from an officer in his position to a

*R. Morris Copeland, Major, A. A. G., Headquarters Banks's corps.

sergeant in charge of two lousy deserters is not an every day occurrence, and I rejoice to be able to put his name and his deed in print as a set-off against the ugly-looking order which dismissed him from the service a year afterward because of some alleged free thinking and freer speaking.

These experiences, though personal, have a general likeness to the experiences of hundreds of others. Change the names and places and the story will suit your own case very well.

JANUARY 4, 1862. Major Fred. Robie commenced paying us for the months of November and December; this will remind all of us who worked on those rolls how we did our best to get them right and to have them in the Major's hands ahead of any other regiment. We succeeded, and hence were paid off so promptly;—afterward, when greenbacks failed, all such efforts went for nothing. The diary does not note any very demoralizing effects from this payment, but I see that five of our worst characters ran off to Baltimore and never came back.

A system of punishment had been commenced before this which terrified evil doers from its certainty and severity. We had a good guard-house, and there were almost always confined in it a half dozen hard cases with a ball and chain on. These six pets did not make their home very agreeable to strangers, so the last were careful not to pay them a second visit.

Capt. Adams had a couple or more "pet lambs" that tried him well. He drilled them with loaded knapsacks but they grew fat on it. He made "spread eagles" of them, but this only created merriment in the company, and so helped the victims to bear their pain. But at last the Captain succeeded by driving them around camp all day tied together at the legs and with barrels labeled "DRUNKEN SWAB" over their shoulders.

During mid-winter our officers were continually teaching us and themselves the details of soldiers' duty. Among other things we had our morning reports and other messages sent in by the guard. The man of F or I on duty in the morning at Annapolis Junction, would take the documents at double-quick to the next man, who would take the papers and run his quarter mile to the

next, and so on. The best time from F to the adjutant's quarters was eighty-five minutes; distance nine miles or more.

In December we heard of the battle of Drainsville, a very insignificant affair, but seized upon by General McClellan and the press to dispel the Bull Run gloom still remaining in the army and the nation. The more substantial victory in the West at Mill Spring, followed by the capture of Fort Henry a fortnight later, which also was succeeded by the important victory at Fort Donelson the next week, was all that was needed to make us uneasy. But the Burnside expedition disturbed us most, for it had rendezvoused near us and we had made up our minds to go in it. The news of its hard luck at sea, and in landing, and its successes when once ashore, stirred us up well and made trotting over sleepers and rock ballast, and jumping culverts irksome to us.

If I have watched and judged soldiers rightly, they like an easy time, or a "soft thing" as we style it, as well as any one, but they are constitutionally unable to be satisfied with anything, whether good, bad or indifferent. They are not so often eager to be led to battle, or "spoiling for a fight" as the newspaper correspondents wrote. Yet fighting and running risk of wounds and death is something they expect. Sanguine individuals feel that they themselves will be spared even though their regiment or army suffers. We all crave the rough side of war, with its excitement and fascination, as sailors crave sea-life, hating and dreading it, yet having a feeling somewhat akin to instinct, that to fight and to go into danger are our duties. But more of this by and by: we all know how we felt, and if we talk or write by the hour we can not make others understand it as we do.

The western victories, and Burnside's, made us feel uneasy, but when President Lincoln issued his memorable War Order No. 1, it was more than uneasiness that we felt. That order, you remember, appointed Feb'y 22d as the day for an advance of all the armies and the navy. We lived in expectation after this; tramping over the sleepers grew more and more hateful—we saw regiments go by still, but their hurrahs sounded more like jibes

than cheers. Yet under date of Feb'y 22d the diary records nothing more interesting than:

> All hands in town at the great parade. * * Our regiment has improved lately, 1st, by many of the officers' wives going home, 2d, by the issue of new trowsers to all who need, and 3d, by the men purchasing a new cap, instead of drawing the "regulation" article.

We were a stylish regiment then; new clothes, nice new cap, white gloves, polished brasses, and enjoying the pleasant conceit that there never had been and never could be anything ahead of us.

February 27, 1862, *Thursday*. We noticed this morning that the trains were not running, and early in the forenoon the word came up from the depot that the Government had seized the railroad and telegraph. Before 10 o'clock five immense locomotives came out from Baltimore and went on the turn out. The engineer of our old No. 31 said he had taken McClellan's private baggage up to Harper's Ferry this morning, and that a pontoon bridge was thrown across there in fifteen minutes. Two brigades had crossed when he left, and the whole of Banks's army was going south, at double quick! This was exciting. No through train passed, but at 4 P. M. we heard a whistle and saw a long train of box cars, with soldiers on top, coming from Washington, and we made a rush for the depot and found the cars full of horses, saddled and bridled.

While down there a dispatch came to Col. Beal to take his five companies, a surgeon, two field officers, all his provisions and ammunition, and be prepared for a trip of four or five days!! It was done in a wink, and as soon as the cars were ready the battalion went off cheering and singing every lively song we knew, while the band played "Bully for you!" and other appropriate airs. Never before had we had such a day, and now we were off, fairly started for the fight, that is, five favored companies were off leaving the other five to their lamentations and profanity. But the sequel to all this is not so brilliant. After going only four miles toward Harper's Ferry, Capt. Emerson with Co. H was ordered out with bag and baggage. At Ellicott's Mills, two miles further on, Capt. Jordan was put off with Co.

C. The other three companies were dropped, K at Elysville, eleven miles from Relay House, G at Woodstock, sixteen miles, and E at the Mariottsville tunnel, nineteen miles, with orders to *guard the railway*, to the intense disgust of every man, from Col. Beal down to the cooks.

The censorship of the press had become a fixed fact by this time, and there was nothing mentioned in the papers of our move or the stoppage of trains, so we never knew what it all was about, but we all felt that it was a "sell."

March 8th, the companies of the left wing were withdrawn from the Washington branch and sent up the main stem, B to Hood's Mill, twenty-seven miles, I to Mt. Airey, thirty-five miles, A to Monrovia, forty-two miles, and F to the Monocacy Bridge, fifty miles from headquarters. But few changes were made in the disposition of the companies after this.

Next we heard of the great Monitor and Merrimac fight and the moving of McClellan's army, he having been made commander of the army of the Potomac—the first clipping of wings he was doomed to.

March 13th, we heard cannonading all day, but kept quiet and cool. A week or more after this, Banks's troops were transported to Washington. Day after day they came, telling us their regiments and brigade as they passed, and making us hate ourselves and our luck. March 26th Col. Beal succeeded in bringing A, B, G and K down to headquarters (Relay House), which with H, then there, and C in the fort, gave him a respectable force to drill and discipline. But the very next day came the order to go to Harper's Ferry, and a rumor that rebels had driven away the workmen from the railroad beyond that place.

Col. Dixon S. Miles, that most unfortunate of men, had command of our brigade now, and by his order, on March 28th we commenced moving to our new field. Finally the headquarters were established in Harper's Ferry, at that time, as ever afterward, the most complete wreck of a city that we ever camped in. The companies were sent all around the country, E to Halltown, G and I to Charlestown,

C to Van Cleivesville, H to Duffields, K to Kearneysville, A to Opequan Bridge, and B to Martinsburg.

The railroad was not guarded now by sentinels at every quarter mile; the "cit's" took kindly to us, as they had at our last stations, and we soon learned the solid worth of a true union man. But our duties were tame, and though we look back to those days with pleasure, they are not worth dwelling upon long.

When we arrived at Harper's Ferry, a piece of halyard and a rag were flying from the flag-staff of the armory, and the people of the town said that many rebels and Yankees had tried to reach it by climbing, and had even tried to shoot it down. A few of our boys tried it, but only Joe Merrill, sergeant of F, succeeded. He climbed up without aid of any kind, pulled out the old rope and put in a new one, and came safely down with cheers from the mob for his reward.

Under date of April 19th, I see that from death, desertion and original deficiency, we were nearly a hundred men short of the maximum standard of 1,048. I notice too that we had some odd neighbors in the 1st Maryland (Home Brigade), of whom, as they never harmed us, we will say nothing. But the advent of the 8th N. Y. cavalry was something we shall remember. They had "been in service eight months and never seen a horse"—a sad tale that. It had its sequel too, sadder still to the victims. They never saw a horse but they stole it. The company which was sent to Charleston mounted itself in three days, it was said, (but eat it with salt my friends), at the end of which at least forty "good union men" had been to see Paddy Miles, and as a consequence the horses were all returned, and the men traveled on their own feet again.

April 22d, the wooden bridge* over the Potomac was carried away by a freshet, with all the coal cars that had been put on it to hold it down. The natives could not be hired to step into the boats, but our Aroostook lumbermen of Co. D kept communications open with a little punt till the water lowered.

May 5th, seven companies were assembled at Halltown for drill,

*The rebels had destroyed the iron bridge of the railroad.

inspection and review by Col. Miles. Co. C marched twenty-two miles for this purpose. We all remember the appearance of old "Paddy" on that occasion. At the close of the inspection he addressed us, saying: "Gentlemen! I have been pleased with the exhibition of this afternoon. Your arms are in good order, you are well clothed and in good drill. You look like *soldiers, you are soldiers;* the regulars do not excel you." Then pausing, he continued: "Gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that Yorktown has been evacuated by the confederates, and one hundred and seventy guns and all their baggage have been captured."

All of which we got enthusiastic over—much more so than any one will now who reads the facts about the Yorktown siege.

CHAPTER XIV.

GUARDING THE REAR.

May 9th. This day began another chapter in our history. Lieutenant Colonel Fillebrown took Co's C, E, G and I to Winchester in the cars, and we who belonged to these companies then saw the "end of the railroad" about which there had been so much talk. Col. Beal established his headquarters here a few days later, when Lieutenant Colonel Fillebrown was made Provost Marshal. We were now fairly in General Banks's limits and heartily thankful. We relieved the 84th Penn. from duty in Winchester, and having left our tents behind, we quartered in various buildings. Co. E was honored with the Germ. Ref. Cent. Church, a small brick house, having about pews enough to give every man one. Co's C and G took possession of an unfinished house, and Co. I occupied a hotel which before had been used as a rebel hospital. We found ourselves in another atmosphere here in Winchester: we had already seen rebel women, but in all our travels we never saw any so *bitter* as those of Winchester. They were untiring in their efforts to show how they hated us. If we sat upon their door-steps a moment, they would send out their servants to wash up the spot that was supposed to be made filthy by our presence. A lady of one of the very "First Families" dropped her bible or prayer book on going to church, it was instantly picked up by one of our boys who stood near and handed to the lady, who scowled at him and refused to take it. We all remember the lady who lived very near the Martinsburg pike, who delighted to open her windows and play Dixie on her piano every time the regiment passed that way, when a little less hatred or a

little more love for cleanliness would have prompted her to shut her window to keep out the dust.

They would not walk under the stars and stripes, nor suffer their dresses to brush our clothes never so lightly, and rarely would they even so much as pass by us without scowling. In short, from the day we came till the day we went, they were untiring in their efforts to show how they hated us and how silly they could act.

This contemptible behavior did not come from the poor whites, for they were our friends everywhere, but from women whose general appearance indicated that they were ladies indeed. They did not show the good sense and true lady-like qualities which the Darlington (South Carolina) women showed to the "29th" boys. These last hated us as thoroughly, but most of them knew enough to keep it to themselves. A word more about them by and by, but let them pass now with the hope that years of war and famine may have made them better.

If there is a class of men more generous to womankind than soldiers I have yet to learn it. If the helpless were often injured during the war, it is certain that soldiers as a class did not sanction it, nor do we cherish evil feelings against the honest individuals of the enemy; but out of all the many acts of these Winchester women, I never saw or heard of one that commanded our respect. They limited themselves to petty abuse, which too often bordered upon indecency, and occasionally they did a little spying in which they were almost always perfectly safe, but this was their highest effort. There was nothing of true womanly heroism in any of their acts, and nothing suggesting that they were mothers of the chivalrous,—certainly nothing that reminds one of the "women of '76." It was alleged of them that they shot our soldiers May 25th, and a commission of inquiry I believe established the fact, though I know that most of the stories we heard which led to the inquiry were false. But we fail to see in this act anything but the rankest cowardice.

Before our arrival in Winchester, the first of the five battles near this place had been fought. Jackson had attacked the Union forces at Kernstown three miles south, and attempted to get

between them and Winchester. This was done, if the story is true that we heard, on representation of the people at Winchester that nearly all of the federal troops had marched away. Without stopping to inquire if these "people" were women, or "ladies" as they insist upon being called, it is enough to say "Stonewall" was misinformed, and so got whipped, after a smart fight, which we thought at the time was a wonderful one. Gen. Banks, who was marching towards the lower Potomac at the time of this battle, hastened back and pursued the rebels up the valley to Harrisonburg, and then had to fall back for rations. He held Strasburg and Front Royal, while we were in Winchester, and this backward movement, though not compelled by the enemy, caused the rebels much joy. They were constantly telling us that Jackson would soon drive us out, and we have always believed that the rebel women spent the week before this threat was fulfilled, in cooking and making ready for the return of their army. I do not state it as a fact, this cooking, but I do remember well that the men of our company told me a day or two before the fight at Front Royal, that "the women of the city are cooking all they know how, for the rebels are coming." So between rumors and the attentions of the ladies, we had an interesting time of it at Winchester.

Co. B, at Martinsburg with Major Walker, had a very different reception. Though there were many rebels there, the union sentiment was predominant, and you may go into the armory of the Blues to-day and hear the "old boys" praising the Martinsburgers.

The other companies found at their stations friends enough to make it pleasant, and rebels enough to make it lively.

The button fever raged about this time, and we made great collections of rebel, state and cadet buttons, which we intended to keep to show to our grandchildren,—but where are they now?

It must not be forgotten by ourselves nor the country's historian, that we started a newspaper in Winchester. Corporal Knight, and "Doby" (Newbold), a printer's devil, both of Co. C, were the leading spirits. With the assistance of one or two convalescents from the general hospital, they swept up the floors of the Winchester Republican rooms, picked out, washed and sorted

the type, and published on May 23d, No. 1 (new series), of the Winchester Republican—and a right good paper it was, reflecting credit upon every one engaged on it. But we never saw No. 2. That was our last day of peace, our last day of "band box" soldiering, although the Colonel cautioned us that night to buy a new supply of white gloves. Let us see what the diary has:

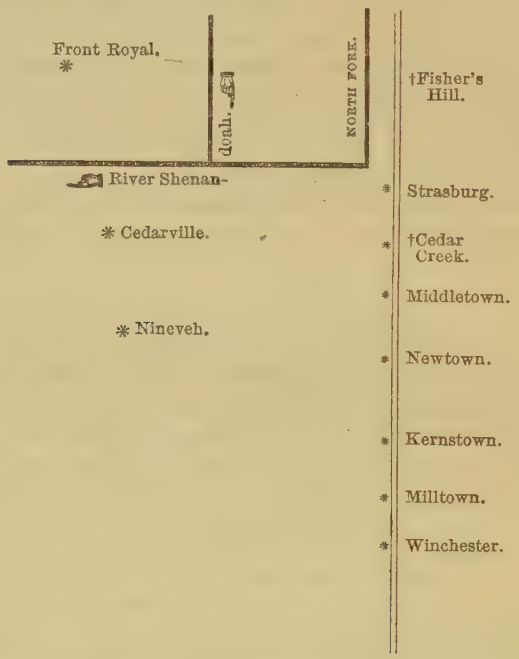
May 23, 1862, *Friday.* Our pay rolls came back from the paymaster this evening, and we commenced signing them and hurrahing for the pay which we are told is coming to-morrow. We were nearly done when one of the men came into the church saying, "There's a '*Calvary*' man outside who says there's just been a fight in Front Royal and our boys are all cut up," &c. The rolls were folded in some haste, and the cavalryman hunted up. He said he was a pioneer of Gen. Banks, and had been re-building a bridge on the Manassas railroad, but the rebels had driven him off. A teamster just then came down hill on a mule and said "that's so! he's a bridge builder, I know him; all the matter with him is he stole a secesh hoss." Then came an infantry corporal belonging to the 1st Maryland Vols.; he was a boy and somewhat excited, but said he had been captured by the rebel cavalry after fighting and being "all cut up;" then waiting his chance he had slipped on one of the horses of the captors, and the "old mare came toward this town right smart!" Teamsters on mules or horses now came along singly and in squads, and told doleful stories. After these another group, wearing artillery jackets, came down mounted. One in the crowd recognized these, and shook hands with all of them with great earnestness, and inquired, "By —— Billy, how'd ye git out?" The aforesaid Billy held up two queerly shaped pieces of iron and brass (the sights), and remarked "all that's left of our No. 3 gun!" We learned that Knapp's Pennsylvania battery had two guns attached to Geary's 28th Pennsylvania regiment, and that one had been captured and the other abandoned on the road.

Our boys were excited by all this news, and began to hurrah, but still the horses and mules came rattling past, some of them with harnesses on, but all steaming and out of breath, while the riders, especially if they were teamsters, said, "the rebels are right on us." A more intelligent Marylander came in, saying that the 1st Maryland Vol. infantry, Col. Kenly, was in the fight with a part of the 1st Maryland cavalry, together fighting the 1st Maryland rebels; and the opposing Marylanders were equally anxious to kill each other, wanting no quarter and giving none. Col. Kenly was killed he said, also their surgeon.

So I put all I have heard together as follows, sifting out the lies as well as I can:

Fight at Front Royal to-day began in a hurry about noon, men in swimming, and all over the town—surprised! Our force was 1st Maryland Vols., say 800 men, two companies 5th N. Y. cavalry, one or two of the 1st Md. cavalry,

two companies of 29th Penn. infantry, and two guns from Knapp's Penn. battery, barely 1,500 effectives. Those who have escaped are almost all of them pioneers, cooks, hostlers, artillery horse drivers, teamsters and this good for nothing cavalry. By and by the Col. sent us orders to put things in readiness for a fight, which brought out the usual query, "Shall we wear our white gloves?" And this cry was caught up, and answered too, by the boys, "*Every man* put on his white gloves!" And after having a hearty laugh over this, most of us "turned in" at a late hour.*



The rebels followed up their success, Jackson himself taking one column across on the road from Cedarville to Middletown, and sending another under Ewell toward Winchester. The first was evidently to prevent Banks's retreat from Strasburg, or failing

*The above was written the evening of the 23d, on the spur of the moment—and a pretty sharp spur it was, you know—and needs qualifying. Gen. Banks says in his report, "our force did not exceed nine hundred men," and he makes no mention of the 1st Maryland Cavalry. The other forces are correctly stated, only that Geary's companies (28th Penn.), mentioned on the last page, must be understood to have marched away some days before the fight, leaving the section of battery behind. Most of the infantry named was captured, and most of the cavalry escaped, if we may judge by the swarms that poured in past us. The list of killed and wounded was not large.

in this to "sandwich" him between Jackson and Ewell. He also sent a force of cavalry to strike the pike at Newtown, where quite a brush came off on the morning of the 24th.

The column marching toward Middletown met with a plucky resistance from a part of Banks's command, the fight of the Maine cavalry being especially noteworthy, for in those days it was not customary for cavalry to fight.

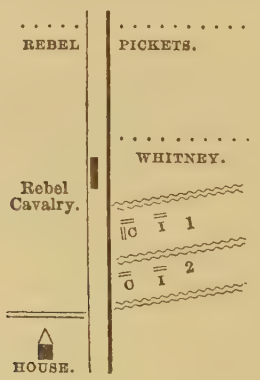
We lived a day of suspense and excitement in Winchester. Wagons and stragglers came pouring in from Strasburg all the afternoon, and at four or five o'clock we saw the infantry troops of Banks, gray with dust, slowly file along the road, and go into line just outside the town—not sandwiched, not demoralized, not whipped: the worst off not so badly used up as to be unserviceable. We learned that the Zouave company and many straggling squads had been cut off, though it was not certain that they had been captured. And so the sun went down, the loss of stores at Strasburg—fired to prevent the enemy from having them—some thirty or more wagons, and the separation of the troops named, being the sum total of loss for that day.

CHAPTER XV.

SKIRMISH OF CO'S C AND I—WINCHESTER.

MAY 24th, *Saturday*. This morning, while Banks at Strasburg was waiting to see what would happen next, Col. Beal, instead of relieving the pickets on the Front Royal pike, sent out Co. C entire, with some Maryland cavalry, all under Capt. Jordan. Later in the day, Capt. Furbish took out Co. I as a reinforcement, and this suggested to the cavalry commander that he should reinforce himself, which he did with a little valley whiskey, making it necessary for Capt. Jordan to have him relieved. Therefore Col. Beal detailed another company, or two of them,* from the same command, whose good behavior entitles them to all the credit I can give.

A scouting party was sent out, which returned with the word that the rebels were coming. Therefore the entire force of



*I cannot learn definitely the names of the cavalry officers, nor the number present.

Capt. Jordan was marched back, as in the opinion of the officers they were too far from the city (four miles), and the locality was not favorable for defence. The position finally chosen was near the toll gate, about two miles out of town, and here C and I were placed at right angles to each other, C behind the pike wall and I behind another wall, faced directly to the front. The cavalry was ahead of them with their videttes still beyond as usual, and all was quiet and orderly till eight or nine o'clock, or late twilight, when the cracking of pistols in the far front indicated that the rebels were coming.

The officers had previously determined to retreat, firing, if they should be heavily attacked. Besides this, the cavalry reserve was to fall behind the infantry, and the cavalry pickets were to come in on the run (a thing they were sure to do anyway), and rally behind their reserve, and when every musket and carbine had been fired the whole force would retire. Lieut. Redlon solemnly avers that he protested against this plan, and no one who knows "Ben" will doubt that he did.

A cracking of pistols was heard first, then something decidedly like a yell, which made every man's heart thump and his knees shake. Then came that wild jargon of sounds so indescribable and terrible—the rush and clatter of horsemen. Moreover it was becoming quite dark now, and darkness combined with such noise as this is harder to face than rebels. Then with the increasing whir–r of the approaching mass, that most dreadful of all sensations increased which one feels in the opening of battle. And at last, just when the fears of the men were excited to the utmost, the horses of our friends went rolling up the road, along the front of Co. C, with the enemy's cavalry not far behind them. Considering the distance they had charged, the rebel troopers had kept their organization quite well, and soon outlined themselves against the sky as they came over the crest of the hill. Co. I rose at this, a little sooner than Capt. Jordan intended, fired its volley and dropped down again. Co. C followed just afterward, aiming to the right oblique. The rebels fired at the same time, hence it happens that the casualties are all in Co. C.

It is a matter of regret, though not of wonder, that more than

half of both companies having done well thus far were unable to stand both the shock of the enemy and the strange sound of their own volleys, but jumping over the wall in their rear they ran after the cavalry.

But we have companions in our misery here, in the rebels, who, after firing, turned and went down the hill as fast as their horses could carry them. In justice to our boys it must be said that they either overheard their officers while in council or learned in some other way, that a retreat was contemplated, and so they fell back as they thought in obedience to orders, though the order to retreat was not given. Therefore we had rather an odd thing in both parties running away! And this happened times without number in skirmishing during the war, but rarely has the story been fairly told. The distance which our boys ran was not great, and their absence was brief; they were soon back again, every man, both of the infantry and cavalry; hence it was a clear union victory thus far, as indeed it should have been. Co's C and I now fired volleys by company for an hour or two from the lane which is a few yards in the rear of their first position, keeping up a great racket and the appearance of force.

The loss in killed and wounded which they caused the rebels to suffer, was hardly proportionate to the rounds of ammunition expended, but we have learned from the rebels themselves that it was "respectable." The rebels probably did not notice the retreat of our men, since those men who remained kept up a noisy firing, and the commanding general of the rebels did not think it best to try to force his way, after seeing his cavalry tumble back so suddenly. Therefore a line of skirmishers (infantry) was pushed up toward our two companies, whereby a great waste of gunpowder and lead, and of some rebel lives resulted. About midnight our companies ceased firing their volleys, and Lieut. Whitney deployed a line of skirmishers in front, which the cavalry extended to the right and left. At one time, when it appeared that they were being outflanked, this line fell back, but it was speedily re-established and kept up a firing all night. They had good cover, and the rebels had none, and for this reason it happened that our companies met no losses except those already noted,

Benj. F. Whitney

1ST LIEUT. CO. B. 10TH ME. VOL'S.

A.Trochsler & Co Lith. Boston

while the rebels had a number killed and wounded. This we learned by our men who were taken prisoners next day.

At first dawn of day the rebel pickets became more active, and made it hot work for our men. Lieut. Whitney's and the cavalry pickets retired upon the main line again, by order of Capt. Jordan. Sharp firing commenced once more, with some damage to the rebels, but none to us. But it was soon discovered that the rebel cavalry was flanking our little force, both to the right and left, and about 4 o'clock in the morning the report of a gun, and the sizzling of a rifled cannon shot along their line from right to left, ended the defence. Capt. Jordan ordered the two companies to file out to the pike, and marching steadily along this sunken road, they kept so well under cover that no one was hurt, though the rebel gunners fired at them all the way in. Something more than a mile of retreating brought the force inside of Col. Knipe's line. This gallant officer, whose regiment (46th Penn.) was in the brigade which composed the left of Banks's army, came out and handsomely complimented our boys and the cavalry for their plucky resistance, and steady march in retreat. Then marching to their quarters our two companies began to eat their breakfasts, but were hurried into the regimental line before they had finished.

We have generally given Capt. Jordan, his subordinate officers and command a good deal of credit for their night's work. Its value lies in the fact that it was a first trial, and under very disadvantageous circumstances. Scarcely anything is more difficult than to handle new troops in face of superior numbers, and it becomes extremely so when a retreat is contemplated or foreseen. The dashing about of cavalry in the dark is also a fearful thing for the nerves of new soldiers, even if the cavalry is friendly. There is no doubt but the gallant resistance of this battalion made an impression upon the rebel general, and caused him considerable inconvenience, delay and something of a loss. We consider it a splendid achievement—one that would not have been so well conducted, nor have terminated so favorably in nine cases out of ten under the same circumstances.

Capt. Jordan, favored by darkness, kept back the entire rebel division, and probably misled the rebel general into the belief

that Banks's army was within supporting distance of him. The night's work is all the more commendable in that our force was in fact a mile and a half outside of Donelly's brigade, but not one of Jordan's command knew or suspected that Banks had retreated. Hence our picket battalion held their ground against what they knew to be superior numbers with the understanding that only three more companies of the 10th Maine could help them in case of emergency.

The officers on duty in these two companies were

Capt. Jordan,	Co. C,	commanding battalion.
Lieut. Mayhew,	Co. I,	" Co. I.
Lieut. Redlon,	Co. C,	" Co. C.
Lieut. Simpson,	Co. I.	
Lieut. Whitney,	Co. C,	commanding picket line.

Capt. Furbish, of Co. I, simply brought his company out in the afternoon and then returned to other duties in town.

WOUNDED ON PICKET MAY 24, 1862,

NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.

Co. C.

Hamilton, William P.	Corporal,	neck.

He was left in the brick house and concealed from the rebels by the inmates.

Boody, Frank G.	Private,	face—slight.
Burnham, Charles	"	side and leg.
Glendenning, Thomas M.	"	leg.
Geary, Mezerve	"	leg, finger lost.
Palmer, Charles F.	"	slight.

Burnham, Glendenning, Geary and Palmer were captured next day in the hospital, and were afterwards paroled.

Boody was captured on the retreat next day, carried to Richmond, exchanged in October and discharged for disability arising from ill-treatment.

Burnham, Glendenning and Geary were discharged for disability arising from their wounds.

ON THE STRASBURG PIKE.

Co. G, Capt. Blake, had been out on the Strasburg pike all day (May 24th), and gave us a few moments of excitement once, by sending in word that the rebel cavalry was coming. It turned

out, however, that the uniform of the cavalry had deceived him by its being covered with dust. It proved to be a battalion of the 1st Michigan, which was the advance of the retreating army. Nothing of importance occurred for a while, except the passage of wagons and non-combatants, and we that day acquired our first knowledge of what an immense burden a train is to an army. Four or five hundred wagons passed through the town that day, mules braying and kicking, drivers swearing and spurring—the whole exhibition a sad one, and what was more, an indication that we should have to follow them.

In the evening we all knew that Gen. Banks and staff, with Generals Crawford and Greene, were down at Col. Beal's quarters, and that all the army was outside the city. We also knew of the disasters of the day, which magnified themselves in our minds more than they would have done in later years. Our own regimental teams were off with our quartermaster, at Harper's Ferry; hence there was no sending of baggage to the rear, and no demoralization from that source. We lay down at night and slept in peace, disturbed but little by the firing of the pickets.

During the day Col. Miles telegraphed to the commanders of Co's A, D, H and K, to take their commands at once to Winchester by rail. They arrived during the evening, and took quarters in various public and unoccupied buildings. Major Walker, as soon as he could relieve Co. B by a company of the 1st Maryland, Home Brigade,* started it at 10 o'clock P. M., to march to Winchester, a distance of twenty-two miles. But after going eleven miles the company camped, and took a very early start in the morning, and so did not join the regiment until it was a mile or two out of town. The march of this company requires special mention. It was a constant pull against the current; they faced the flood which poured along the pike, in the shape of wagons, stragglers, guards of cavalry, sutlers and negroes, till they were literally pushed off the pike and had to take the fields. This, of course, is nothing more nor less than soldiers expect, but it was new to us then, and we thought at the

*A different organization from the 1st Md. Vols. which fought at Front Royal.

time it was "rough," as indeed it was till something rougher became our regular fare.

So then, leaving B on the march, and the other nine companies preparing or eating breakfast,—a rousing one of baked beans in almost all the companies—we will take a look outside.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEN. BANKS'S BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

MAY 25, SUNDAY.

Col. Donnelly's brigade, in which we were afterward put, was the left one of the army, and fought on and near the Front Royal pike. Col. Gordon's was on the right of the Strasburg pike, and worked more to the right, till, if I am correctly informed, there was a very long interval between the two brigades, and that interval came in the place of all places one would suppose, at first thought, would have been guarded—the Strasburg pike. These two brigades composed the entire infantry force engaged. Gen. Banks gives in his report the following excuse for fighting a battle, instead of continuing the retreat: "The strength and purpose of the enemy were to us unknown. * * * I determined to test the substance and strength of the enemy by actual collision." This reads queerly, now that we know so much; but if he had gone on without fighting he would have been criticised even more than he has been for fighting against such tremendous odds.

It took some time for the light morning mist to lift, and after sunrise it took the enemy, considering it was Jackson the rapid, a long time to feel around. Finally, however, between six and seven—or four hours after dawn of day—he came down Jackson-like upon both brigades, particularly upon Gordon's.

We never knew why the 10th Me. was not in the fight. Every conjecture of the reason which we have discussed, from first to last, is not worth a moment's attention here. The fact is, however, that whether word was sent to us or not, Col. Beal never received a single order about going or staying, but at 6.30 A. M. the appearance of crowds of wounded, the wild disorder of stragglers

and cavalry, and the host of fugitives of every kind, all convinced him that he must take the responsibility of acting without orders. So we were relieved, as far as was possible, from our duties in town, and formed near his headquarters on a street west of the main street, about a third or half a mile in rear of Gordon's brigade, but separated from it of course by houses and gardens without number. . The regimental formation that day was as follows:

Left. | F | A | E | D | C ‖ I | G | K | B | H | BAND. | Right.

And with the right resting to the north, we formed to the music of Chandler's excellent band and waited some time to see if we were wanted by anybody.

Before long the wounded and skulks from Gordon's brigade poured through the streets in larger numbers. Ambulances and a few ammunition wagons came down these various cross streets into ours, pell mell, and then the most tremendous volleys were heard coming more and more to the right, showing that the enemy had got well on the flank and toward the rear of Gordon. Not more than three or four of these heavy volleys were heard before the 29th Penn. and 27th Indiana, which were on the right of the brigade, came down, first a few stragglers, then a crowd; then a mob speedily followed and mixed up with men of all the other regiments. We have read that the company organizations of the latter were generally preserved; we do not deny it, but simply say that no such companies passed our way.

For all of this fleeing there was an abundance of good cause, and we don't wish to sneer at any of our fellow soldiers, or pretend that we should have done much better. But we do say that nothing that day was more trying than standing there in the streets of Winchester, with that panic-stricken mob rushing past our front, from left to right, every one telling a different tale, but all saying, "They're coming"—"Right on you"—"Hurry up or you'll be lost," and an infinity of this. It was trying every way, trying in the extreme; we had never seen a rebel in arms, never fired a gun, and had never been fired at; therefore the deafening volleys which had been poured into Gordon, terrified us scarcely less than they did his troops.

Cavalrymen went past with horses on the clean jump, their sabres rattling against their spurs, and their horses' hoofs striking the solid pavement, and so contributing not a little to the general terror of the scene. At length the larger part of the mob had gone by and left us alone, with the momentary expectation of seeing the enemy pop around the corner. On the main street, also, we could see and hear that it was growing a trifle less noisy. The last squad of cavalry, or some mounted officers of Gordon's brigade perhaps, at length came along the head of our street toward us; they brought out a few shots from some rebel skirmishers who had come in near the Strasburg pike. One of our men, Corp. Henry N. Shaw, of A, was at this time wounded in the leg by a ball, which to show that it was not one of the pistol balls said to have been fired by the ladies, I state was caliber 79.

At precisely 7 A. M., Col. Beal ordered us to "shoulder arms," "right face" and "forward march," and *there was no delay in the execution of these commands!* We marched without music in good order, as if to show off, but O! it was hard, wasn't it my chums? A stampede is contagious, and all but irresistible; we had found it hard enough to resist it before, but now it was even more difficult, for before we were standing still, and that was all our duty, but now we were marching at the usual pace when all the mob at our side was going pell mell, and telling us to hurry up, and our natural impulse was also to break and run; hence to take the measured cadenced step—to keep off the heels of the man in front, to preserve the alignment and touch the elbow—well, you who know it, know it! you who do not can never understand by reading it.

In this way we passed out of the city, the officers having no difficulty worth noting, in preserving the line and keeping the timid ones in hand. It was a sad thing to know that our first movement in the presence of the enemy was to retreat without firing a gun or seeing a rebel. The loss of all our baggage, too, was not pleasant, and the informal turning over of clothing, camp and garrison equipage, ordnance and ordnance stores, without obtaining duplicate and triplicate receipts, foreboded "heaps of trouble" for those who had reports to make!

We state here that the enemy completely covered three sides of the town before he ventured inside in force. Otherwise our history would have been far different. And in this connection it is worth knowing that the 2d lieut. of E, who to save his own trunk would have stolen a citizen's horse, took a squad of his company to back him up in his confiscations, and went out just back of his church-quarters to find rebel skirmishers driving our skirmishers toward Martinsburg, and in possession, doubtless, of the very horse he had spoken for. This was before E had formed company—a long time before the regimental line had formed and moved off. Hence you may know that on the east side of the city the rebels made no delay in working along the heights thereabouts.

When fairly out of the city, and well across the table land lying west of the pike, we found the enemy were only a little to the rear of us, but further to the west. We could see to the east of us also, long lines of the enemy's infantry nearly abreast with us,* their skirmishers and a few enterprising cavalry men ahead of us, but so far to the east that we didn't care for them. The fact is, if we had staid five minutes longer in Winchester, Gen. Banks would have had to mention more about the Tenth Maine than he did.

We kept our guard on till the last moment, most of the men leaving town after the regiment did and running the guantlet for a mile or more, but Corporal Hiram T. Cook, of E, and a few of the guard failed to get out, and Porter Latham, of E, was wounded but escaped. We had a number of sick in hospital who were abandoned of necessity. The majority of "sick in quarters," I believe fared no worse than the regiment at large, but the very sick men had to remain and be captured. Not so Farnum H. Small, of Co. G, who, after a long run of measles or something of the kind, had nothing left but skin and bone, and under the inspiration of a stampede, astonished himself and us by his splendid time. With help of the wagons he went through,

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* These were in line of battle; we were in their rear, and on their left flank.

to laugh and be laughed at, and to finish up his sickness under yankee attention.

OUTSIDE OF WINCHESTER.

As soon as our regiment was well out of town, Capt. d'Hautville, of Banks's staff, rode up and gave Col. Beal the order to march along to the west side of the pike and outside of it. We saw also that other regiments ahead of us were executing the same order, and at last noticed there were two or three regiments of infantry on each side of the pike, and outside of these a cavalry force, but I saw no skirmishers excepting on the rebel side. A squadron or two of the 1st Vermont cavalry were our nearest neighbors, they being directly to our left in retreat—or west—and were without doubt ordered to march thus as a curtain to the flank of our army. There was no organized force between our Co. F and the enemy. In the hope that it will be fully as comprehensive and more interesting, I quote now from the diary of what happened next:

I was immensely pleased and encouraged when I saw how well our boys kept in the ranks; even after they had jumped over brooks and waded through swampy spots and became separated, they found their places and went on steadily without delay or confusion. We had marched in the ordinary or "quick time," as it is termed, most of the way, and had waded through one swamp where every one who wore shoes had them filled with mud and water, before I took a good fair look straight behind.

The fugitives were now mostly ahead of us, the pike was full of men, beasts and every kind of vehicle, and they were going ahead slowly, by reason of constant jamming. The commissary storehouses in the city were in flames, and a grand yell was arising all over the many square miles that soldiers, negroes and mules were stampeding upon. I saw at the very outskirts of the town, which were higher than the place where we were marching, a team hauling something, but could not tell for the dust and smoke, what it was. We found out presently that it was a battery, and a rebel one at that, for bang he went toward the troops on the other side of the pike, though we were nearest and the best mark. I heard then a shell for the first time in my life, and aside from the danger connected with it, it is one of the grandest things in the fire-works line I ever saw. We could not see the shell, but by aid of the sound its path could be traced. This first one went high in the air, and was rushing along at a rate that puzzled the eyes and ears to follow it, when, presto! change, and where nothing had been seen before, a little bunch of

whitish blue smoke now burst out, and the sharp report soon came to our ears. The furious whistle or screech of the shell, its tremendous rapidity, its instant explosion and apparently dead stop, make it wonderfully exciting and brilliant.

The Colonel gave us orders to double-quick, and we moved forward at that pace for a very few minutes. The ranks were kept in good order, and we made most excellent time. Many of the men had thrown away their knapsacks before this, and when the first shell came into our ranks there was literally a knapsack shower, (but we won't copy more about this, for we don't pretend we did it any better than other regiments have done it before and since).

I cannot remember, nor find two men who can agree about the direction and number of shot and shells that came next. But of the three or four which fell in our midst one struck behind us, and taught us the meaning of "fire in the rear," another went to the left, and another to the right, also a few were sent over for our cavalry friends, who stood it in a manner that reflected credit upon man and horse. The shot which passed along our front (that is, to our left hand as we marched) was immediately followed by a shell from another gun which, after going over the heads of the left wing, dropped and passed between the rank and file, making us all jump to the left or right in the biggest hurry conceivable, and (as one man said) "it filled my ears with a buzz"; and so they came, one after another, raking us from the left of the regiment to the right, and as the shells flew almost as fast as the sound, we could hear the heavy bang of the gun, and the tearing of the shell in our midst, almost simultaneously. Two shells did a deal of mischief. One went into D, and knocking off a cap or two, passed between one couple. It then struck a man on the left shoulder, and another on his right arm. Another shell, or the same one for all I can learn, hit Sergt. Jim. Mitchell's gun, which he held at "right shoulder," and cutting it in two, ripped his knapsack off, tore his scalp, knocked him down flat, and then tore the chevrons off Sergt. Weeks's arm. A hundred knapsacks went off before another breath, and this, though a little Bull Run-ish, was a good thing in the end, for we could not have carried them through. We also received a little musketry fire from the infantry on the left (the right in retreat), but they were evidently overshots, intended for some one else, and were not observed by many of the men. A little more of the double quick brought us into a piece of woods, and here we resumed quick time and marched on steadily as before, to Bunker Hill, which is eight miles from Winchester.

A few men gave out, and a few others managed to steal away from us before we reached Bunker Hill, where in crossing the little river larger numbers were separated. The novelty of the march proved too much for their powers of endurance; and besides this, our discipline was not as perfect at this time as it was

afterward. After the shelling near Winchester we had no further compliments from the enemy. His cavalry was in sight occasionally till we reached Bunker Hill, and we heard artillery firing, to which our guns replied sometimes.

We were occasionally halted, and were made to take the extreme "back seat." Gen. Beal says these halts were ordered by Gen. Williams, who one day told him that whenever he saw the enemy preparing to dash upon the stragglers, or saw the stampede was becoming too furious, he would order us to halt, and with this large regiment in the rear of the main army something like confidence was kept up.

We marched as far as Bunker Hill, through the fields and woods on the west side of the pike, and as before stated, lost a few of our numbers. We then took the pike, and after noon entered Martinsburg in good order, and halted there some time. The Colonel had received no orders except those mentioned, and as we were all pretty well fatigued, he permitted the organization to be broken so that each man might pick his way along with the least fatigue. We have sometimes regretted this, no one more than the Colonel himself, for we could have gone through as an organization, but it would have lost us more men.

The enemy was said to have stopped pursuit; this was told us by cavalrymen—orderlies probably—and mounted officers who came from the extreme rear, and perhaps they really thought so, or they may have been ordered to say so to keep down the panic. So we feel that Col. Beal was justified in following the advice of other colonels to let the organization break up.

Once allowed to travel separately on the pike some of us made good time, others got aboard wagons, and a few followed the soldierly instinct of laying hands on all that was good, and "*confisticated*" the few horses and wagons to be found in the stables we came to, and so kept along. We saw one or two wagons burning, and a good many dead or dying mules and horses.

Negro men, with women and children in tow, were hurrying on, their expressions showing the extent of their fright. Wreck and ruin were visible everywhere, and as this was our first expe-

rience in marching and retreating, it made a deep impression on us. But we who have lived to see the end of the war are not inclined now to talk much about the Winchester panic, nor the wreck of material, for as compared with what followed in all armies and upon both sides, this Winchester panic was not a bad one, nor was the loss of property extensive.

One thing must not be forgotten—the goodness of the people from Martinsburg to Williamsport. Not all of them, but some who came out and gave us water and food will have our blessings to the end of time. The most of us reached the Potomac opposite Williamsport, Maryland, about nine in the evening, having marched thirty-five miles in fourteen hours, including the halts. Here, following the teams and the mass of the army, half the regiment crossed as best it could, while the other half lay down before fires and tried to keep warm. Well do we remember our misery in this our first night in the open air. It was intensely cold, a few degrees only above freezing, and without overcoat, blanket, rubber cloth, straw or pine boughs, we baked and froze alternately. All of us had our feet blistered, some having even more blister than natural skin, but to describe the thousand aches and cramps we felt cannot be done.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER THE RETREAT.

May 26th, *Monday.* We who slept in Virginia the night before were anxious to know whether we should go into Maryland in the morning, or whether the Maryland portion would come over to us. It looked as if the first was to be done. So we all crowded down to the ferry boat and tried to go over, but a guard kept back most of the army. This became so serious a matter by and by, that Gen. Banks was compelled to come to the landing, and once there he chose to make us a speech, which, I venture to say, was never excelled by any of our generals, though of course I cannot report it at this day, much less convey an idea of his eloquence. He told us that we had been tried under the severest circumstances, and that he was more than satisfied with our courage and patriotism. He said he had received a telegram stating that a large army had been sent from Washington to the rear of the enemy, "and not one of them shall escape, and not one of them deserves to. We have no force now to attack us, and there need be no fear nor hurry. If you will fall back from the landing and wait till the wagons have crossed, and then take your turn, all will be well, no life will be lost and no injury sustained."

The army or mob, or whatever you may call it, gave nine cheers for the General, followed him out of the gorge, scattered and willingly waited. Here was exhibited a trait in the General's character, and an instance of his power worth the notice of the general historian. Whoever has studied the nature of panics and stampedes has seen, that once started, it does not require much to keep them alive. No ordinary man, however high in position,

could have quieted what in a few minutes more would have been a mob past control. Some men with a small guard could have pushed them back, or kept them back, but excepting here, it never fell to our lot to see a mob moved back by a speech, and the men sent off contented with all anxiety quelled.

All of our regiment were across by noon, and some had gone back to forage amongst the stores which had, I believed, been taken out of a half dozen wagons, whose mules were drowned in trying to cross. The companies assembled in vacant houses, churches and school houses about the town, and some succeeded in having a good meal off the stuff found in Virginia, after which they fell to singing and laughing as if nothing had happened.

We listened all day to the stories of butchering the wounded, of women throwing hot water and firing pistols at our army in its retreat through Winchester, of the black flag, of the nailing up of the great hotel hospital, setting it on fire and then shooting every yankee who refused to be burnt up! We heard too, that the rebels had whiskey rations issued to them just before the battle, and that there was gunpowder in the whiskey, and more of this than I could find time to write. Hurrahing was in order all day, especially among the other regiments, as the "missing" came in. This was kept up for a day or two, and the advent of Capt. Hampton with a section of his battery, Collis's company of Zouaves and some hundreds of other missing ones, was the occasion of one long and hearty hurrah from all the army.

BULL RUN AND WINCHESTER.

The troops which were driven out of the valley were not "raw," according to the meaning of the word that day. Hence the critic should expect more of them than of the troops which fought at Bull Run. But we were raw enough all of us, officers and men, and we have never ceased to feel that taken all in all it was not a bad performance for the remnant of the original 5th corps. The panic was nothing compared with that of Bull Run, while the distance of retreat was more, and took in two fights and one night's bivouac in presence of the enemy. (I am writing now of the army, not the regiment.)

A soldier who throws away his knapsack is not of necessity far gone towards demoralization, but one who throws away his gun and equipments has traveled clear there. The Bull Runners did this last to a shameful extent, but we neither saw nor heard anything of it in our army. Even many of the sick lugged their muskets through. We had more train in proportion, more negroes and union citizens to help stampede us; but we confess we had no Washingtonians nor Congressmen in coaches as spectators.

Time proved that the regiments which were driven out of the valley were among the best in the service. We were green enough then, and all untried in the great school of experience. We desire to cast no blame upon our superiors, but the day came when such a retreat, battle and panic would have been impossible with the same officers and troops. The day came, too, when the 10th Maine was wanted, and received orders, and hence was not left standing idle when most needed.* The day came, too, when the regiment instinctively swung into line upon receiving a raking artillery fire,† but on this May 25th it seems that not a colonel dared to change his front, after receiving orders to march alongside the pike, and so they may thank the rebel gunners and their men's genuine pluck that their commands were not shattered.

The total and final loss in our regiment on this retreat was three men killed, six wounded, one officer and sixty-four men captured. There were also a few men who kept retreating till they reached Maine or Canada.

Those of the prisoners that did not die in rebeldom, were confined at Belle Isle, and came back to the regiment as fast as they were exchanged; but none of them arrived in season to participate in the fall campaign of 1862.

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*From Frank Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. 5, page 55, we quote the following paragraph from Gen. Banks's report of the battle of Winchester.

"My own command consisted of two brigades of less than 4,000 men, all told, with nine hundred cavalry, ten Parrott guns and one battery of six-pounders, smooth-bore cannon. To this should be added the Tenth Maine Regiment of infantry and five companies of Maryland cavalry, stationed at Winchester, which were [ ] engaged in the action. The loss of the enemy was treble that of ours in killed and wounded. In prisoners, ours greatly exceeded theirs."

It will be seen that the word *not* should be inserted in the brackets to conform to the facts.

†See Sept. 22, 1864.

That the general reader may understand the service of our regiment, we state that the rebel infantry did not follow up the retreat much if any farther than to Stevenson's depot, which is five miles from Winchester. We brought up the rear of the army on the west side of the pike, during all these five miles, and for three miles farther, at which point the cavalry should have taken the rear, but they were so poorly disciplined that a respectable number could not be got together, and Gen. Banks probably did not like to leave them in the rear without infantry supports. Therefore the rebel cavalry, though contemptibly small in numbers, had it all their own way as long as they kept out of musket range. The march of the regiment must be understood as an extremely severe one for new troops. We were entirely unused to it, and performed the first eight miles in the fields, jumping fences and brooks and wetting our feet. Yet we accomplished thirty-five miles before sleeping. The march of Company B is extraordinary. In twenty-two or twenty-four hours, the men marched from Martinsburg nearly to Winchester, back again and on to Williamsport, fifty-five to fifty-seven miles in all, and this was also their first march. Yet their loss in prisoners is not much larger than the average.

I have never heard that any one in the ranks, or near the regiment, fired a musket during the retreat, though we were the principal force covering the retreat of Banks that day.

CASUALTIES DURING BANKS'S RETREAT,

MAY 25, 1862.

KILLED.

Co. C.	Hamilton, William A.	Private,	At Bucklestown.
" E.	Walton, Andrew J.	"	At Darksville.
" G.	Kenney, Solomon S.	"	" "

WOUNDED.

Co. A.	Shaw, Henry N.	Corporal,	Leg,*	Paroled.
" C.	Mitchell, James E.	Sergt.,	Head,	Not captured.
" C.	Weeks, Robert M.	"	Arm,	" "
" D.	McManus, Hugh F.	Corporal,	Hand,*	" "
" D.	Hammond, Charles W.	Private,	Lost arm,*	Paroled.
" E.	Latham, Porter	"	Buckshot in leg.	Not captured

PRISONERS.

Day, Josiah F.	Ass't. Surgeon,	In Hospital.	[See p. 144.]
Northrup, George J.	Hosp. Steward,	" "	Paroled.

Co. A.

Benson, Henry	Private.
Chappel, Joseph H.	"
Littlehale, Alanson M.	"
McIntire, George E.	"
Smith, John	"

Co. B.

Allen, Charles F.	Private,	Paroled.
Drake, Luther H.	"	
Eustis, Leonard	"	
Harris, Joshua E.	"	
McGuire, Terrence	"	

*Discharged the service in consequence of the wounds.

Roberts, Daniel S.	Private,	Died in hands of enemy.
Swett, John Jr.	"	
Seed, Francis	"	
Small, Alonzo R.	"	
Tewksbury, James M.	"	
Varney, Oliver F.	"	Captured, but left behind by the rebels on their retreat.
Weeks, Joseph	"	Died in hands of enemy.

Co. C.

Plummer, Henry A.	Corporal.	
Boody, Francis G.	"	
Devine, Anthony	Private,	Hospital.
Goodhue, John	"	" Died June 10th.
Jackson, Valentine R.	"	
Love, William H.	"	
Murch, Elbridge F.	"	
Newbold, Andrew D.	"	
Winslow, William A.	"	
Wiggin, George M.	"	
Warner, David Greeley	Musician,	Hospital.

Co. D.

Pheasant, William	Corporal.	
Clarke, George E.	"	Died in hands of enemy.
Erwin, John	Drummer,	Paroled.
Souci, Jere	Private.	
Sebastian, Alex'r	"	Paroled, Disch'd.
White, John	"	

Co. E.

Cook, Hiram T.	Corporal.	
Johnson, Thomas	Private.	
Lowry, William	"	

Co. F.

Atkinson, Charles A.	Private.	
Burr, Charles F.	"	Hospital, Paroled.
Ellsworth, Isaac	"	Died in hands of enemy.
Howard, Fred A.	"	Discharged.

Lapham, Joseph	Private,	Hospital,	Paroled.
Libby, Lewis F.	"	"	"
Record, Edwin	"		
Savage, Frank J.	"		"
Thing, Everard	"		
Townsend, John W.	"		

Co. G.

Goddard, Edward	Corporal,	Discharged.
Jordan, James	Private.	
Nutting, Jason S.	"	
Pike, William H.	"	Died in hands of enemy.
Witham, Charles W.	"	" " "

Co. H.

Bishop, Jesse	Private.
Estes, Silas	"
Harris, Robert B.	"

Co. I.

Fitch, Edwin	Corporal.
Greely, John W.	"
Burbank, Samuel M.	Private.
Cook, Benjamin F.	"
Golden, William P.	"
Harkin, John	"
Quimby, Charles H.	"
Turner, Moses	"

Co. K.

Jepson, Leonard	Private.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW WORD.

This forced battle, unavoidable defeat and precipitate retreat, with loss of baggage and *morale*, called for a new word not found in the old "Webster's Unabridged,"—

SKEDADDLE!

It came into the regimental vocabulary as suddenly as the coming of the event.

How well we remember its advent amongst us at Williamsport, when blistered, sore and discouraged we heard the events of the past forty-eight hours spoken of as a "*skedaddle*"!

"Skedaddle!" "skedaddle!" we heard at every turn, and we contrived to put it into every other sentence we spoke. We had learned a word which expressed a volume in itself, and as we had much to say we used it freely.

Of all the slang which the war brought forth no word can rival this. Artemas Ward's "Secesh" was perhaps more common, but in the soldiers' estimation "skedaddle" stands peerless.

In 1864 its antithesis crept suddenly into the list of army slang, but it fell flat, though we needed one word fully as much as the other. This was *Scyugle* (pronounced Sy-*u*gle.) It expressed generally a movement to the front,—a pushing *ahead* into danger or uncertainty. We will let the lexicographers tell why it died in infancy, and go back to state that what is known in history as "*Banks's retreat*" and by other names, is known in our regiment as the "Winchester skedaddle."

But we had richer experiences in store in this line, and I have

now to narrate the doings of the day of all days which we wish could be blotted from our history.

May 28th, *Wednesday.* This day has a black mark against it, and we give its record to the world as the poorest we have ever made. All excitement had died away, and the re-action both of body and spirits had set in. We were distrustful and our blisters were *very* painful.

In the morning Adjt. Shaw came around with orders to march, which he delivered with his curt explanation, "Yes! take every thing! leave no guard! not a man! not a thing! take all!" "*pre—cisely* so, d'ye see?"

We were soon formed and started toward the river, whereupon we all commenced asking questions, and asked more in five minutes than I could tell in five weeks. Col. Beal had gone to Harper's Ferry with Capts. Furbish and West, so the command fell upon Lieut. Col. Fillebrown, who alone of all the regiment seemed to be pleased with the order to reconnoitre.

That you may know at the outset what we learned after it was all over, I state that Gen. Banks's orders to Col. Fillebrown were for us to go out and observe the enemy if he could be found, but not to engage him.

Besides our regiment Col. Fillebrown had two of Cothran's guns and some Maryland troopers. The latter were sent ahead, of course, with orders to report at once all they saw.

Generally the advance is inspiriting, but I have never learned that any one was affected that way this day. On the contrary we never did anything so unwillingly; besides, a smart shower at the outset made things unpleasant for us. We marched five miles, or rather limped along like cripples, to Falling Waters* without incident, and then we were halted in the gorge and rested on the road side. The guns and the wagon were reversed and went back in good time, which made our hearts sink into our boots, for we relied on artillery in these first days of the war. The cavalry had found the rebel pickets posted beyond Falling Waters and chased them in toward Martinsburg.

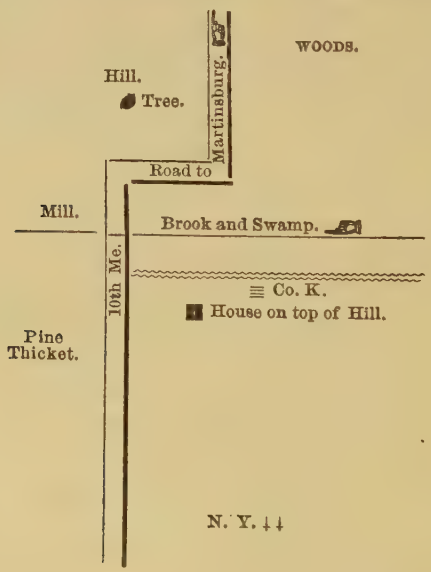
*This place, which was familiar to both armies, was simply a brook, a mill pond and ruins of a mill, and a brick house in ruins also. All are shown on the plan.

Col. Fillebrown says this was all wrong and contrary to his positive orders, which were to halt on finding the enemy, and to report the fact to him. Instead of obeying orders they drove in the rebel videttes, and in turn had to fly before the main force not far beyond. This was a portion of the 5th Virginia cavalry, Capt. Mason commanding, with one rifled gun.

We in the ranks had little idea of what was going on till we saw a man wearing a blue overcoat and mounted on a white horse, under a tree on the hill opposite. Then we noticed a four horse team come up and turn around, and though we understand now what it was, we had no knowledge then, till bang went a gun and the shell went raking along from Co. H to A, where it struck the ground. Every one then asked himself:

"Why did I go for a soldier?"

Do you remember how you all reproached yourselves for ever coming into such a place as this? I confess for myself alone, lest you may not care to have me commit you, it was the most trying moment that I was ever called to endure of all the battles and skirmishes we were ever in. The regiment was instantly

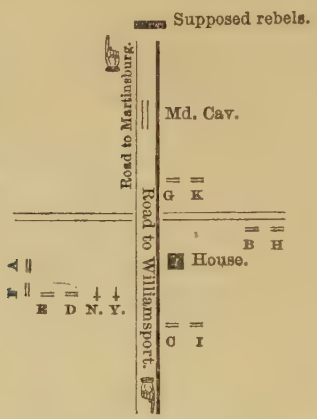


ordered to form again, and marched by "about face" into the woods at the rear, and here after going in every direction through the wet bushes, we halted again for some moments. In the mean time Capt. Nye had taken his company (K) up to the brick house by order of Col. Fillebrown, and the artillery commander had posted his guns so far to the rear that this company of ours appeared to him to be rebels, so he *shelled it with all his might.* This would have been a serious thing had the practice been better. As it was, none were hurt, and none *very* badly scared except the artillery men.

But what there was in all this to terrify the rebels we fail to perceive, yet for some cause they couldn't stand such warfare; so limbering up their gun they went off on the trot to Martinsburg!! We were told afterward that they made wonderfully quick time and stopped but a moment on arriving there, but Col. Fillebrown desires me to correct this error by stating that there is no evidence of such a stampede on the part of the rebels as that which was reported to us.

Before long all became quiet and we were moved back three miles to a cross road. Here the guns were posted on a little knoll, and the regiment was broken into divisions, and these were posted all about the neighborhood. F and A, under Capt. Knowlton, guarded the road leading to the left or east. D and E, under Capt. Cloudman, were posted as a support to the battery. K and G were sent out to the front under Capt. Nye, with orders to hide and remain hidden till the enemy had passed them, while C and I were stationed under Capt. Jordan, in the center, and B and H out on the right flank. But lines and types will give a better idea to the general reader than my description.

Now any one can see that if the rebel cavalry should drive in our cavalry, as it was intended for them to do, and charge past G and K without seeing them, and bring up in a heap against the section of battery and the bayonets of C and I, and have the bullets of D and E poured into them, they would just have to surrender or die, for it was evident they could not go ahead any farther, while if they returned, Co's K and G would rise out of the ground before them, like ghosts, and Emerson and Knowlton



could keep them from spreading right and left, and to add to all these calamities the Marylanders would suddenly wheel, cut, slash and pursue, as all cavalry will, you know.

But perhaps it is not becoming in us to write "sarkasticul" in view of the strange miscarriage which happened to this fine programme, but we fail to see any thing else in this day's work to get enthusiastic over, so we always dwell with delight on the sweet thought of how we would have punished those rebels if they only had come according to the invitation.

Strange that after all these fine preparations had been made and explained, the diary records:

The boys were not pleased with the state of things, but were continually discussing the prospect of another Ball's Bluff affair, for they knew that any thing like a force of rebels could pile us up in the Potomac.

But after waiting some hours in vain for the enemy, Col. Fillebrown sent in town for rations, and shortly before sunset the genial face of Quartermaster Sergt. Thompson was seen in our midst, as he announced that a barrel of hot coffee and some ham was ready for issue. We were then ordered to send our canteens up to the house, and to draw the coffee and ham.

The original order was for a dozen men from each detachment, but I read that sixteen men went from our company alone, so that there were probably 150 who reported for hot coffee. Some of the men had commenced to return, I remember, when the grand

event of the day began. A company of cavalry was just then going out to the front, for what purpose I never learned, and it is not worth while to inquire, since there is no doubt that they went out, otherwise they never could have come back, and to this last fact we can all swear with both hands up. The cavalry were going out then; the "shades of night were falling fast," and emphatically it was "all quiet on the Potomac;" please remember, too, that the evening air and the surrounding woods aided us in the matter of hearing. The bold cavaliers were going out, I say, by fours at a walk; the hundred hoofs of their horses striking the limestone with a clatter almost musical, when flash and bang, and the show commenced.

We learned afterward that the only disaster was the accidental discharge of a pistol, but in the night air, and to our anxious ears, it sounded more like a 20-inch columbiad. To the cavalry men it was a terrible surprise, and a drunken lieutenant (the same one that Capt. Jordan relieved May 24th) was so far carried away by fear that he burst out with a shriek, "By fours right wheel!" or some such command. Thanks to Hardee we had no such order in the infantry.

What a wonderful wheel that was, though!

Did you ever see, or hear, or dream of such a wheel?

First a flash, next a bang, then the shriek from the inebriated lieutenant, and back they all came, hoofs clanging, spurs and scabbards rattling, men shouting, and officers calling "Halt" as fast as they could, that is allowing them time to swear between each "Halt." Some must have tried to leap the fences, for there was one mighty crash besides the volley which followed the first shot.

Faster and faster rolled the wheel, deeper and louder were the curses of the officers, harder and quicker was the pounding on the paving, and the men themselves burst out in one grand yell as they neared our coffee cart.

It is quite needless to quote from the diary that the "coffee squads, laden with canteens and ham, came back to their companies in great excitement and extreme haste, and that nothing demoralized us more than they did." But who wouldn't have run?

The first yell had hardly been heard when our battery men, ever keen to see and hear askew, noticed the impending crisis, and not waiting for the cavalry to roll over them, they limbered up in a flash, and vanished. Never shall we forget the suddenness of their exit, nor their reckless tumbling over the great corn hills. Quicker than I can write it they were on the pike, spurring and lashing their brutes into a break-neck gallop and racing with the cavalry for the ferry, nor did they stop till they had dashed through the Potomac; such is the story told me by one of their number.

Upon this Capt. Nye took his pipe out of his mouth, commanded "Attention!" and waited patiently to see what would come next. He denies that he performed any feat of tactical or strategetical importance.

Capt. Jordan took his two companies a few steps to the rear into the timber, and there they waited and did not betray the nervousness they felt.

Capt. Emerson's division was so far away from the pike that his men escaped without feeling the full force of the panic.

Capt. Knowlton, on the left, moved his division a few steps to rear "with perfect impunity and great boldness," so he reported in his own laughable manner.

As for Thompson with his hay rack, citizen driver, coffee and ham, the way they all went off baffles description; but if you want the best account of it, ask Captain "Ben" to tell you how Thompson dodged the hot coffee as it slopped up and over, and how the loose boards of that hay rack rattled.

This was laughable, but upon D and E the brunt of the joke fell. This division had orders to support the battery, and I state upon my honor that though we tried hard enough, we failed utterly to get within supporting distance. I refuse to be too particular in details here, but after having said so much of the rest of you, if I am silent about the division where I had the honor to be fourth in rank you will call me mean. So I will fairly own that nothing in all the service of the "10th" or "29th" came so near a perfect skedaddle as the effort we made to *support that battery!!*

How "Cloudy" did hallo for us to halt, and how he ran after

us! (he was up by the coffee cart when the fun began); yet the panic was only momentary. He caught us at last and made us obey orders.

Then we moved on quietly through the woods, following the sounds which came from the hay rack and artillery on the pike, and at last when we arrived at the ferry we found the *rebels there ahead of us!* There was nothing to do but to form and charge to recapture the ferry. But while a few men went ahead to reconnoitre, a tremendous crashing and rattling in our rear compelled us to form "circles against cavalry." I confess the circle was a little flat or gibbous-like; but after Sergt. Trowbridge and Tom Hofron of E had captured three of these bold riders and discovered that they were a part of the original skedaddlers—the Marylanders,—it was nicely rounded. Just then we learned that the troops at the ferry were not the desperate rebels we took them to be, but only a large crowd of friends, all very frightened; we therefore refrained from charging on them, and at once marched back to the cross-roads with two men missing. Thus you all see that if the beginning was unfortunate the end was commendable.

The cavalry and artillery dashed into Williamsport telling great stories. Also a regiment of infantry stationed near the ferry made some excellent time it is said, and went across the river in the ferry boat at a speed which astonished the ferrymen. We were told the next day that in consequence of all this there was a scare in Williamsport, that the long roll was beaten, and that a good part of Banks's army was under arms.

About 11 P. M. the order came for Lieut. Col. Fillebrown to withdraw all his force, and by midnight we were back in Williamsport.

Such odd adventures as these fell to the lot of almost every regiment. For a while we were exceedingly chagrined at our behavior,—but having heard of so many similar mishaps to other fine regiments, and having lived to prove that we could do better than the average, we now speak of it as a good joke—and as such rather more than as history, I remind you of it and present it to the world.

We insert here, in closing our record of Banks's retreat, an important letter from Dr. Day relating to the exchange of medical officers captured at that time.

My Dear Major: I have the honor to transmit the following statement in relation to the arrangement between certain federal officers held as prisoners of war by the confederate government, and certain confederate officers, whereby surgeons on either side were to be considered as prisoners of war. At the retreat of Gen. Banks from Winchester, Va., in May, 1862, I was taken prisoner with several other members of the medical staff. The rebels held the place about two weeks. On their retreat I was sent for by the commander of the post, Lieut. Col. Landon Botts, and the following conversation took place between us: He began by saying, "Well, doctor, our forces have got to retreat, and as we do not wish to take you surgeons with us, I have sent for you to see what you all propose to do in relation to your parole." I said, "Colonel, I can only answer for myself. I *never* will sign any such parole as you demand, nor do I think that the other surgeons will." "Very well, then," he replied, "we will have to take you all to Richmond." I said, "Colonel, you may take me to Richmond or not, as you like, I never will sign it. What do you ask of us? We are non-combatants, we have nothing to do with the fighting; our duties are to alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded, and I for one will never consent to tie my hands by any promise written or otherwise, so that I cannot attend to the duties of my profession among the sick and wounded, until regularly exchanged, as you ask. If I sign this parole as you ask me to, and then meet a wounded federal soldier on my way to my quarters, am I to refuse to give him the necessary attention to save his life until I am regularly exchanged? I never will do it; and I know that the rest of the federal surgeons in this place will heartily endorse what I have said." He then said, "Well, Doctor, go back to the hospital and talk with your surgeons and see what can be done; we must dispose of you somehow."

I returned to the hospital in the Union Hotel and reported to

Josiah F Day.

SURGEON 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.
BRVT. LT. COL U.S. VOLS.

my fellow prisoners what I had said and done, and to a man they all endorsed my action. While we were talking about the matter Dr. Conrad, a rebel surgeon, came into our room and told us that he had been sent down by Gen. Jackson to make what arrangements he thought best. He then said to me, "Doctor, I wish to make officially a proposition to you surgeons. My proposition is this: the confederate government is to release you unconditionally, and as soon as you get back into your own lines you are in return to report our action in the matter to your government, and endeavor to get an equal number of confederate surgeons and assistant surgeons released, and to establish the principle hereafter, that surgeons and assistant surgeons are not to be considered prisoners of war."

We drew up an agreement to this effect and he signed it "By command of Gen. Jackson," after which we signed it on the part of our government. When this was done I said to him, "Well Doctor, if our government does not see fit to ratify what we have done, are we to consider ourselves as prisoners of war"?

He said "No, sir, we will release you all unconditionally: we will give you all up for sake of establishing a precedent on our part."

When we got back into the union lines two of our number went to Washington and reported to the Secretary of War what we had done; whereupon he immediately issued orders for the release of all confederate surgeons and assistant surgeons held at that time, and that thereafter surgeons were not to be considered as prisoners of war.

I am very respectfully yours &c.,

JOSIAH F. DAY,

Late Surgeon 10th & 29th Maine, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

ADVANCE TO CULPEPER.

May 30, 1862, all the cavalry went off toward Martinsburg, and next day, at 6 P. M., our regiment started after them, the first of the infantry. It took us a long time to cross the river; meanwhile we had the benefit of two smart showers, and you all know how fine a thing it is to be wet to the skin and have your shoes full enough to swash. We had marched a trifle beyond Falling Waters, when a mounted orderly came galloping with orders to go back and camp on the north side of the brook. This was done, but with some anxiety till we saw Captain Hampton's artillerymen unharness. It rained quite steadily; we had no tents and the most of us were poorly off for clothing, consequently it was a night of misery. The next morning, Sunday June 1st, the 46th Penn. came along, and we marched together eight miles into Martinsburg, the enemy having gone off some days before. The union people on the road spoke kind words to us, and at Martinsburg they gave us a home-like greeting which cheered us much. The left wing was put into the Berkley court house and the right wing into a large building opposite.

Monday we enjoyed peace, repose and dry clothes. Some of the union citizens complained bitterly that the rebel soldiers had gutted their stores, and it was not long before the soldiers, at the instigation of some worthless local characters, returned the compliment upon a rebel shopkeeper, who had little stock except straw hats; but there were so many of these that no one lacked who wanted one.

June 3d, we had a dress parade once more, and commenced

drawing clothing and packing our uniform coats in boxes, as they were too nice and too heavy for summer service in the field.

This, and the account of some wonderful skedaddling at Harper's Ferry, were the only items of importance noted for that day, except that Capt. Adams went down the railroad to Opequan Bridge to look after his baggage, and learned that an old seceder had ransacked and given away the most of it; so the Captain inflicted summary punishment on him to the tune of a $150 check, which covered half the loss.

JUNE 5th Maj. Alban V. Elliott paid us for March and April in "greenbacks." I find nothing further in the diary.

While at Martinsburg we were assigned to the 1st brigade of the 1st division.* Brig. Gen. S. W. Crawford had been put in command of the brigade a day or two before. We knew nothing of him then, except that he had been an assistant surgeon in the "old army," and was a part of Major Anderson's garrison in Fort Sumter during the bombardment. We became good friends after a short acquaintance, and few of us will ever know the favors he bestowed upon us, his "best regiment."

Brig. Gen. A. S. Williams, who commanded the division, was popular with his old command. He was familiarly known as "Old Pap," and in truth he was a fatherly old man;—one who never rose to great height or fame, but who filled his position well, and always retained the esteem and confidence of his men.

MARCH UP THE VALLEY.

JUNE 9, 1862, *Monday*. We marched this morning with the other regiments of the brigade. We took it easy, and halted

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*The 1st division at this time, so the diary says, was composed of

First Brigade, Brig. Gen. S. W. Crawford: 28th N. Y., Col. Dudley Donnelly; 46th Penn., Col. Jos. F. Knipe; 5th Conn., Col. —— Chapman; 10th Me., Col. Geo. L. Beal. Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. G. W. Greene: 2d Mass., Col. Geo. H. Gordon; 3d Wisconsin, Col. Thos. H. Ruger; 27th Indiana, Col. —— Colgrove.

There was no 2d Brig. The 3d Brigade had been, and was again shortly after this, commanded by Col. Gordon of the 2d Mass; the 29th Penn. also belonged to it. For cavalry there were battalions from the 1st Maine, 1st Vt., 1st Michigan, 1st Maryland, and 5th N. Y. The batteries were Best's, (4th U. S.) 6 guns, Cothran's, (M, 1st N. Y.) 6 guns, and Hampton's Pittsburg battery, 4 guns.

frequently. At Darksville we stopped and had funeral services over the grave of Andrew J. Walton, Private, Co. E. He was killed by Ashby himself, the citizens told us, though likely enough they were in error. They said the rebel called on him to surrender, but he fired on the rebel instead and missed, and so paid the heavy penalty. We then went on, to the west side of the road, and had services at the grave of Solomon S. Kenney, a private of Co. G. At Bucklestown, still farther on, Private Wm. A. Hamilton, of Co. C, was buried.

There is something tragic in the final record of these three men, and we cannot slight them. They were missing in common with four-score others; this was all we knew, so they were dropped* as "missing in action." On our return to Martinsburg, we learned of their death, and Chaplain Knox and some other officers went out to investigate their case. To-day we fired a salute over their graves and passed on.

Andrew J. Walton.

The story of Walton as told by the citizens, is brief. He was far behind the regiment, when the rebel cavalry made a dash upon the stragglers. Walton fired and ran into the field, thinking perhaps the fences would save him from pursuit. Some fine rider, the citizens said it was Ashby himself, followed him and called "Surrender!" Walton still retreated, loading; he was a stubborn, self-willed fellow; to surrender without a fight was no part of his nature. The citizens gave no further account of his reply than that he was dogged and determined, and he said only "I won't surrender."

Therefore poor Walton was shot.

How much of this story is true we cannot tell. We know that Walton was killed, and we believe that a surrender would have saved him. Good pluck could not avail. He was sure to have been killed at last by some one, if not by this man whom the citizens called Ashby. Yet with these two combatants the

* Later in the war the "missing" were not dropped from the rolls, but borne as absent.

question was not who fought the better, it was a contest of the revolver with the slow muzzle-loader, and the revolver won.

Solomon S. Kenney.

Concerning Kenney there are the same doubts. He was a slender youth, a very intelligent fellow, and something of a scholar. Walton straggled because he was mad, Kenney because he was untried, delicate and sick. Walton was rash and inconsiderate, Kenney cool and calculating. We were not told that he emptied a saddle when he emptied his rifle, but we know he took good aim. He too left the road when the cavalry dashed on him, and ran into an orchard for safety, reloading as he retreated. The rebels called out, "Surrender!" and parleyed much with him. But our hero, with a courage truly sublime, disregarded both their threats and promises. Probably he had nearly loaded, when the rebels were compelled for their own safety to fight. They galloped close up to Kenney, and again called out, "Surrender!" The answer was not heard by our informer. Hopeless as Kenney's situation may seem, the brave fellow ceased loading, put his back toward a tree and came to a guard.* Here, again, the rebels begged him to surrender. His reply was not heard, though his language was fierce; he scorned all their promises; he would fight. And this one solitary boy, who had spent half his soldier life in the hospital, and was now straggling miles behind his regiment without hope of relief, not only refused to surrender, and determined to defend himself to the last, but noticing the hesitation of his enemies, advanced on them trusting to his bayonet alone. In another second he would have killed one at least, but at that moment the rebels fired; he fell, and the 10th Maine lost a hero.†

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*We used in the "10th" to carry the bayonet on the musket and not in the scabbard as the tactics provide; hence probably Kenney was saved the delay of fixing bayonet.

†These accounts, with the details as noted, were given to me, and doubtless to very many others, by Chaplain Knox, who saw and talked with people who witnessed these scenes. The retreat, defence and death of Kenney were all noticed, and the places pointed out to Mr. Knox by people who appeared to be perfectly honest and reliable.

William A. Hamilton.

The death of Hamilton* is shrouded in complete mystery. He was found in a field near Bucklestown. He had been pierced with a bullet, and besides this there was a bayonet wound or something more like a gash than the hole which a bullet makes. The locality shows that he was the first man of our regiment who was killed by the enemy. Hamilton was a young fellow, quiet, unobtrusive, obscure, and he was half sick that day. The men of his company (C), remember him and his quiet ways, and this seems to be about all they can recall of him. He was one of those men who hide themselves within themselves, and come out only when forced. No plausible rumor ever came to us of how he died. But this we know, that he might have surrendered and have saved his life, as hundreds of others did at that time. Why then was that deep gash and the fatal bullet wound upon him? What weapons did the rebel troopers carry to make such a wound as the first? He was far away from the road-side and out of the range of artillery. The conclusion is inevitable. He was either murdered by some villain, as all his company believe, though few of the rebel cavalry will admit it, I imagine, or else he fought like the other two and refused to surrender.

After these funeral services we again marched on and camped at night near Stevenson's depot, not far from what we called Camp Sheridan in the "29th."

The diary states that—

> There was considerable straggling, although the distance was seventeen miles, the road good, and the halts for rest were well ordered. Our camp was in some woods where the rebels had evidently been overhauling the knapsacks of our 10th Maine. Blue cloth torn up and old gray worn out garments, suggested a rag shop blown away by a hurricane.

Next day, June 10th, was an interesting one. The officers were strictly enjoined to permit no one to leave the ranks while in Winchester. The 46th Penn. was ahead of us, and started to fulfill the threat it made on the march from Falling Waters to

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* Private William A. Hamilton, Co. C. Do not confound with Corporal Wm. P. Hamilton of the same company, who was wounded on picket May 24th.

Martinsburg, "to run us out." It commenced raining just as we started at 9 A. M., and in going through the city a couple of hours later it poured down in torrents. It was truly comical, the march through Winchester that day. The "46th" was doing all that legs can do to "run us out." Chandler with his band was blowing his hardest; the rain increased, and it seemed to invigorate the "46th," so that we had to all but jump to keep up with it. And in this way we went through Winchester, at a break neck pace, slipping and sliding along the muddy pavement, keeping time with Chandler as best we could, shaking our fists at the rebels, groaning at the silly "ladies" who sat in the windows to turn up their noses at us, and hurrahing for our very few union friends. If we could have been allowed to go out of Winchester at that pace the fortnight before it would have been more to our taste. After galloping through the city we took the Front Royal pike, and splashed through the mud for four or five miles, still on the jump all the time. But they did not run us out, and they never tried to again.

The diary shows the delight of the men when they finally settled in camp, in knowing that they had marched as fast as the other regiments and had not dropped stragglers. It was a good thing for us, for it elevated us a notch in the estimation of the others, and gave us a degree of confidence in ourselves.

The diary dwells too upon the comforts of seven tents in Company E, though the right wing was put into a mill and sheds. I read, too, of the straw that our boys lugged a quarter of a mile, and how a spoonful of whiskey bought a tent full of straw. But more jolly was the mysterious whispering after dark about something, followed by the return to camp of six men groaning with the weight of honey that they had "confiscated." Another party had found a sheep, and another a goose or two, and after they had seen Capt. Cloudman's jolly wink, they boldly cooked them in camp and sent their compliments to the officers' quarters.

JUNE 10th. Struck tents and were off at 11 A. M. Sun out. Fine marching weather. No racing, no bantering, and no rations at night. We told the boys to "sail in," and an abundance of mutton and pork was the consequence.

Our camp was at Cedarville, which consists of a house, barn, "cool house,"

negro hut and toll house. A "dirt road" leads off here toward the Strasburg pike.

Our march was ten miles. Sutler Manning found us at night.

CEDARVILLE AND FRONT ROYAL.

We remained in this vicinity for some time; discovered that we were all lousy, and after the first disgust were rather pleased. We heard of some sort of "*victories*" that Shields and Frémont were having farther up the valley, but you need not be particular in looking into history for them. We learned of four or five men of our regiment who said that they had been paroled by a squad of rebels—the rebels being some that had straggled from Ewell's command—and had our boys done their duty they could have captured the crowd, we thought. Capt. Emerson never forgot those that belonged to H, and they all paid for their cowardice. The parole was binding at this time, but later in the war such a one was not recognized.

JUNE 15th, *Sunday*, we had inspection and review. It was ordered for the day before, but given up on account of intense heat, "which caused," the diary says, "a hundred men to faint and fall in the ranks." The truth is, we had not been hardened, as all soldiers must be before they can stand rain and shine, starvation and feasting, lousiness and cleanliness, and other alternations.

McDowell's army was encamped around Front Royal about this time, and many of us visited our friends in the 5th Me. battery, and the 12th and 13th Mass. reg'ts. The entire federal force in this vicinity was unanimous in blaming McDowell for failing to capture Jackson, as he easily might have done, they said. The 1st Penn. cavalry, 1st New Jersey cavalry and the Bucktail riflemen passed by to-day, from Cedar Creek. Also the 2d and 3d Me. batteries. They had along with them the mountain howitzer or "Jackass" battery, which attracted much attention.

While we lay here at Cedarville, a few of us were permitted to visit Winchester, and were a little surprised to learn that the great hospital was not burned, that the prisoners had not been seriously abused by the rebels, nor had their soldiers drank whiskey and gunpowder before going into battle. A commission

of inquiry had established the fact that citizens had shot our soldiers as they ran out of town, and this was about all of truth there was to the many hard stories we had heard.

JUNE 20th Lt. Col. Fillebrown took Co's A, B and K over to Front Royal, five miles, as a garrison for the town, and an outpost of the army, and quartered them in two hospital buildings of the rebels. Co. D had been detached before this to guard and manage the ferry over the Shenandoah, and one day Gen. Crawford happening to talk with Capt. West about a bridge, the Capt. said he could put one over in forty-eight hours. The Gen. doubted his ability, but gave him permission to try. This was enough; the bridge was finished sufficiently for wagons to go over before *thirty-eight hours*, and Gen. Crawford was so pleased that he sat down forthwith and issued an order complimentary to D.

JUNE 22d, *Sunday*, the other companies moved across, leaving the band and baggage back at Cedarville. Col. Beal was on a court of inquiry at this time.

Next day, Monday, June 23d, we received orders at 10 A. M. to be under arms till further notice, and to be ready for a fight at any moment. A company was sent out on each flank of the town, and got completely soaked during the thunder storm in the afternoon. As the clouds lifted from the hills after the storm, one of the videttes mistook a rail fence in the distance for a cavalry company and reported his discovery with proper haste, creating alarm and fright enough with us, but accomplishing a decided "scare" across the river in the main army. At night some cavalry came in, and reported no enemy this side of Luray Court House.

Our stay in Front Royal was one of constant excitement, though not altogether the pleasantest. We never passed a day but something of the above nature happened.

RECONNOISANCE UP LURAY VALLEY.

JUNE 29th, *Sunday*. Gen. Crawford sent the 28th N. Y. into Chester Gap, and the 46th Penn. and 5th Conn. up the Manor road, and taking us with him, went up the Luray Valley on a reconnoisance, with the cavalry in advance, and Lt. Col. Fillebrown

in command of the regiment. We all agreed it was a lovely country, and during the halts we gathered an abundance of cherries and mulberries. The "46th" and "5th" joined us after one of these halts. We saw nothing of the enemy, and the cavalry reported only a few guerrillas. It rained two or three times, and as many of us had not yet replaced the rubber cloths lost during the "skedaddle," we had wet clothes for a luxury. The next day we kept on; the cavalry charged through Luray C. H., losing one man killed. Gen. Crawford having now learned that there was no important force in the valley, ordered us to return to Front Royal.

A sad accident occurred while lying on the roadside, waiting for the cavalry to charge. Some one, in walking through the line, hit the trigger of a musket which was improperly left down upon the cap. The musket was discharged, and the ball passed through Orderly Serg't Pratt's* head, killing him instantly. This cast a gloom over the regiment, which made the whole expedition appear of doubtful value in our eyes.

Coming back we had another race with the 5th Conn., in which the 46th Penn. joined, and a dozen or more of the men of these regiments straggled off and were captured by guerrillas, who paroled them and turned them adrift again. Lt. Col. Fillebrown was wounded by the accidental discharge of Col. Knipe's pistol, on our way back.

Under head of July 1st, I see that we had all sorts of rumors of the taking of Richmond, which Miss Belle Boyd, who paid us daily visits, "reckoned" were not true. We understood that Gen. Pope commanded us and that something extraordinary was to be done.

July 3d, Co. E being on picket, had a little brush with a company of rebel cavalry that was trying to learn if the yankees were still in Front Royal. One dead horse, one wounded man who was taken off by his friends, and two good horses were the net results, and these did us all a "sight" of good. A trooper of the 1st Maine cavalry assisted our boys in securing the spoils.

* Co. K. His body was brought back and buried at Cedarville.

July 4, 1862, we celebrated by ringing the court-house bell and firing a musket or two on the sly: for this last we had to take the reprimand of our Lieutenant Colonel, which was far more interesting than the other sports. Next day, Co. F, Lieut. Rankin commanding, captured two rebels who had furloughs and were trying to creep into town to see their friends. We allowed them to visit their sweethearts and then sent them over to Gen. Crawford. This day we had orders "to march to-morrow" with blanket over the shoulder and knapsacks in the wagons. This we thought was the best order ever given, but when the time came to take the knapsacks out of the wagons we sang another tune entirely.

GEN. POPE CONCENTRATES HIS ARMY.

The brigade marched, according to the intention, July 6th. Gen. Pope had indeed taken command, though as he was not here in person few of us understood it. His design was to concentrate his army, to place it in position, "from which it could act promptly and to the purpose."

Our regiment had but about eight miles to go, but it was all the march that we wanted in the sun. We halted four hours during the extreme heat of noon, and finally camped near some cherry trees in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, in Rappahannock county. You all remember the way that we swarmed in those great cherry trees and ate our fill. Next day we marched ten miles to near Amissville, (accent first syllable.) We struck a sandy country to-day for the first time, and the heat was so intense that the men fell out badly. We were halted early in the afternoon in a beautiful wood, and ordered to pitch our tents. We had at this time wall tents for the officers and the "Sibley" for the men, and we enjoyed our camp much. A field up the hill was full of blackberries, and that cherries were abundant may be inferred from the diary, where we read of them that—.

> Every one in the brigade has all he wants. I saw yesterday a company in the regiment ahead of us marching, each man with a cherry limb over his shoulder—it looked like a moving forest.

There is nothing impressive in one man carrying a bough along

the road, but when your eye first catches the sight of a hundred or more in motion you are fairly startled, and the scene from Shakspeare is vividly recalled.

> "Let every soldier hew him down a bough
> And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
> The numbers of our host,"—
>
> MACBETH, ACT V, SCENE IV.

Under head of next date comes the happiest record for two months.

> We are having a regular pic-nic life here. The forest is grand, and unlike anything we have at home. Every one is happy, there is no talk about discharge in nine months. Cherries and blackberries are so plenty that all who will go for them can have their fill. Rations are abundant, and by keeping quiet in the shade no one suffers from heat; the woods ring continually with a thousand laughing voices, or echo the tunes of the bands.

One of our enterprising sergeants while here did a big business in selling counterfeit confederate money, and the purchasers also did well in buying produce of the natives, who generally refused greenbacks, or at least preferred a $20 confederate to the $1 or $2 greenback. These counterfeits were miserable wood cuts, published in Philadelphia, and were not "dangerous" after the people once knew of them.

July 10th, *Thursday*. We were turned out in the middle of the night and formed a line in the edge of the woods; but when the cannonade that some one had heard was proved to be thunder, we received orders to return, and did so with the usual grumbling and swearing.

This afternoon we heard troops passing by, shouting out "Relay House!!" "We're off the track!" "Bully for you, Paddy Miles's own boys." This brought us down to the road at once, where we saw our old friends the 60th N. Y., of railway brigade memory. Finally two brigades passed, one commanded by Gen. Slough, and the other by Gen. Schlaudiker, making with the 4th and 6th Maine batteries and some other troops perhaps, the 2d division of Banks's army, under Gen. Cooper. The sight of this reinforcement did us good; we had never before in the "10th" been in the immediate vicinity of so many troops, and even now the infantry force was but four brigades.

Next day, July 11th, the army moved through a cheerless and devastated country to near Warrenton, crossing the Rappahannock or Hedgeman's river at Waterloo. Our regiment camped two and a half miles west of the village, without having to report a straggler to Gen. Crawford. We remained here five days, stealing sheep and bacon till the first were all eaten, and effective measures were taken to save the last. A squad of Co. D's six-foot giants were caught in the act of carrying off about two hundred weight of bacon, and were marched past our camp to the brigade headquarters, where they were kept under guard, and from which place the bacon was sent back to the original owner.

We had many visitors while here, from the 2d division and from McDowell's corps, a portion of which was camped around Warrenton also. We learned from them that the ladies of the town were very much like those of Winchester. They were continually taunting our men with the defeat of McClellan on the Peninsula, which made them appear very silly to us, for at this time we understood that McClellan's seven days' fight was a piece of masterly strategy!

July 13th, *Sunday*. We had divine services to-day, for the first time in a long while. We received a mail, and the letters from home were full of news of recruiting, drafting and the skedaddling of some peace democrats to Canada. This was in response to Father Abraham's call for "three hundred thousand more." The diary this month has many a page giving the state of our feelings. No curses were so loud and deep as those against the policy of protecting the rebels' property. We hailed with delight the news which straggled into camp, in default of the prompt arrival of the order itself, that we were to subsist on the country. We didn't stop to consider that it really meant short allowance, but thought only of eating rebel sheep, cattle and hogs in peace.

July 16th, *Wednesday*, the army moved again at 1 P. M. Our 46th Penn. and 28th N. Y. regiments had gone out with cavalry two days before, toward Culpeper* and Madison. We took the

*The local orthography.

back track, passed over the pioneers' bridge at Waterloo and went on toward Amissville, were we halted and turned about again, and finally camped near Waterloo. A tremendous thunder storm wet us, and made us amiable as usual, and brought out the inquiry why we had not stopped here at first, which inquiry went the rounds. And I need not here remind you how exasperating this counter-marching always was. We passed one spot four times in going from Amissville to Washington Court House, and had our orders permitted our going directly from place to place, we should never have gone near the spot mentioned at all. Next day we started early and marched back past our old picnic camp at Amissville, and at Gaines's Cross Roads turned to the left or south west. It rained nearly all day, and to make it more lovely, Gen. Sigel, the famous German, who was in camp near Sperryville, had ordered his trains to Warrenton for supplies. The wagons straggled by, one by one, with mules kicking, braying, balking and splashing the mud on us for hours.

We had had our tents reduced in number at Warrenton, so at night we huddled together in our wet clothes and sweltered till morning. We camped at noon on top of a very high hill overlooking Washington C. H., and the diary notes the joy we had in finding some unthreshed wheat, upon which we lay our weary bones without pity for the farmer who owned it.

We staid in this camp six days and enjoyed it much, for we had cherries in abundance, and found a little to subsist upon around the country. We could see for miles to the east and south, and we had for neighbors that magnificent regiment, the Second Massachusetts, to which was attached Capt. Collis's company of Zouaves. The appearance of this company at dress parade always interested us, for they drilled the "Hardee," while the regiment held to old "Scott." The band of the "2d" was one of the best in the army, in fact the only one that we ever met that could claim to rival ours.

Guerrillas did not trouble our army in those days as they did later in the war, but a small party of them ventured near one evening while we were here. They were complimented with a shelling, and created an excitement, though neither of these things

would have resulted in 1864. On Sunday we had divine services, which some Connecticut boys disturbed by driving the loose mules of the train back and forth in our rear. The animals at length sought refuge from their tormentors by gathering near us, and listening attentively to the sermon. Their expressions were so solemn that we began to have hope for them, but when Chandler blew his cornet to give us the key for the last hymn, and the brutes commenced to sing, we lost all hopes for "them mules." Such a rearing, plunging, snorting, braying, whinnying, such an unseemly galloping out of meeting was too much for us; we snickered first, and then laughed outright. I fear our good parson went home from service with a heavy heart, but our experience with mules up to that time was so limited, that we could not let this freak go by without more notice than it deserved. So it was the great event of that sabbath day.

July 22d, *Tuesday.* Major W. C. H. Sherman paid us for May and June, but as there was little to spend money for, a good portion of it was sent home. Co. E sent $1,500. It was notorious that marching orders came with pay day, and so it happened now, for we hurried off Wednesday morning, leaving our hill by the light of burning straw.

Gen. Crawford tried another mode to-day to prevent straggling. He marched in rear of the brigade and regulated its movements by the bugle, but the leading regiments could not or would not always hear the bugle, and he finally abandoned it; this plan of putting the commanding officers of companies and regiments in rear of their commands while marching was, if we are rightly informed, pretty generally, though not permanently adopted in the entire federal army about this time.

We passed through the small village of Sperryville, around which lay Sigel's "Dutchmen." We saw four brigades of them and had a good sight at Milroy himself, who at that time commanded a brigade and enjoyed a reputation worth having. Regiment after regiment called off its number and State to us till we experienced a feeling that we had never enjoyed before, which came from knowing that we were being massed and belonged to a grand army. We saw our old 1st Maine friends, the 5th N. Y.

S. M., now become the —N.Y. Vols., also the famous 45th N. Y. Vols., which some of its earnest Germans, you know, called the "Forty-five Blenker," thereby giving it an army reputation. Then marching on and through another little village called Woodville, we camped two or three miles beyond, having come thirteen miles, if we reckoned rightly. Next day, July 24th, we marched early through the rickety villages of Boston and Griffinsburg, and at noon were camped a little to the north-east of Culpeper Court House, making our day's march again thirteen miles. There was no straggling during the last two days. Gen. Pope, so the diary states, insists upon having the sick carried along, which is hard for the sick, but good for those who wish to play sick and get an easy chance in the rear.

W. W. Crawford

BRVT. MAJ. GENL. U.S.A.

A. Trochsler & Co. Lith. Boston

CHAPTER XX.

OUTPOST OF THE ARMY.

When we arrived in Culpeper, Gen. Hatch with seven regiments of cavalry had "gone out," as the saying was. The report continued that he was ordered to capture Gordonsville, burn bridges, and rip up the railroad track; and for failing to do the same he was relieved from his command. Our 1st brigade, with a detachment of the 27th Indiana, comprised the infantry force at Culpeper. Gen. Crawford's orders were headed "Headquarters U. S. Forces near Fairfax," this last being the correct name of what is called Culpeper C. H. by soldier and citizen. We subordinates had little knowledge of the why and wherefore of our being in Culpeper. We understand now that McClellan had failed in his peninsula campaign, and Pope's army was thrown forward to observe and delay the enemy's advance on Washington. The cavalry attack on Gordonsville was a part of this plan to delay him, but it failed. Our brigade was the extreme advance of infantry, and was liable at any moment to a surprise from rebel cavalry. This, Gen. Crawford knew better than we did, and so he kept us in camp and turned us out at night when some one mistook thunder for guns, and did a hundred things that we thought quite senseless then, though they do not appear so now.

We received our rations for a while by wagon trains from Warrenton, and this is equivalent to saying we were short of rations. But August 6th, in the evening, we heard what sounded like the rattle of a railroad train, followed by the loud and musical whistle of the locomotive. The entire U. S. force near Fairfax

came out of tents at this, and hurrahed till dark, interspersing the general hurrah with cries, such as "Shoes!" "Fall in railway brigade!" "Hard bread!" Beef in a barrel!" &c. &c. The last being a hit at the promised "beef on the hoof" which we had not yet seen. This brings to mind those famous orders of our new commander.

On JULY 25th Gen. Pope issued an order, one paragraph of which called out such a hearty amen in all our corps that I must put it here:

"Hereafter no guards will be placed over private houses, or private property of any description whatever. * * * * Soldiers were called into the field to do battle against the enemy, and it is not expected that their force and energy shall be wasted in the protection of the private property of those most hostile to the government."

Gen. Pope also issued orders compelling every male rebel to take the oath of allegiance to the U. S., or to be sent south of our lines, and to be shot if he violated this oath; and much more of this nature, which gratified us exceedingly for a while. But Jeff. Davis, not to be behind our man Pope, ordered his officers to put all of Pope's officers in close confinement when captured. Jeff's order made no stir in camp, however; in truth few of us knew of the order till a year after.

By and by came along that perfect marvel of an address, which some of us know by heart. It was about a fortnight in reaching us, by which time some hard stories were also in circulation about the new commander, and I remember to have heard two of the men discussing his merits with much warmth, about this time, one claiming that Pope was equal to Napoleon, and the other re-affirming the story he had heard that "*Pope is all talk and no cider.*" The fact of such a discussion taking place is enough to show that the glory of John had departed even so quickly.

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 14, 1862.

To the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants; in preparing you for active

operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defence.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you.

I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat, and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE, *Major General Commanding.*

Of all this mess which it was our General's misfortune to have to eat himself, though he cooked it for the rebels, he deserves credit for one paragraph which every one of us will say was well written,

"Success and glory are in the advance.
Disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

No order of his was more familiar to the army and country, than the one wherein he announced that his headquarters would be in his saddle. This had been preceded by another telling us in effect that we could have no beans, soap, candles, vinegar or molasses, and that our meat should mostly be "*beef on the hoof.*"

So, starting with "Pope in the saddle" and "Beef on the hoof," the army soon had the greatest variety of slang expressions similar to these, that you can all recollect very well if needed, but which are altogether too "rough" to put in print.

July 30th, the quartermaster took away our Sibley tents and gave us the little "shelter,"—called also "dog tents," and mentioned in orders by Gen. Crawford, who had a passion for French, as the "*tentes d'abris.*" We looked upon them with contempt at first; the giving up of our huge Sibleys for two yards square of heavy drilling, was a little like a come-down; but we soon learned by experience that they were much the best tent for the field, all things considered.

Our clothing became shabby while at Culpeper, and guard duty required a large detail, but the Colonel had dress parades regularly, and battalion drill whenever possible. We furnished the brigade heaquarters guard daily, and, as a gentle hint to our brigade commander and staff that we would like to have more clothes and shoes, we picked out one day for the detail, about thirty of our best men, their muskets cleaned, brasses polished, and other appointments faultless, except the clothing. Half were bare-footed and none were sent unless their trowsers seats were gone to the extent of six inches square. Never did our General have such prompt salutes, and perfect duty performed, but it did not hurry the clothing along.

Capt. West left us Aug. 1st, to be major of the 17th Maine regiment, afterward to be its colonel, and finally to wear the star with honor. Lieut. Roberts had also received a commission as adjutant of that regiment, and had gone before this, and Lieuts. Witherell, Littlefield, Bradbury and Simpson had retired to private life. August 4th we understood that Burnside was at Warrenton, with part of what was known as the "Burnside expedition," for he had brought these troops with him from North Carolina to Acquia Creek, and then marched them here. Sigel's corps was reported to have moved toward Madison C. H., and the out-mail was said to be stopped at Banks's headquarters. During our stay at Culpeper, which was full of excitement, Gen. Crawford started out with the cavalry, and performed a very creditable and valuable service, the details of which he has kindly furnished us as follows:

* * * "On the 2d of August I moved on Orange C. H., with the 1st Vt. cavalry, Col. Tompkins, 5th N. Y., Col. De Forest, and a squadron of 1st Michigan. It was twenty-five miles from my camp, but I thought I could

obtain valuable information and I had good reason to suppose that the enemy had nothing but cavalry there. It was done on my own motion. Ordering Bayard to hold Barnett's Ford and the bridge, I crossed at Summerville Ford and was in Orange Court House early in the morning. I had a fight in the streets of the town with the 6th and 7th Va. cavalry, part of Gen. Robinson's command. I drove them from the town with a loss of fifteen killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners, as nearly as I can remember. While there I discovered that Jackson and Ewell were concentrating at Gordonsville and Louisa, and so I reported to Banks. This should have at once put Pope on his guard. I returned to my camp near Culpeper, and on the 7th or 8th Pope began to arrive with the rest of the army." * * * *

When the General and the cavalry returned, we learned the news, of course. But the best part of it all to us, in view of what was to follow, was the good account which the troopers gave of their new leader. They said that he planned and executed well, and not only that but he had fought with them in the front. We liked this news; a soldier always likes to hear that his officers are "fighting men."

August 6th, the 1st Maine cavalry passed by, and Capt. Adams came back from Rixleyville with his company, where it had guarded a bridge since July 25th. Toward night Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps came in, consisting of sixteen regiments and four batteries, and camped to the north of us.

MARCHING OUT TO BATTLE.

August 8, 1862, *Friday*, was an extremely hot, dry and dusty day. The long expected clothing had come, and was being issued, when orders came "to put the command in readiness to march,"—"to march in one hour," and a multitude of other specifications. Every five minutes brought an orderly with fresh instructions. We were so badly off for shoes and rubber blankets, that the entire hour was needed to furnish these and to form the line, but shortly after noontime we were on the move, leaving our camp standing, and the baggage behind unpacked. The brigade headquarters' guard and numerous other small guards, the band and the sick were left behind; and a few were also lost to us, who were always out of camp without permission, except when forcibly detained and undergoing punishment for this offence. We were

ordered to carry rations and 100 rounds of ammunition. Those who had rubber blankets took them, for by orders we were limited in carrying, to a blanket folded, the ends tied and the roll or ring thrown diagonally across the body and over the shoulder. Nearly all of Co. H, which was on the right, had drawn new blouses and rubber blankets, and folded the last with the white cloth side out to prevent them from slipping, which made them look like a company wearing regalia. Some of our officers, profiting by the Winchester experience, where by wearing their old clothes they lost their new, now put on their best. Among these we all remember Capt. Cloudman, in his new uniform, with feathers in his hat, and his gaudy shoulder-straps which "the boys" of E had given him.

We passed through the town, flags flying and drums beating, proud of our soldierly appearance and the fine marching, which two qualities we believe we always excelled in.

The other regiments of our brigade joined us, and in marching through the town all did their best to show off before the many spectators. These were the days when a brigade could be truly styled a "force," and our general could well be proud of his command.

Gen. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), was so impressed by our good appearance that he writes as below, in Harper's Monthly of August, 1867. Nothing of the nature of congratulations and orders from our general officers is so complimentary as this unsolicited comment of a stranger. I will say in return of him, that though he makes no pretension to writing history, yet as far as I am able to judge, his various "Personal Recollections" which have appeared in Harper's are more valuable for correct statement than any book I have consulted in working up our history. After alluding to something of the nature of a stampede among the stragglers, cooks and negroes as they came into Culpeper Court House from the front, Tuesday noon, August 8th, he writes: "As we entered the streets of the village, however, we met a superb dramatic contrast to this sniveling crowd. This was Crawford's brigade moving to the front, with drums beating

and colors flying. I recognized its gallant commander and his adjutant, d'Hautville, in the van. * * * We waited to see the brigade pass. *It was the most inspiriting sight I ever beheld.* There were four regiments of infantry and two batteries. The regiments were the 46th Penn., 5th Conn., 10th Maine and 28th N. Y., with Roemer's and Knapp's batteries."

We understood we were to go to the support of the cavalry, for we were told that they had "run against a stump," and were now falling back and recrossing the Rapidan. It is worth noting that the day had passed with us, when the extravagant rumors so peculiar to the 1st Maine could run wild and unquestioned among us. We all knew that there was something of the nature of a fight in store for us, but this knowledge did not disturb us as it did immediately after the retreat from Winchester.

We had not marched a mile before men fainted from the excessive heat; one by one they blanched and reeled over, and farther on this became a serious hindrance to the few who held their strength. Halts were made in the shade, but the moment we took up the march the brigade would spread out like a drove of cattle. In this way we marched six miles on the Orange road, and then our regiment was turned in to woods on the left side of the road (east), a few paces behind (north) Cedar Run. Those who had straggled came up in the cool of the evening, except a few who were "sun-struck," and a very few who, as is always the case, played sick and by keeping out of the way of all officers escaped the fight. Three old English soldiers of Co. D took this occasion to desert us forever, as they had previously deserted their Queen. Though these may appear to the general reader as black marks against us, yet I believe it is a fact to be proud of that so few real skulks were found in our 500 men.

It is now an item of history that the most of Lee's army was marching northward, Jackson leading. There were few of us who had any practical knowledge of strategy and grand tactics, therefore, beyond the threat of the Culpeper women that we should be "whipped out of h'yre," we had no good reason to believe a large force was near us. We trusted in Gen. Banks; and I think most of us either hoped or trusted that Gen. Pope in his saddle

might find out how to show us the "backs of our enemies" if a fight should happen. But these thoughts were not prominent in our minds, for, as always, we were looking for something to eat and drink and a chance to sleep.

After taking our first position, Knapp's battery was planted on the hill across the run (south), and we were moved over and bivouacked behind their guns in a clover field. Here we remained till after 4 P. M. of the next day. We therefore had, on August 9th, what by comparison may be called a day of rest. But this day was by no means an idle one, though there was little to do after considering the great question "what shall we eat," and tearing down rail fences so that the cavalry and artillery could run around freely. The great stress upon body and soul in such days as these is the suspense.

Cavalry in squads, companies and battalions passed back and forth all day, but always in order. You remember this fact that it was a day of great excitement but free from disorder and panic. From the cavalry we learned that the rebel cavalry and infantry had crossed the Rapidan and would soon be in sight. From the squads that came out of the Court House we learned that Ricketts's division was two or three miles in rear of us, near a cross-road of some strategetical importance (Colvin's Tavern), and that the other parts of our own corps were on the road and Sigel's was coming. About noon the other brigades of Banks's corps began to arrive, tired enough, and were sent to the right and left of the road. Sigel's troops we did not see till after the battle and then they were few and scattered, for the heat had used them up completely. Gen. Pope's explanation of their delay is that when he ordered Sigel to march from Sperryville to Culpeper, during the evening of the 8th, Sigel sent back to learn which road he should take, whereas, he (Pope) says, there is but one road.

When a private shows a sulky disposition, and gives "back-talk" like this to his superiors, he receives the just punishment for his misdemeanors, but it seems as if Pope could do nothing but grin and bear the nonsense of Sigel.

I have now, my friends, to lament the loss of two sheets of my

diary, which were full of details of all we saw and did that morning and afternoon. You know our man Pope had a passion for "studying the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and of leaving our own to take care of themselves," and it was on account of this last named care that a mail or two was lost—my two sheets with them. These, and a letter which was captured on Red River, are the only home bound ones I ever lost.

CHAPTER XXI.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

(OR SLAUGHTER'S MOUNTAIN.)

AUGUST 9th, 1862, *Saturday.* Early in the forenoon, as we all remember well, we saw a few mounted men riding back and forth on a ridge, at the base of Cedar Mountain, which lay in our front and a half mile off. We were told that they were rebels. We gathered on the brow of the hill and were sent back out of sight, but it was of no use, we were bound to see, and see them we did, in one way and another, and it was no great sight either. We could not believe they were rebels; one man especially said they "looked too natural" for that! but by and by a puff of smoke and the dull report of a gun convinced the doubters. They were shelling some cavalry, and perhaps it is needless to add the cavalry were not there by the time that the piece was loaded again. We gathered on the hill once more at this, but the battery commander would not have us there; so we were ordered down and a guard was detailed to keep us down. Then we flanked the battery and lay down out of sight, and watched the few we saw till Col. Beal ordered us to remain behind the stacks. We had some more cannonading by noon in the front, and about three o'clock, as well as I can learn, it became what Gen. Pope calls "desultory,"* whereby I suspect that J. P. lost his dictionary as well as the uniform, at Catlett's Station. Desultory, or whatever else it was, the cavalry had to get out of their "front seat," though, let us give the devil his due, they did not skedaddle.

*Prof. Dabney (rebel), in his life of Stonewall Jackson, says: "A rapid and continuous thunder of artillery now began on both sides, which was prolonged for two hours." Page 497.

Soon after the rebels surprised us, somewhat, by opening from a battery up the sides of Cedar Mountain.

These guns sounded heavier, and the shot came along as if they had wings and were flying, and we began to see that the rebels had the best position for artillery, though our generals had chosen their own grounds.

At 4.15 P. M. our brigade was gathered together again, on the right side of the main road, on the edge of Cedar Run. Gordon's brigade, of our division, was some distance farther to the right, mostly out of view. Our old position, behind the battery, was in charge of Auger's division, the 2d, lately Cooper's. This movement of ours to the rear and right mystified us for a while, but shortly after the other three regiments were ordered forward. They started across the open field at double quick and hurrahing. This display of enthusiasm was ill-timed, but it showed how they felt. They sobered into a walk at length, and passing into the woods, went out of sight. We were also ordered forward immediately after, and soon reached the woods, and there were ordered to halt and lie down. Our left rested near the road, which was here cut into the hill. Four guns of Best's battery (4th U. S.) of six 12-pounders or "Napoleons," were put in position on the roadside, and commenced shelling the enemy's right. Gen. Banks and others stood near. Our good Chaplain, whose habitual anxiety for us had led us to believe that he would be found in the rear in times of danger, proved his true character now. Best's battery had hardly fired a shot before the enemy returned his compliments, two for one. The General refused to budge from his commanding view, and our Chaplain, in the hope that he or his horse might be of service, staid by him and discovered a long line of rebels marching by the flank in the woods upon Auger's left, and called the attention of Gen. Banks, who replied, "That is provided for sir, thank you!" This force was Ewell's.

The shells and solid shot came down faster and struck nearer. We were twice moved to the right a few yards but did not get out of their reach. Fragments still struck around us. Men turned pale. Lieut. Muhlenberg of the battery had all he could do to

keep his gunners up to their work, and finally he hauled off, not being able to fire a shot without having a half dozen come back.

Now indeed the battle was begun. Musketry by volleys and "at will" was so terrible that we did not notice the cannonading much. Those of us who were not in the ranks could step over by the battery and see the enemy plant new batteries nearer and nearer to us. Riderless horses were running around between the fires. Three or four of our batteries were over on the knoll where we had been all the morning, belching away as best they could in their unequal fight. Besides others the 2d, 4th and 6th Maine batteries were there, doing good service and holding their ground bravely. We could see the rebel skirmishers run before the advance of Geary's skirmishers, who were sent out in front of the batteries on the knoll. The sun was nearing the hill tops and the battle promised from the first to be short and terrible.

And now came from our front the report of the most tremendous volleys we had ever heard. Crash succeeded crash; the mighty thump of the shells against the forest trees was not heard for the din of the musketry. Rising higher and more terrible than all was the hurrah of the boys of our own brigade as they pushed back their foe. And well did they do their work, for these three regiments, with six companies of the 3d Wisconsin to protect their flank, drove back the two brigades of Taliaferro and Campbell and a part of old Jubal Early's brigade; drove them into a skedaddle, and then spent their remaining strength and lost their organization in chasing them up.

It is said that Gen. Banks's plan was to cut off this force, which he supposed was much smaller, before the other rebels could get into action, and without stopping to criticise what is beyond our power and province, we can only state that after these three regiments had chased three brigades and some artillery a short distance, they ran into the fresh troops of Branch's and Winder's brigades. Donelly and Knipe were both down now—every field officer went down eventually—and the victors speedily changed conditions with their foe.

But while all this wonderful fighting was going on we were lying idle in the northern edge of the woods, supporting the

battery that needed no such support. Col. Beal permitted me to reconnoitre, and I went through the woods and saw part of Geary's brigade of Ohio troops (5th, 7th, 66th and 29th, I believe), in the road advancing by the *flank!* In my front was the wheat field, with its shocks standing, which you know too well, and beyond this another belt of woods. The firing was still further to the front and out of sight. I went back with this information to the Colonel, and met the "10th" advancing through the woods in line of battle. The enemy gave us a good shelling as we went, though how they saw us is more than I know. One shell felled a branch which blocked up the passage of companies D and B. They regained their position without confusion or delay, and the regiment still marched on. We came to the wheat field,—only six hundred yards across—and saw that the Ohio boys nearest to us were retreating slowly, still moving by the flank. Those on their right or at the head, had a hand to hand fight, using their saber bayonets freely. The retreating movement of the others was never understood by us; it was done in good order and did not appear to have been compelled. All we know is that some were retreating very slowly and some were fighting like devils. In a minute more we had too much business of our own to notice them.

The Colonel now took the lead and we passed down the hill, then up and then down again, for the wheat field has a ridge in it running at right angles to the road. The remnant of our brigade was coming back—passing to our right as soon as they saw us, so as to avoid our fire if we should open. It disturbed us much to see this, and to know as we did that we were the only regiment left in that vicinity. The Colonel still in front and mounted, now swung his hat in his hand and called out "Give them three down-east cheers!" and we did give them, and how they rang out between those two belts of timber!

We saw that the lower edge of the woods (toward the road) was filling up with rebels; the fugitive officers and men of our brigade also sang out to the Colonel that there were too many rebels for us to handle, and he readily perceived that he had gone past his position, and ordered "about face," with intention of

taking us back to the edge of the woods we had just left, where we should have shelter and our enemy have none. Without delay we faced about, and had retreated a few steps when Major Pelouze, a staff officer, rode out and said that Gen. Banks forbade this movement, but the Colonel persisted and we kept on. The staff officer grew furious and appeared to be having a fist-fight with our Colonel, so animated were the gesticulations of the two officers. The Major said much that the Colonel thought was unnecessary, and ended with the peremptory order to halt the regiment. So the Colonel halted us on the northern slope of the ridge, and the officers dressed their companies so as to gain the slight protection it afforded. The men commenced to drop before we were in position, and Serg't Marston, of F, the left general guide, once an English marine and a model of all that was correct in soldierly deportment, was among the first. Capt. Cloudman dropped dead with a ball through his head before his company was aligned, his brilliant uniform making him a target for the rebels.*

We waited a moment more for the last few of our First brigade boys to come out, and then the fire of the enemy became too severe to stand quiet under. The sun had set, and the smoke had settled like a thin mist over the entire field of battle. We noticed the forms of men darting around among the trees, but could not distinguish them plainly, and for a while a flag was flaunted in our faces opposite our right wing. We could see, too, the blaze of the enemy's muskets instead of the puff of smoke which one observes in broad daylight. Over these dark and smoky woods was the bright sunset dazzling our eyes and adding another drop to our bucketful of disadvantages.

The fire of the enemy, I say, became too severe for us, and one by one as the men came into position they fired without orders from the Colonel or regard to any style laid down in the tactics. We always had it for a joke on Lieut. Beardsley of Co. D, that after the first volley, he commanded "*Eighth company!*"—"*Load in nine times!*" But this must go for a joke, not a fact.

It is worth noting that counting ourselves as a re-organization

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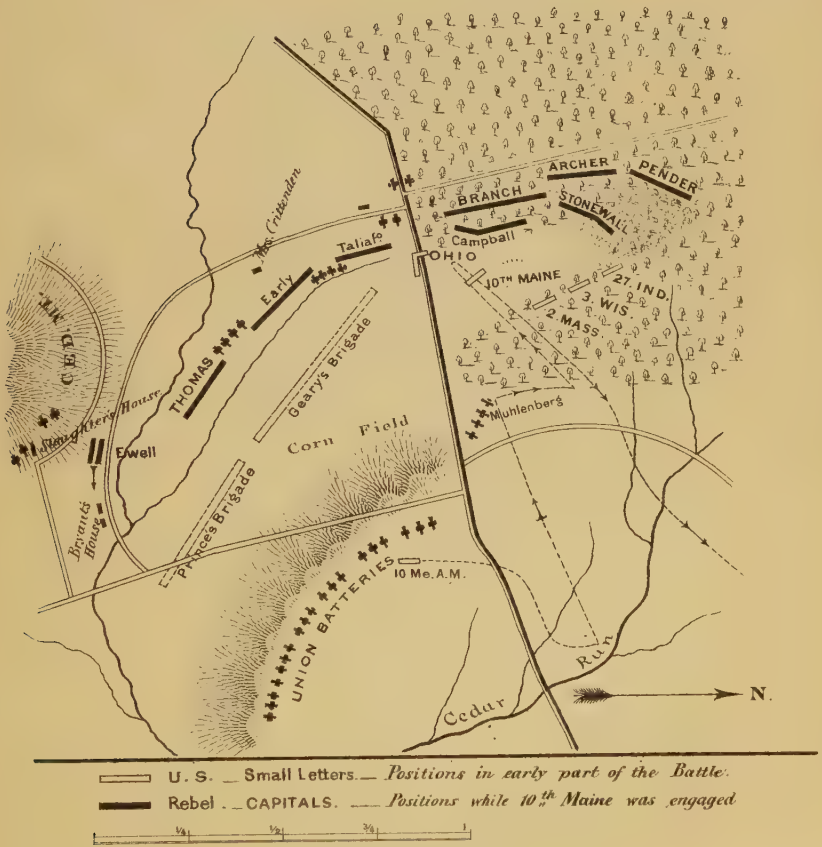
*The heavy loss of officers in the 2d Mass. I think was due to their fine dress.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.



A Trochsler & Co. Lith, Boston.

of the 1st Maine, it had been more than one year and three months since our first volunteering, and now at last the regiment as such fired its first volley. We who were in line can never forget the tremendous crash and echo it made. Years afterward Chaplain Knox, who remained behind near the battery at the Colonel's suggestion, used to speak of following us with his ear through the woods, of hearing the down-east cheers, and at length after a pause which he said distressed him much, there burst out the thunder of this first volley. The good man's eye always moistened as he spoke of this, comparing it to the crash with which Gideon's little army burst upon the Midianites,* and he always mentioned the pride that came over him as he felt that he belonged to us.

This first volley had a marked effect on the enemy. Some of the more sanguine of us have always contended that if we had followed up with the bayonet we should have driven him out of the woods. But the rebels soon returned to their work, if they went at all, and for a few moments it was simply give and take. Then as regiment after regiment of them came in, their bullets began to fly and our line began to wilt in a way none of us ever knew before or since.

It is a sad thing to refer to, yet in glancing along the line the sight was ludicrous in the extreme. All were excited and were loading and firing in every conceivable way. Some were standing, but most were kneeling or lying down. Some were astraddle their pieces and were ramming the charge totally regardless of the rules on that point. Many had poured their cartridges upon the ground, and were "peddling out" the lead with more speed than accuracy I fear. We all took this occasion to swear at and gibe our friends in gray to the best of our ability. So with the din of musketry and the one common yell of friend and foe, it seemed as if bedlam was loose.

The behavior of those who were hit appeared most singular, and as there were so many of them, it looked as if we had a crowd of howling dervishes dancing and kicking around in our

*Book of Judges, Chap. VII.

ranks. The bullet often knocks over the man it hits, and rarely fails by its force alone to disturb his equilibrium. Then the shock, whether painful or not, causes a sudden jump or shudder. Now as every man, with hardly an exception, was either killed, wounded, hit in his clothes, hit by spent balls and stones, or jostled by his wounded comrades, it follows that we had a wonderful exhibition. Some reeled round and round, others threw up their arms and fell over backward, others went plunging backward trying to regain their balance; a few fell to the front, but the force of the bullet generally prevented this, except where it struck low down and apparently knocked the soldier's feet from under him. Many dropped their musket and seized the wounded part with both hands, and a very few fell dead.

The enemy were armed with almost every kind of rifle or musket, and as their front exceeded ours three times, we were under a cross fire almost from the first. The various tunes sung by their balls we shall never forget, and furthermore shall never confound them with any others we have heard. In a moment, when curiosity got the better of fear, I took notice of this fact, and made record of it in my diary a day or two afterward. It was at a moment when probably a fresh regiment had arrived on our right, for the mass of missiles were coming across our line at an angle of forty-five degrees. The fierce "zip" of the swift Minié bullet was not prominent by comparison, at that particular moment, though there were enough of them certainly. The main sound, or the air of the tune, if I may be allowed the expression, was produced by the singing of slow, round balls and buck shot fired from a smooth bore, which do not cut or tear the air as the creased ball does. Each bullet, according to its kind, size, rate of speed and nearness to the ear made a different sound. They seeemed to be going past in sheets, all around and above us.

We had not been firing a great while—how long I cannot tell, for every one asked has a different answer—before the skirmishers of the Second Massachusetts came scrambling along on the run, to our right, followed by the regiment, which halted in the edge of the woods, and were thus a little to our rear and perhaps 300

yards to our right. Beyond them, out of our sight, was the remaining battalion of the 3d Wisconsin, and still further to the right the 27th Indiana.*

One would think they would have helped us by taking the cross fire on our right, and perhaps they did, but we noticed no change for the better. In fact, from almost the first, we were under a front and cross fire. I remember very distinctly of noticing that the path of the bullets from the upper part of the field was at more than a right angle to the path of those coming up from the Orange road, and if you will cast your eye at the plan† you will see the very good reason why this was so.

This leads me to notice that the Ohio boys in the road, after fighting awhile with their sabres, at length had to yield to musketry on their flank and rear, thus exposing our left. But we were well officered, down on our left, and the ridge was a trifle sharper and the shelter a little better, and so we held the ground, though suffering severely. The Colonel, however, seeing that in a few moments more there would be nothing left of us, gave the order—

"RETREAT!"

The carnage in our ranks during the few seconds preceding this order, was terrible and altogether beyond description. There were huge gaps in our lines—more places for bullets to go through, it is true—yet it seemed as if the rebels were cooling down, and taking deliberate aim now, and of course they were less annoyed from our fire, as our numbers decreased.

Our line had not moved an inch—not for a moment had there been a semblance of wavering. Of course every company had individuals that needed the attention of the officers, and a few managed to skulk off, but these were too few to damage our efficiency, or injure our good name. A more serious diminution of our numbers, came from the men helping off the wounded.

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* Authority—Gens. Gordon and Andrews.

† The positions of the rebel troops are copied from Prof. Dabney's life of Stonewall Jackson.

The order to retreat was not heard simultaneously, and as many staid to help off their wounded fellows, our formation was broken up, but keeping generally together around the colors, one of which Corporal Mackin took, after Sergt. Alexander was wounded, we passed out of range on the run, and then, moving moderately through the large field, crossed Cedar Run, and re-formed a considerable distance ahead of McDowell's lines, near what I understand to be the house of a Mr. Brown.

There was no skedaddle, according to the strict meaning of that word,—though our organization was broken, the officers had no great trouble in keeping us together.

But quite a number did not retreat farther than into cover of the woods, where they remained a few moments, and did good service in a small way.

Having said many hard things against the cavalry, I am happy to testify to one redeeming act to their credit. Immediately on our retreating, the rebels sallied out of the woods, singly and in squads—so say those who remained behind. Our stragglers gave them their attention, but without doubt there would have been prisoners made from these same stragglers of ours, except for the cavalry, of which some good fellow sent a very small force into the hell we had just left. For this he will be criticized, though *we* will not do it. They charged down the Orange road, and without stopping to say or do much, they turned about and came back, leaving a number of dead horses, of course, in the field. We never learned what company it was, nor who sent it in there to help us, but we have it from both rebel and friend that it was a singular and plucky charge.

We kept well to the west in retreating, and when a half mile or more from where we fought we passed near the white house (Mr. Brown's) that was at once a hospital and a rallying point. Here we formed line again, but were ordered to move to the rear of McDowell's troops, to "get out of the way," to "uncover our front," and the like of this. It had become quite dark, and when the enemy after a long delay came in pursuit of our corps, the union and rebel forces got singularly mixed up, for there were no

skirmishers thrown out in front of Ricketts,* and prisoners were made by both, though the balance was largely in favor of the enemy. At this time Lieut. Beardsley and Sergt. Weeks were captured, both supposing their captors were friends till it was too late to escape. The full moon came up before long and we had no trouble in moving about in the open fields, as often as one general after another sent us out of his way. We thus had quite a tramp and gave utterance to an excess of rage before we finally settled for the night. But of all the discouragements of the day the sight of those long lines of Ricketts's troops was the crowning one. To our question "Were you in the fight?" the answer came back from one after another as we passed them, "No!" In a word, Ricketts's sixteen infantry regiments and four batteries, almost exactly equal in strength to the entire force of Banks in the fight, were now taking the front and we the rear.

We were out of rations, and as a couple of our wagons had been sent from camp with them, the Colonel after learning where they were marched us toward them. Before we reached the wagons the rebels planted a battery not far from the white house, and then we had fire-works—and other works, didn't we? Every straggler in the vicinity started on the run, followed by negro servants, cooks, and the innumerable horde of skulks, camp followers and detached men who are always prowling around the rear of the army. The wagons also were reversed and moved back to Culpeper, some of them going in true Bull Run style, but ours, thanks to Darius and his obedient wagoners, refused to be stampeded, and after going about a mile in all, the quartermaster in authority permitted them to halt, and here we had rations and rest at precisely midnight. This little breeze was the only thing we saw during the three days we were out of camp which can be called a skedaddle. Thompson's Pennsylvania and Hall's 2d Maine batteries (not the 5th and 2d Maine, as was reported) replied to the guns of the rebels, and in a very brief time piled up twenty or more horses and otherwise damaged the enemy so that they retreated, after which all was quiet. The

* Authority, Gen. Crawford and the army at large.

enemy thus held the ground upon which the battle was fought, and secured the slight advantage of robbing our dead and wounded and of changing their old fashioned muskets for our rifles. But in the exhibition of pluck and hard fighting our army was altogether first, and we were fought by Jackson and his best troops, two to one, and three to one, but never even-handed. Let the future historian remember this.

Our regimental formation during this battle was as below:

Left. | F | A | E | D | C ‖ I | G | K | B | H | Right.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Next day was Sunday; we were allowed to sleep late, and during the forenoon were marched across the road to the woods on the east side and kept quiet all day. Towards night it rained tremendously and we all had wet beds in consequence. Chaplain Knox gathered us together this forenoon and spoke words of cheer, but the tears choked him and he ended with a prayer. These were divine services that we appreciated. He had been with us or our wounded constantly; a gentleman and scholar by nature and culture, he had not shrunk from the rough practical duties in the field-hospital, and now a common sorrow made him a friend and brother to us more than ever before.

We made up a list of the killed, wounded and missing, and forwarded the same. We had two field officers, four staff officers, twenty company officers, and four hundred and thirty-five men in the fight. Capt. Cloudman and Lieut. Folsom were killed outright; Lieut. Freeman lingered a fortnight; Capt. Adams was wounded in the leg and crippled for life; Lieut. Sargent nearly lost his eye, but returned to duty in two months; Capt. Nye was hit three times, but was not off duty a day; Lieut. Rankin was also wounded, and had to stay in the hospital in spite of himself for twenty days; Lieut. Beardsley was unaccounted for. He had been seen after the battle, and we at length concluded that he must have gone back to fight the rebels hand to hand, for he was a great broad-swordsman, and had a sabre as long as a scythe. But some weeks after, when we saw in the

Herbert R Sargent.

CAPT. CO. E. 10TH ME. REGT.

A Trochsler & Co Lith. Boston

papers that Lieut. John D. Belolexly of Co. D, 10th Me., was in Libby prison, we all knew whom it meant, and if you want a fine illustration of how natural it is for a man to love his enemies, just ask "Belolexly" and Dr. Day, who was captured a few days after, about their trip South. We also reported twenty enlisted men killed, one hundred and forty wounded, and three missing; but these figures, as will be seen by the list of casualties, falls a little short of the facts. Of the remaining two hundred and seventy-two men, nearly all had their clothes riddled, or showed some "signs" of the battle. I remember well that I questioned many groups, and every man in them showed something damaged by the enemy's bullets. Quite a number were knocked down and thought they were wounded, but failed to find the hole where the bullet went in. Cartridge boxes and blankets also "suffered severely," and a number of men complained that they were hit and lost their equilibrium, but could find no trace of the ball. Most of the wounded were brought off. Some were taken prisoners, but these were mostly left behind when the rebels retreated, having suffered for forty-eight hours, and been robbed of half their clothing.

The length of time that we were under fire was a disputed question, and it has never been settled yet. Col. Beal's report stated thirty minutes, and some think that is correct; others are confident that we were there not more than five minutes, and the collateral evidence seems to favor the shorter time. Some of the men fired only five or six rounds, and I have heard of but very few that began with a full box who had occasion to use cartridges from the lower tier of their magazines.* A few men who returned to the regiment after carrying the wounded through the woods, say that they fired scarcely any after their return, and such facts as these, it seems to us, are of more value than any man's opinion, for it is impossible to note the flight of time in the heat of battle. We naturally claimed to have been a long time under fire, but there are many instances recorded where a third of the force engaged has been wiped out in almost a flash, and I think you will

* The box holds forty rounds; 20 in each tier.

all agree that everything favored our speedy annihilation at Cedar Mountain, and therefore that we could not have been there long.

Monday, Aug. 11th, we were ordered to return to town, and did so, the band meeting us outside and giving us cheering music to march by. Our appearance was not so gay as it had been three days before, but the firm, imposing tread of well drilled and victorious troops, was remarked by the multitude of spectators. Let this be remembered—we will stake all we have that Branch's brigade did not march back to the Rapidan as gaily as we did to town. Capts. Emerson and Nye were permitted to visit the battle ground, in the forenoon, with an ambulance. The rebel pickets were in the woods, about where the line of battle had been which opposed our regiment. They permitted our captains to give water to the wounded, and to take them off, but otherwise were rather severe, making a great pretence of authority, in the hope perhaps of giving the impression that they had a force behind them, whereas it seems that their army retreated on the night of the battle to Cedar Mountain,* and on this Monday night re-crossed the Rapidan with considerable haste, leaving a part of their wounded behind. Our captains, Emerson and Nye, brought back the sad story of our suffering wounded ones. Both the dead and wounded had been stripped of their valuables, and their shoes. Many of them had lost their trowsers, but the dark blue blouses, being of no use, had been taken from only a few. Our two captains saw many who had suffered without being relieved, though they had been found and robbed of everything. We have charity to believe that there were few or none in the enemy's ranks who committed such villanies. Stripping the dead can be justified by necessity, but the robbing of the wounded is another thing entirely. It probably was done by the skulks of the enemy, for Sergt. Weeks says he heard the rebel officers give orders for our wounded to be guarded and cared for.

While we had been out, our camp had been broken up, and now, on returning, it was laid out near the mansion of the Rev.

* Our prisoners say this.

Mr. George, where Gen. Crawford had his headquarters, but it was again pitched on the old ground, near our cool spring, a day or two afterward, and here we staid till Aug. 18th.

To those of us who had the welfare of the regiment at heart nothing was so gratifying after the battle as to hear the conversation of the men, for it was unlike that at Williamsport after the Winchester retreat. The diary has the following:—

The men are cheerful and are talking over their adventures as if they had been to a great fire or had seen a horse race.

And again—

Cowardice was scarce—panic scarcer.

And Aug. 12th I noted:—

The conversation of the men is not of a gloomy character, but is rather a continual rehearsal of narrow 'scapes, of their own performances and of the murderous fire.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

When the newspapers arrived a few days after the battle with accounts of the "glorious victory," we looked of course to see what mention was made of the Tenth Maine, but we looked in vain, and were simple enough to feel hurt at the slight, but this all passed off when we saw that the real cause lay in the scarcity of whiskey in our camp—hence a want of intimacy with the reporters, who were the hardest of hard drinkers.

Every correspondent made out a glorious victory for our corps, praised Tom for Dick's deeds, and exaggerated without limit. They had many facts gathered from various head-quarters; but every description of the details of the battle showed that they had all kept out of range of the big gun on Cedar Mountain.

Amongst other chaff is the following, not worth notice in itself, but good as a sample of the worthlessness of newspaper reporters in general. It serves also as a text for some remarks which follow it:—

"Major Pelouze, Gen. Banks's adjutant general, a regular army officer, took command of a regiment which was ordered forward in support of another hardly pressed, but which was hesitating, and the colonel of which refused to lead his men into such a galling fire as awaited them. It was only a leader

they wanted, for they followed Major Pelouze gallantly till he was wounded. Two bullets struck him—one on the belt plate, the other entering his side and severely wounding him. He still kept his seat and went on; but was obliged to give up from loss of blood."

(N. Y. Tribune.) See Frank Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. v, p. 330.

This does not mention the Tenth Maine, but we all knew it was intended for us, and as it is the only thing in print that we have ever seen bearing unfavorably upon either of the three regiments, I thought it best to clear it off while we were living. Accordingly I wrote to Major Pelouze .(January 1870), that the reporter had done us gross injustice, and that as his name was coupled with it we would like to have his understanding of the matter. I copy a part of his reply:—

"About 6 P. M. Gen. Banks asked why that regiment (referring to 10th Maine Vols.) did not advance, and directed me to order it to advance. The regiment at the time was at a halt, faced toward the enemy in a wheat field between two belts of woods, and covered from the fire of the enemy by rising ground. I proceeded (mounted) to the rear of the regimental colors and gave the colonel the order to advance. A brief conversation took place in which the Major of the regiment took part. The colonel declined my offer to take the regiment in, saying he would take it in. About this time an officer of Gen. Banks's staff rode past the rear of the regiment with orders for Gordon's brigade then in the woods on the right, and repeating Gen. Banks's order to advance, saying Sigel with reinforcements was in the rear, or was coming. This order I repeated in loud tones. The regiment led and commanded by its colonel moved forward with shouts. I moved forward with the regiment but a short distance, and from not having taken the precaution to dismount, was probably the first with the command disabled. I was with the regiment probably five minutes, and the regiment obeyed the orders which took it into a galling fire with the alacrity of old soldiers."

The Major's version of the affair does not harmonize with ours in all particulars, but it will be seen that the reporter is altogether in the wrong. Col. Beal gives the following as his recollection: Maj. Perkins of Banks's staff, came to him while the regiment was supporting Best's battery, and told him it was Gen. Banks's order for us to advance through the woods. This was all the order he received, and so he presumed he was left to enter the fight in such way as he deemed best, should he fail to receive orders from Gen. Crawford. He therefore advanced, met his

Acting Adjutant (the writer) in the woods, and learned that the brigade was far ahead, and that the Ohio regiment was advancing also. But when our regiment had reached the wheat field, the Ohio regiment was retreating in part, and in part fighting hand to hand down in the corner by the "big tree." At this moment there were few if any men of our brigade in view retreating. He therefore concluded that the place where we were needed was down by the tree—to help the Ohio boys, and so prevent the enemy gaining the flank and rear of our brigade. So he headed us for the nearest fight. This determination was hardly formed before the retreating men of our used up brigade commenced to pour into the wheat field, and by and by the Colonel saw that his plan could not be carried out, and he wisely faced us about to return to the shelter of the woods and fence. Then Maj. Pelouze met him and the controversy occurred. The Colonel does not recollect the exact language of Maj. Pelouze, but in some way he received the impression that Gen. Banks wished him (Beal) to know there was only a very small force of the enemy in front to oppose us—the exact reverse of what the Colonel had discovered to be the case; and in view of which discovery the Colonel thought it best to disregard the order to advance.

Gen. Banks made no report of the battle. We learn from Gen. Crawford that he (Banks) attributed the disaster of the day to Gordon's failure to advance simultaneously with Crawford. It appears, too,* that after Gordon's brigade was in position on our right, Maj. Perkins brought it the order to charge across the wheat field. Gen. Gordon and Col. Andrews took the responsibility of disobeying this order, and afterwards learned that it was given by mistake! The first is a serious charge against Gen. Gordon, but his independence in the latter case saved his brigade from utter ruin. How far a subordinate officer may modify the commands of his superior we cannot state. And what Gen. Banks's design was in pushing our single regiment against the entire army of a victorious enemy we cannot say. The fact still remains

* Gen. Andrews, at that time Colonel, commanding the 2d Mass. regiment, furnishes me with this.

that it was a shockingly mismanaged battle, and that every man of us knows now, what Gen. Gordon and Col. Beal believed then, that the woods was our best position for the reasons already given. But of course we could not have saved the day! We could only have inflicted a heavier loss on the enemy, for the latter poured regiment after regiment upon our line, how many we cannot say exactly, only that at the last, the rebel reports state, there were the brigades of Branch and Winder, the remnants of Campbell's and Taliaferro's, which had returned to the fight, and the fresh brigades of Archer and Pender.

But we need not discuss how many rebels were in our front. They had a continuous line, from the road up to Gordon's right, which they overlapped so far that it would seem as if Pender's brigade was out of musket range. The reports of the rebel generals are very full (see Vol. IX, Frank Moore's Rebellion Record), and from them it appears that after their first disaster, they poured troops in upon us as fast as legs could bring them. More troops could hardly have been crowded into their line, and the loss in Pender's brigade (only fifteen in all), which overlapped and flanked Gordon's extreme right, shows how lightly it was engaged. The loss in Winder's brigade was also light, ten killed, and fifteen wounded; its commander, Col. Ronald, attributing it to his having charged, instead of fighting with powder and ball. This, in plain English, means that the force in his front was used up before he (Ronald) came into the fight.

The most amusing part of the rebel reports, is the assertion that they were overpowered by superior numbers in the first part of the battle! The four battalions which made the charge under Gen. Crawford, numbered a few more than 1,573, in the aggregate,* an average of nearly 400 to a battalion. The forces which they "overpowered" were the four old regiments of Campbell's brigade, and three old and two new reg'ts in Taliaferro's brigade. Besides these all but about two of the seven regiments of Jubal Early, who gives his entire force as 1,700, fell back, in more or less disorder. Geary's brigade, however, contended with Early's

*See Crawford's report.

right. It is certain, therefore, that nine or ten rebel regiments, or possibly more, were pushed back by Crawford's four. We admit that the rebel regiments may have averaged less men than ours, but it is plain to see that the "overpowering" numbers were not on our side.

We add a few extracts from the rebel generals' reports.

Stonewall Jackson says:—

"Whilst the attack upon Early was in progress, the main body of the federal infantry moved down from the wood, through the corn and wheat fields, and fell with great vigor upon our extreme left, and by the force of superior numbers bearing down all opposition, turned it, and poured a destructive fire into its rear. Campbell's brigade fell back in disorder. The enemy pushing forward, and the left flank of Taliaferro's brigade being by these movements exposed to a flank fire fell back, as did the left of Early's line, the remainder of his command holding its position with great firmness.

"During the advance of the enemy, the rear of the guns of Jackson's division becoming exposed, they were withdrawn. At this critical moment Branch's brigade of Hill's division, with Winder's brigade farther to the left, met the federal forces flushed with their temporary triumph, and drove them back with terrible slaughter through the wood. The fight was still maintained with obstinacy between the enemy and the two brigades just named, when Archer and Pender coming up, a general charge was made, which drove the enemy across the field into the opposite woods, strewing the narrow valley with their dead. In this charge Archer's brigade was subjected to a heavy fire.* At this time the federal cavalry charged upon Taliaferro's brigade with impetuous valor, but were met with such determined resistance by Taliaferro's brigade in front, and by so galling a fire from Branch's brigade in flank, that it was forced rapidly from the field with loss and disorder."

Rebellion Record, Vol. IX, p. 541.

General Taliaferro, who commanded Jackson's division after Winder was killed, says of the 2d (Campbell's) brigade:—

"The conflict of this command with the enemy was most severe. The bayonet was freely used, and a hand-to-hand fight with superior numbers ensued before the right of the brigade fell back."

Gen. Archer, commanding Archer's brigade, says in his report, that on coming into line:—

* * "I rode to the road about fifty yards on my right to ascertain whether they were our troops or the enemy's firing there. I found it was Branch's

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*This fire was from Gordon's brigade I judge. J. M. G.

brigade, in the open field on the right* of the road and in a line even with that of my own, halted, and firing at an enemy in front."

He then advanced to the edge of the wood, and reaching it he "encountered the long range fire of the enemy, posted in the margin of another wood beyond a wheat field."

Plainly Gordon's brigade—the 2d Mass. in particular—

"My brigade halted here and commenced a rapid fire, which it was several minutes before I could arrest and move the brigade forward across the open field. In crossing this field I was exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, who from their position in the wood were comparatively safe. My loss here was nineteen killed and one hundred and sixteen wounded."

He says his own force was five regiments and battalions, in all 1,200 men.

Gen. Branch, commanding Branch's brigade, which I judge fought our regiment, says in his report:—

"I commenced meeting the men of a brigade which had preceded me, retreating in great disorder and closely pursued by the enemy. Opening ranks to permit the fugitives to pass and pressing forward in unbroken line, my brigade met the enemy who had already turned the flank of Taliaferro's brigade, which was on the right of the road. Not in the least shaken by the panic cries of the fugitives, and without halting, my regiments poured a volley into the enemy, who broke and fled precipitately through the woods and across the [wheat] field. On reaching the edge of the field I discovered the enemy in force on the opposite side, and halting my brigade in an eligible position, opened fire along the whole line. For a time the enemy stood their ground, but we were within good range across an open field, and the execution we were doing (clearly perceptible to the eye), compelled them to commence breaking. Now it was that their cavalry attempted to charge upon General Taliaferro's brigade in front." * *

The loss in Branch's brigade is not given separately, but appears to have been less than fifty.

One thing more remains to be noticed: Gen. Banks evidently had no idea of the immense number of rebels in his front.

Jackson was preparing to attack our batteries when he himself was attacked. The battle was therefore a surprise to both commanders. Gen. Pope was sitting quietly in his tent at Culpeper

* There is evidently some error here. Branch says he was on the rebel left of the road, and that Taliaferro's brigade was on the rebel right of the road. J. M. G.

Court House, during the early part of the battle,* and reached the field too late to send McDowell (Ricketts's division) to our assistance. He says Banks had no authority from him to fight; but Banks produces the order, which seems to settle the question. Jackson reported his loss as 19 officers killed and 114 wounded; 204 men killed, 946 wounded, and 31 missing, and this is stated on good authority to have occurred in ten brigades,—or forty-two regiments and four battalions of infantry, and one of cavalry, with a number of batteries. Banks's loss was probably larger in killed and wounded than the enemy's, and Jackson claims to have captured 400 prisoners. His strength is stated by Pope at about 8,000, which must include the cavalry.

Gen. Crawford has favored us with the following item of interest:

"There is an issue between Pope and Banks in regard to the fighting that battle at all. The former asserting that he did not intend a battle should be fought then and there; the latter, that Pope's instructions to him, both verbal and written, were almost mandatory. It was evidently Pope's intention that the enemy should be checked until he was ready to attack, and that no general battle should be fought until his forces were in hand. But Jackson would not wait, and Banks could do no more than he did. * * * * My positive orders were [when ordered out of Culpeper on the 8th], to resist the approach of the enemy at all hazards, and this with one brigade of infantry, two batteries and Bayard's cavalry.

"You will find, too, that Gordon was much in fault.† His support amounted to nothing, as far as I was concerned. Instead of coming up on my flank in line, supporting me closely and making the attack with me, he came up leisurely and by the flank, and only got into position in the rear woods, and made no attack whatever."

Considering the want of harmony among all of our generals, it is a matter of congratulation to the country that the entire force of Pope was not annihilated piecemeal. Darkness and Jackson's ignorance of the facts, and the superb pluck of our soldiers alone prevented it, in our way of thinking.

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*Statement of Corp. Samuel F. Davey, Co. B, who was a clerk at Gen. Crawford's Headquarters.

†From the Record of the 2d Mass. (Gordon's old regiment), we learn that Gordon was anxiously waiting for orders during Crawford's charge.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN,*

CULPEPER COUNTY, VIRGINIA,

AUGUST 9, 1862.

STRENGTH IN ACTION.

	Officers.	Men.
Col. Beal and Maj. Walker,	2	
Surg. Perry, Ass't Surg. Day, and Chaplain Knox,	3	
2d Lt. Gould, Act'g Adjt., and Sergt. Maj. Trudeau,	1	1
A. Capt. Adams and 2d Lieut. Pierce,	2	44
B. Capt. Black and 2d Lieut. Turner,	2	36
C. Capt. Jordan, Lieuts. Redlon and Whitney,	3	39
D. 1st Lieut. Beardsley,	1	43
E. Capt. Cloudman and 1st Lieut. Sargent,	2	43
F. Capt. Knowlton and 2d Lieut. Rankin,	2	36
G. 2d Lieut. Millett,	1	47
H. Capt. Emerson, Lieuts. Folsom and Freeman,	3	46
I. 1st Lieut. Mayhew,	1	48
K. Capt. Nye, Lieuts. Bicknell and Kingsley,	3	52
	26	435

OFFICERS KILLED.

Cloudman, Andrew C.	Captain,	Co. E,	Head.	
Folsom, James C.	1st Lieut.,	" H,	Breast.	
Freeman, Albert W.	2d Lieut.,	" H,	Leg,	Died 25th.

*This list has been corrected from the "official list" in the items of *killed and mortally wounded, and missing*. The list of slightly wounded is very nearly a copy of the "official," but so many of the wounds which appeared to be slight at the time of making the report, afterward proved to be of such a serious nature that the list is of little value as regards the nature of the wound.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Adams, John Q.	Captain,	Co. A,	Leg—crippled for life.
Nye, George H.	"	" K,	Wrist, &c.
Sargent, Herbert R.	1st Lieut.,	" E,	Nose and shoulder.
Rankin, Abel G.	2d Lieut.,	" F,	Arm.

OFFICERS PRISONERS.

Beardsley, John D.	1st Lieut.,	Co. D,	Captured after the battle.

ENLISTED MEN KILLED.

Co. A.	Hamlin, Zachariah L.	Private.		
" "	Phillips, Sewall	"	Leg and head.	
" B.	Hiter, Oliver	"	Bowels.	
" "	Pierce, Emery E.	"	Head.	
" C.	Hurd, George H.	Serg't,	"	
" D.	Bean, Silas H.	Private.		
" "	Emerson, Henry C.	"		
" "	Knowlan, John N.	"		
" "	Legassie, Paul	"		
" "	McNally, Patrick	"		
" "	Plummer, Daniel	"		
" E.	Merrow, Lorenzo D.	"	Leg and body.	
" "	Whitney, Nathan F.	"	Body.	
" F.	Marston, Charles W.	Serg't,	Heart.	
" G.	Charles, Selo F.	Private,	Bowels.	
" H.	Badger, John	"	Breast.	
" "	Field, Alvin	"	Bowels.	
" "	Libby, Greenfield T.	"	Breast.	
" "	Verrill, Edward P.	"	Bowels.	
" K.	Ryerson, Charles H.	"	Body.	

ENLISTED MEN MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Co. A.	Keyes, Cincinnatus,	Corporal,	Bowels,	Died	Aug. 13.
" "	Kendrick, James L.	"	Leg lost,	"	Aug. 16.
" B.	Colley, Charles H.	1st Serg't,*	Knee,	"	Sept. 20.
" C.	Jordan, Arthur T.	Private,†		"	Oct. 30.
" "	Lancaster, Charles	"		"	Aug. 3.
" "	Sturtevant, Thomas D.	"	Body and legs,	"	Aug. 25.
" "	Weymouth, George	"	Abdomen,	"	Aug. 19.
" D.	Campbell, George J.	Corporal,	Leg,	"	Oct. 1.
" "	Law, Thomas	Private,‡	Leg,	"	Aug. 18.

* Acting Lieutenant. † Taken prisoner and paroled. ‡ Acting Color corporal.

Co. D.	Thompson, Edwin	Private,	Waist,	Died Sept. 21.
" E.	Anderson, Charles H.	"	Body,	" Aug. 12.
" G.	Farris, Rufus E.	Corporal,	Leg lost,	" Sept. 5.
" "	Mansfield, James H.	"	Groin,	" Aug. 11.
" "	Bartlett, Kenneth S.	Private,	Leg broken,	" Aug. 21.
" "	Gray, Elden B.	"	Knee,	" Oct. 12.
" H.	Ricker, Henry J.	Private,	Breast,	" Aug. 17.

ENLISTED MEN SEVERELY WOUNDED.

Co. A.

Ayer, George S.	Corp. (colors),	Shoulder,	Discharged.
Sutherland, Charles	Private,	"	"
Spear, Christopher C.	"	Hip,	"
Walker, Freeman F.	"	Leg,	"

Co. B.

Alexander, Reuben	Sergt. (colors),	Leg and foot,	Discharged.*
Buckley, Michael	Private,	Finger lost.	
Kerrigan, Andrew	"	Arm,	Discharged.
Miles, Benjamin C.	"	Wrist.	Discharged.*
Smith, Almado R.	"	Arm.	
Stone, John	"	"	

Co. C.

Cobb, Barzilla S.	Private,	Mouth,	Discharged.
Mayberry, William R.	"	Arm and waist,	"
Plaisted, Byron G.	"	Breast,	"
Russell, William O.	"		
Tighe, Dennis	"	Head.	

Co. D.

Donnelly, Edward	Private,	Leg,	Died Sept. '63.
Hanson, Edward H.	"	Head,	Discharged.
Johnson, Freeman W.	"	Leg and arm.	
Kelley, Amos	"	Leg.	
Marston, Henry M.	"	Leg broken.	
Moran, Garrett	"		
McNeil, Nelson	"	Thigh.	
McNulty, John	"	Wrist,	Discharged.
Smith, Joseph	"	Arm.	
Spencer, Benjamin P.	"	Face.	

*Died soon after discharge.

Co. E.

Noyes, William S.	Corporal,	Shoulder.	
Andrew, William	Private,	Leg.	
Burnham, Charles H.	"	Nose &c.	
Hill, Ivory L.	"	Lost arm,	Discharged.

Co. F.

Haskell, Charles H.	1st Sergeant,	Hand.	
Gould, George H.	Corporal,	Leg.	
Eastman, Thomas A.	Private,	Hip and head.	
Gage, George W.	"	Side.	
Gordon, John H.	"	Head.	
Pearson, Lewis E.	"	Wrist.	
Stirk, Henry	"	Ankle,	Discharged.
Trufant, John A.	"	Hip,	Discharged.

Co. G.

Cummings, Joseph W.	Private,	Hand.	
Estes, Nathan C.	"	Foot,	Discharged.
Merrill, William B.	"	Shoulder.	
Powers, Thomas	"	Leg,	Discharged.
Russell, Benjamin Jr.,	"	Leg.	
Whitney, Theodore	"	Shoulder and foot.	

Co. H.

Coburn, George B.	Sergeant,	Knee.	
Harradon, George W.*	Corporal,	Side,	Discharged.
Irish, Samuel F.	"	Thigh.	
Fargo, Charles O.	Private,	Leg,	Discharged.
Morrill, Alonzo F.	"	Bowels,	Discharged.
Stevens, Ezra F.	"	Hip.	
True, Virgil	"	Thigh.	
Trask, William H.	"	Leg.	
Warren, John	"	Ankle.	
Wright, Lyman H.*	"	Leg and arm,	Discharged.

Co. I.

Lord, Charles J.	Corporal,	Jaw.	
Simpson, William R.	"	Lungs,	Discharged.

*Harradon and Wright were left in hospital and captured Aug. 19th. Paroled and exchanged afterward.

Baston, Ephraim K.	Private,	Arm.	
Batchelder, Henry A.	"	Under the eye.	
Bisbee, Elisha T.	"	Leg,	Discharged.
Bisbee, Robert	"	Thigh.	
Hill, Appleton D.	"	Shoulder.	
Hill, Rufus N.	"	Leg,	Discharged.
Johnson, Andrew J.	"	Arm.	
Kerrigan, Edward	"	Left sh'lder,	Discharged.

Co. K.

Nash, Jonathan	Sergeant,	Leg and ankle.
Bicknell, Delphinus B.	Corporal,	Shoulder.
Colley, Joseph O.	Private,	Foot.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

Co. A.

Tarr, James F.	Sergeant,	Finger.
Berwin, Joseph	Private,	Head.
Higginson, John	"	Thigh.
Kendrick, George W.	"	Hand.
Rowe, Daniel M.	"	Arm.

Co. B.

Loveitt, Edward W.	Corporal,	Neck.	
Pennell, William H.	"	Side,	Discharged.
Delano, Theodore V.	Private,	Leg.	
Eustis, Frank F.	"	Neck.	
Powers, James	"	Leg.	

Co. C.

Annas, John G.	Private.	
Hamilton, William P.	"	Shoulder.

Co. D.

Libby, Chandler	Sergeant,	Shoulder.	
Bugbee, Thomas S.	Private,	Side.	
Hutchinson, Albert H.	"	Arm.	
Legassie, Joseph	"	Shoulder.	
Libby, Elias T.	"	"	
McBrien, Dundas	"	Leg,	Discharged.
Moran, Allan,	"	Hand and leg.	
Sibley, William	"	Arm.	

Smith, Joseph	Private,	Waist.
Wallace, William	"	Leg.

Co. E.

Mackin, Joseph F.	Corp., (colors)	Knee.
Hoyt, John L.	Private,	Arm.
Huff, Willam A.	"	"
Porter, Charles C.	"	Finger.
Smith, Harrison W.	"	Hand.
Whittemore, Eben C.	"	Side.

Co. F.

Merrill, Joseph S.	Sergeant,	Head.
Grant, Samuel R.	Private,	Hand.
Knight, Abel J.	"	Leg.
Savage, Henry A.	"	Head.

Co. G.

Cushman, Zebedee	Sergeant,	Ruptured by carrying off wounded on the retreat of the regiment.
Chase, Charles	Private,	Run over, trampled on and badly bruised by the cavalry after battle.
Greenleaf, Charles F.	"	Knee, Discharged.
Knox, Samuel Jr.	"	Arm, Pris'r, Discharged.
Noble, Harrison G.	"	Hand, Prisoner.
Widber, James S.	"	Arm, "

Co. H.

Emerson, Ivory W.	Sergeant,	Hip.
Brooks, Joseph	Private,	Arm.
Foster, Ambrose A.	"	Ear.
Lane, Edwin A.	"	Leg.
Pratt, Henry C.	"	Hip.
Richardson, Charles	"	
Sawyer, Greenlief	"	Hand.
Stetson, David L.	"	Hip.
Stevens, Samuel L.	"	Foot.

Co. I.

Babb, Henry S.	Corporal,	Side.
Ripley, Nathaniel D.	"	Arm.

Cotton, Aaron D.	Private,	Temple.	
Davis, Benjamin F.	"	Thigh.	
Hodgdon, Andrew J.	"	Knee.	
Roberts, Cassius C.	"	Leg.	
Welch, James	"	Arm.	

Co. K.

Thorn, Thomas A.	Corporal,	Breast.	
Bailey, Hewitt C.	Private,	Thigh,	Discharged.
Bond, Houghton	"	Side.	
Coburn, Horace J.	"	Mouth.	
Coombs, Artemas	"	Foot.	
Frost, Alonzo G.	"	Side.	
Hodsdon, Albert P.	"	Head.	
Morrill, John R.	"	Mouth.	
Pio, James H.	"	Head.	
Wyman, George P.	"	Arm.	

TAKEN PRISONERS.

Davis, William S.	Sergeant,	Co. A.
Weeks, Robert M.	"	Co. C.
Mullen, Ozias	Private,	Co. C.
Miller, John	"	Co. D.
Thorn, John O.	"	Co. I.

TOTAL LOSS.

Officers.	Killed and mortally wounded,	3	
	Wounded,	4	
	Prisoners,	1	
		—	8
Enlisted men.	Killed,	20	
	Mortally wounded,	16	
	Severely "	66	
	Slightly "	64	
	Prisoners,	5	
		—	171
	Aggregate loss,		179

STRENGTH

of Crawford's brigade at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

28th	Regiment	N. Y.	Vols.	Commissioned Officers,	18	Enlisted men,	339	
46th	"	Penn.	"	"	"	23	"	"	481
10th	"	Me.	"	"	"	26	"	"	435
5th	"	Conn.	"	"	"	21	"	"	424
						88			1,679

To which must be added — officers and 267 enlisted men of the 3d Wis., making about 2,050 aggregate.

LOSS.

		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
28th N. Y.	Officers,	1	6	10	Enlisted men,	20	73	103	213
46th Penn.	"	2	8	8	" "	28	94	104	244
10th Me.	"	2	5	1	" "	22	140	3	173
5th Conn.	"	3	8	2	" "	18	63	143	237
		8	27	21		88	370	353*	867

Aggregate loss in Crawford's brigade, 867

do. do. including 80 in the 3d Wisconsin, 947

*The official report states that many of the missing may have been killed or wounded.

CHAPTER XXII.

POPE'S RETREAT COMMENCES.

Our duties in town after the battle were arduous; we furnished guards for every thing and every where, and also had heavy details for hospital duty, so that half the regiment was always out of camp. We grumbled at this as usual, but it was well for us to be occupied, and complimentary to our discipline. Then on Aug. 13th we had a brigade review, tedious and uninteresting as all such reviews are, but relieved by the sight of a brigadier in tears, for Gen. Crawford broke down while reciting to us the virtues of the dead and the valor of our deeds.

Next, on Aug. 15th, we had a division review, and the day after, Major Perkins, of Banks's staff, inspected us, and found so many rickety muskets, that he condemned the whole lot—so the rumor went, at least,—and we hoped for Springfields to replace them. It was curious to see how many of the muskets had been wounded in the battle. The number of them was not taken by count, but I estimated them at the time to be about one-tenth; however, all the wounded muskets were purposely brought out for inspection that the Major might see them.

Aug. 18th, every organization of the federal army was mustered, and a roll of absentees was sent to the war department. That same afternoon we received orders to put three days cooked rations in our haversacks, which were supposed to have sixty spare rounds of cartridges in them before. By some misunderstanding of the order to put knapsacks in the wagons, half the men packed their tents, blankets and rubbers. We heard all kinds of rumors of our destination, and it is worth noting, as showing the temper of the men, that we talked of Fredericksburg and "the Valley," much more than we did of the Rappahannock; now

y this you may know, for the wish is father to the thought, how little a retreat, that is, a retreat forced by the enemy, was in the minds of the men. The next day, however, after having shivered all night in sight of our old camp ground, and blundered along all day, the first symptoms appeared of that vast demoralization which so soon prevailed in the two federal armies in Virginia. I have stated that we shivered all night in sight of our camp; this was on account of the delay of the wagon trains, and never before nor since was it our lot to see and to curse them, as it was now and during the whole of what is called Pope's retreat.

These trains were moving all day of the 18th, on different roads around the town, but during the night the rumbling was not incessant, because the trains ahead were blocked, yet the braying of mules and oaths of the guards and teamsters made noise enough. The diary states that "the number of wagons that have passed is *immense*, *perfectly immense*, about twenty miles of them it is said." We marched eleven miles in nearly as many hours (Aug. 19th), halting continually to see the mule-menagerie exhibit. Only a very few broken-down wagons were passed, and by and by we came to the wide, open plateau on the south side of Rappahannock Station, afterward so familiar to both armies, crossed on the railroad bridge, and camped in a field of weeds a little down river. Here, the diary shows plainly, we felt blue:

"A rebel Major (Fitzhugh) who rode as prisoner with Gen. Williams's staff to-day, is reported to have said that this movement of Gen. Pope has saved him a fight, for Lee is at our heels."

This was the news for the day; we learned also that McClellan was leaving the Peninsula. About noon next day, we heard a sharp musketry over in the woods beyond the plateau, on the south side, then saw from the railroad bank a scampering of cavalry, and learned from the stragglers as they came over, that "the whole of Lee's army is across the river." Later in the afternoon, a brigade or more of cavalry formed near the river, and charged the rebel cavalry that had previously driven them. We watched them from elevated places, and witnessed, for the first time, a respectable cavalry charge. It was the same sight

that poets and enthusiasts have been vainly trying to describe since wars began, and though many of us had read heroic verses, and seen many pictures of battles, yet I think no one had gathered the faintest idea from them of what a true charge is; and I must remind you of the impression we received by seeing the sweeping mass of horses and men, and the great rolling cloud of dust which followed. They seemed to be one, and there was a life and a common motive which inspired the thousand actors, and rolled them on like a gigantic wave, till they broke the enemy's line. In this charge our 1st Maine cavalry, then as always among the very best in the service, took a prominent part.

August 21st. Pope's retreat became now a thing evident to our senses. We heard that McClellan's army was coming. Fitz-John Porter's and Heintzelman's corps were named, but this did not fill our stomachs nor keep the rain off. It was rather a new experience to us to learn that our trains were a short distance off, and yet not allowed to come to us with clothing and rations. The country all around was miserably destitute. We found a few berries, and some of the more lucky got a piece of "beef-on-the-hoof." The Colonel allowed us great liberty, and we covered the country for twenty-four hours, but there was nothing to find but the leavings of other regiments. About noon we were moved into the woods and ordered to keep out of sight of the enemy, who was supposed to be in the woods on the other side of the river, a mile or two from us. We here built bough huts to sleep in, but at dusk were ordered to the river, and after going down two miles we slept in the road, and enjoyed another fine shower very much indeed! Co. E, Lieut. Bicknell of Co. K commanding, went on picket over the ford near by. Cannonading was heard occasionally all day, especially from the batteries on the hill at the station.

SUPPORTING SIGEL.

Next day (Aug. 22d) we returned to our bough huts "before breakfast," the diary states, though that must have been meant for a poor joke I think. We found a regiment occupying them, and a lousier set we had not seen at that time, judging from the

"signs" on the clothing they had cast off. After eating that breakfast we were hurried off up river. Our corps was supporting Sigel's though we did not know it, nor did we know what a passion that famous German had for using artillery, and so we supposed there was a meaning to all the noise we heard.

A roll call was ordered at 11 A. M., and the following was reported at this time, (by a brigade clerk):

10th Me., 287 men with muskets, Co. E being out; 46th Penn. about the same; 5th Conn. about 200 muskets; 28th N. Y. 78 muskets, or about 880 fighting men in the brigade.

We had no idea where we were, only that we found and relieved Milroy's brigade of Sigel's corps, and heard a great deal of cannonading farther up but not a great way off. The "ball had opened" early, and was lively all day. At 2.15 P. M. we had halted again, and were in a beautiful country on the roadside. McDowell's and Sigel's troops were said to be to the front, right and left, in the fields on the river bank.

The cannonading grew furious. We could see nothing, however, but our own brigade, as we were so far away and screened by woods.

"At 3 P. M. we heard musketry directly in our front, *i. e.*, on the river banks; detailed a guard to keep the boys back from exposing our position."

Later, we learned that Gen. Bohlen—a Pole—of Sigel's command, was killed. His troops spoke highly of him and of his bravery, and added that he was a scholar and could speak thirteen languages. The fight was unimportant, but successful to our side, they said. Toward night we had a Virginia thunder storm, and Heaven's artillery drowned out Sigel's. We were moved during the storm a quarter or a half mile nearer to the river, floundering around in the dark about an hour, during which rain water, profanity, thunder, hogs, lightning and mud were "mixed." The storm subsided, the mud was marched out of, and the hogs were killed in a wink. After we had settled for the night about fifty recruits came in. The luxuries of a hurrah and of a light to welcome our friends, were dispensed with from necessity. But we were very glad to see them, though they had neither muskets nor accoutrements. They were a part of the

"Three hundred thousand more" which the song says were "coming."

Aug. 23d, *Saturday*. Hot and rainy as before. Started at 9.30 for somewhere, the best man could not guess where; then we turned about and came back, took another road and by and by halted in a field for some hours under a blazing sun. Here Sigel's whole corps passed us. We were very much pleased in seeing them go past, and in noticing how patient and persevering they all seemed to be. There has been from first to last a disposition to "crowd" these "Dutchmen." It is true, that in common with some Yankees we might name, they did some hard running at Chancellorsville, where they were a part of the 11th corps under Gen. Howard, but (I am sure I speak the sentiment of our regiment) *we* respected them, and looked to them and their favorite leader,—Sigel—as the "fighting stock" of Pope's army.

After Sigel with his Dutchmen and jackass batteries had passed, we followed them. We rarely saw a citizen or negro, after leaving Culpeper Court House, and so rarely learned where we were, or how far we had marched; the distances here given are the mean result of guess work, particularly of Captain Nye and myself. We passed a guide board at length, showing Jefferson five miles (over the river), and the Springs three miles. So we learned that we were marching towards the famous Sulphur Springs. We were plodding quietly in the mud, when about sunset a furious cannonade commenced ahead of us, but after receiving orders to load, and after many moves and halts, much expectation and fear, all became quiet again and we marched up hill by light of the great torch of the signal corps, then filed right and went down a hill and through a ravine, and round and round in the wet grass, swearing and tumbling, damning every body, from Pope down to our cooks, who were eating up our rations in the wagons while we starved. We had no rations that day except a little green corn,—very green indeed,—and the crumbs, bones and coffee-grounds which Sigel's men had thrown away. We noticed that they managed somehow to keep enough at all times, and we also saw with them numbers of sturdy

fellows—cooks—groaning under the weight of mess pails and small rations. We learned after a while how to take care of our rations as well as the Germans.

Fires were still forbidden, so we lay down in our wet clothes on the damp ground, and miseried away till morning. We owe our thanks to some one of our generals, who begged three-quarters of a barrel of hard bread for us, by which each man had two "rounds." We also each received two or three spoonfuls of coffee, and one spoonful of molasses, and the memory of it to this day gives us joy. Officers, who generally have the benefits which come from money and position, now fared no better than the men.

Pardon me for exulting over a stomach not starved: I had kept a sharp lookout all day from my saddle, and found a number of hard tack, some in the mud, which were easily whittled clean, and some that had soaked in a Dutchman's haversack, till they tasted of tobacco, pork and matches. These I ate, but by and by a beautiful clean piece was found, only it proved to be buggy, and this was too much for a full stomach; so I gave it to a comrade and thereby laid the foundation of a friendship which has grown, during the years that have followed, to be one of more than ordinary strength.

TROUBLES GATHER.

Aug. 24th, we heard of a strange mishap at Catlett's Station, caused by studying the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leaving our own to take care of themselves. No particulars further than that the rebel cavalry had burnt up many wagons, and had "gone through" Pope's baggage, but the regimental train was too far north for the raiders to trouble it. We lay around till late, in the vicinity of our last night's bivouac, expecting every minute to march. We heard a rumor that the cannonading of yesterday was with a small force of rebels which had crossed the Rappahannock and had re-crossed again during the night, and any one can see by Gen. Pope's report (Frank Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. v, p. 368), that we were supporting Sigel. On the 23d (yesterday), our German friends had found the enemy on our side of the river, which was too much swollen to allow re-crossing.

Thinking they had caught the rebels in a trap, they attacked and drove them up river, but after crossing Great Run the enemy burnt the bridge and invited the Dutchmen to swim over! Our Gen. Pope, it seems, telegraphed to Gen. Halleck that he would capture them, but I find no report of the capture.

We were profoundly ignorant of all this; we did indeed hear a rumor in effect the same as the above, but thought little of it. It obtained a bare mention in the diary as a rumor, whereas a whole page is given to the discussion of the ration question, which shows plainly what we cared mostly for. Late in the forenoon we marched back some distance and struck across the country, no one knew where, for we lost our reckoning entirely. A few insisted that we were on the other side of the river, but these failed to tell when and where we had crossed! Soon after we heard a sharp artillery fire ahead of us; then saw a commotion amongst the teamsters, cavalry squads and other panic-makers; next we were pushed forward and saw half a dozen batteries in position or preparing for action on the brow of the hill ahead. We saw the enemy's shell exploding over our batteries, and thought that we were to have the pleasure of a fight on empty stomachs. We were not rushed in however, but were filed out of the road into the woods, the old iron of the rebels flying over our heads, making the flopping sound peculiar to slow, oblong shot, and giving rise to a well credited rumor, that the rebels used railroad iron for missiles.

A newspaper reporter was riding with our brigade about this time, though reporters had been banished from the army; and a beautiful lady in a green riding habit also happened to be near; the reporter suddenly became missing, but the lady, under charge of an old German staff officer, rode along without even turning white, which is more than I can say of many in our army. We were told that this was Sigel's wife, but whoever she was, she deserves honorable mention for her excellent behavior under fire. By and by after climbing up and down hill in the woods, and trying to teach our horses to walk over brooks on logs, (this was a failure; not even my old acrobat could do it), we all of a sudden came into the open fields around the Springs and saw

the great hotel buildings standing out in striking contrast with the poverty we had left behind us. Simultaneously with this we observed other troops passing ahead of us, and saw that after all there would be no battle. This knowledge and the scenery affected us favorably. We presently struck a turnpike road and marched up river on it, leaving the batteries pounding away behind us. After going two or three miles we halted near a cross road, waiting for orders. Here we were told by a negro woman that the rebel cavalry had passed this morning, with 108 (or 180) yankee prisoners, and that they had been down to Catlett's Station "and got Mister Pope's best coat out of his trunk, then had put it on a nigger, and paraded him all around the town" (Warrenton C. H.). Our cavalry had passed an hour after in pursuit.

Late in the afternoon, we moved again, taking the left hand road—toward the river—leaving the Warrenton pike to the right, and after dark turned into an abandoned hay field, having had to wait, as usual, for a long train of Sigel to be dug out of the mire. Here, at nine o'clock, an ambulance-full of rations was issued to us. We were permitted to build "small fires," and followed the common rule of taking an ell where an inch is given. Then after nine we lay down happy—I believe this was the one happy hour in Pope's retreat—and slept with our shoes off, and horses unsaddled. I have neglected to notice all the thunder storms we had during this week of misery. As well as I can recollect, we had rain every day, and mud always after leaving the railroad. Then we were generally waiting for some of Sigel's wagons to get out of our way, and this waiting for the wagons is one of the meanest of duties.

August 25th, *Monday*. Cooler. We noticed the smoke of a big fire down river somewhere, before starting. We continued marching up river this morning, and were doing well, when "halt" came. We were marching up Piney Mountain and could see across the river, among other things, a train of rebel wagons moving up. Then we were ordered to face about and take to the woods and fields. This was done, and down came our friend Sigel, talking German very sharply. Nils Hanson and Joe Berwin told us that he was swearing because we were tagging after him.

We were told that he had just called our Gen. Crawford very hard names for following him, and he would now tell Gen. Banks that this was his fight—he had all the troops he wanted—he wished we were in—(I didn't learn exactly where, and though I think I know, I prefer not to state what is uncertain!). Finally, after waiting till 4 P. M., during which time we ate green corn till we could eat no more, we continued the retrograde movement, marched clear back to the Warrenton pike, where the negress had told us the latest news, then turned to our left toward Warrenton, and made fine time along that magnificent road. The diary names this return movement "strategy." This word became slang after McClellan's so called strategical change of base on the peninsula, and in common with all slang terms it had a great range of meaning with us.

When within two or three miles of the Court House, we turned off on the dirt road to the right, and bivouacked two miles farther on. The night was chilly; it was dusk when we halted, but the sight of a house, fences and hay ricks cheered us. The old gentleman told one of us that he had never seen a yankee soldier before, and I fear his acquaintance with Crawford's brigade must have been an unpleasant one, for Cothran's battery sent every wagon and spare horse over for corn and hay. All the other wagoners and ambulance drivers followed. Then every man wanted hay for a bed, and the staff horses must have a nibble too. Then the fences all went up in smoke, so that the diary says:

It was like what Munjoy Hill in Portland would be if every house were afire. * * * The recruits stand it well. We passed by some of McDowell's troops just before leaving the pike to turn in here. Not much cannonading to-day.

WE LEAVE THE RIVER.

The rebels had now succeeded in crossing the river, and were flanking Pope's right.

AUGUST 26, 1862, *Tuesday*. Opened hot after a cold night. Marched at eight, still towards Bealeton. Passed the Maine cavalry and hurrahed for them. Many of our old 1st Maine boys are in this cavalry. We plodded

along as usual, making five miles in ten hours. The men are terribly jaded, literally half starved and in great want of meat. We are dirty, and are becoming lousy again. This constant marching and countermarching to no apparent purpose, is aggravating in the extreme.

We finally camped in woods, with Gens. Banks and Williams in tents on one flank, and Gen. Crawford under a fly on the other. We furnished guard for the latter, and he gave them all a breakfast in the morning, for which mercy he must be thanked.

Aug. 27th, *Wednesday.* Opened hot again. We heard cannonading during the night toward Washington, and this morning very sharp firing was heard coming from the same location and during the forenoon also. The story goes that they have got in our rear—a pleasant theme for consideration, but not sufficiently authenticated to worry about.

It was well that we did not know the mischief Jackson was cutting up on those lines of retreat that Gen. Pope had left to take care of themselves. We marched at 1 P. M. with some haste, passed Bealeton Station, and kept along the railroad through a a vast, barren tract of wilderness, where nature and man seemed to have striven to outdo each other in making it worthless and uninhabitable. We camped a mile south of Warrenton Junction, in a place reeking with the filth from other troops, the air thick with the stench from a hundred carcasses, and no water to be found. This last, after what we had gone through in the matter of rain water, during the past fortnight, was hard. Apparently it had not rained hereabouts during the summer. To give any idea of the completeness of our vexation and how we cursed and raved, I will not attempt.

POPE MASSES AT BULL RUN—HOOKER'S FIGHT.

Aug. 28th, *Thursday.* Hot—windy—dusty. We were up, and had gone through the motions of eating breakfast before daylight. We took a north-east direction and kept alongside the railroad track all day. There appeared to be no road but the one made by so many wagons and troops passing over the level country, from which the pioneers have removed obstructions. We had a tedious time of it, halting every five or ten minutes in the sun. We passed Catlett's Station, and saw a few remaining evidences of the raid, and at length crossed Kettle Run, where the rebels have lately burned the railroad bridge, and though it was dark when we camped, we had marched only six or

seven miles during the day. This delay was occasioned by having to bring up the rear of the wagon train.

There are, I should judge, about a hundred railroad cars waiting for the engineers to construct a bridge; this done the cars can move on to Washington, with their thousands of sick, and millions of dollars' worth of ammunition and stores.

The operations of the rebels here are worthy of praise. They have marched a respectable force half around our army, and right here where we camp, they yesterday morning fought our forces. The story goes that they were beaten, but certainly they have burnt two bridges, one here and another nearer Manassas Junction, and now this evening, we hear a very spirited cannonading coming from the northwest, and evidently from four to seven miles away. They say that McDowell and Sigel will take care of this raiding party if it tries to get out by the west, while to the right are two or three divisions of the army of the Potomac, which were ahead of us and in sight when we marched this morning, and I trust that they had an easier time in getting over the road than we had.

It did look so, but alas! my companions, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

August 29th, *Friday.* Quite warm, a little windy and very dusty in our vicinity. It is evening now as I write, and we are all awake to the fact that a battle has been going on and has not yet ended. We have remained very quiet* all day, sunning ourselves on the top of a little knoll on the west side of the railroad and north of the brook. All is very quiet and orderly with us. A regiment of the 3d brigade has a camp-guard on, and it makes our boys laugh to see the poor fellows cooped up in their narrow limits. It appears that the fight here was between Hooker's division, principally Sickles's brigade, and a larger force of rebels under Ewell. About twenty-five graves of union soldiers adjoin our camp, and about 150 wounded of both armies are around in sheds and tents and under trees. The rebel force was whipped out handsomely, though the wounded boys of our army say they (the federals) were all out of ammunition and had at last to simply charge with empty muskets. The rebels have run a train of cars off the track at Manassas, burned the cars and a bridge near there, and then retreated west by the way they came. Yesterday evening we heard cannonading, which seemed to be quite near us; this morning it opens again and has been growing less and less distinct, but more and more spirited, at times being a continuous roar. McDowell is

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*While here the men of Co. H went out one side and cast their votes for a lieutenant. The expression was nearly unanimous in favor of Granville Blake, the 4th corporal. The company did credit to itself by this choice. Blake borrowed a sword and went on duty at once, and followed the company through thick and thin both in the 10th and 29th contributing more than an average share towards making our regiment what it was.

Granville Blake.

CAPTAIN CO. H 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.
BRVT. MAJ. VOLS.

supposed to have advanced from Warrenton, and Sigel to have gone toward Thoroughfare Gap, to cut off the retreat of Jackson, who heads this raid. That part of the army of the Potomac which was ahead of us yesterday, is said to be engaging the enemy now. McCall's Penn. Reserves are mentioned as having been seen in the battle field by some one. Fitz-John Porter's teams have been passing in lately.

Toward evening a surgeon came down from Manassas Junction. He had seen another surgeon just from the battle ground, who reported that our right wing had driven the rebels' left, but our left had been in turn driven by the rebels. This was not altogether satisfactory, since the driving of our left was about equivalent to cutting off Banks's corps. A great many of the troops now in Pope's command had not engaged as yet, and vast numbers were on their way out of Washington, or moving from their late positions up and down the Rappahannock. Our folks were occupying the greater part of the old Bull Run battle field. Later came our newspaper carrier, Ward of Co. E. He had been as far as Centerville, but had found no newspapers. He said the fight was a terrific one, particularly over to the west. Every one he met was confident that Jackson was trapped and would get an unmerciful thrashing. Still later than this came some cavalry, saying the fight had not ended, which was evident, for we heard the cannonading till after 8 P. M.

We have lain here all day without excitement or a feeling of care—picking the lice off our clothes, and washing in Kettle Run. We are indifferent to everything we see or hear. The fact that we stand a good chance of being "gobbled up," troubles no one. As well as I can learn, it is six or eight miles to the left of the line of battle, which is hardly supporting distance. The engineer corps have been at work all day on the bridge, but by night they had so little done, that by order, Capt. Knowlton took fifty men and worked all night. Trudeau, our Sergt. Major, has conversed with a wounded rebel, who says he is glad to be wounded and so to have escaped the clutches of Jackson, who nearly kills his men by forced marches, short rations and constant service. He said their division went into the fight (here at Kettle Run) expecting to be overpowered and whipped, and that there is a general gloom in the rebel camp.

This man, I judge, was a conscript—Jackson's soldiers generally, when taken prisoners, did not abuse him. So much from the diary written Friday, and finished early Saturday morning. In brief, we were promised great things, and with good reasons, but the sun went down without their fulfillment. Jackson won great renown for what was more our weakness, than his greatness. Banks's entire corps lay idle, guarding the railroad trains, and we, in common with the others, listened to the ominous sounds, but were too depressed in body and spirits to care for anything. It

is out of our province to criticize what was beyond our knowledge, hence we will say nothing of the policy which kept us at Kettle Run, but this much, which we can comment upon, we will not be silent about. We always have thought the repairing of the bridges could have been effected, and the trains have been saved. Major Knowlton, who worked all night as just stated, and who was a practical man, always asserted that he saw nothing but what might have been overcome, had proper attention and sufficient force been given. The latter was at hand, and it is clear that a train requiring the protection of an army corps, though small and depleted, should have been better attended to. These remarks are not intended as a criticism upon the handful of engineers, nor do we pretend to know where the fault lay. Our regiment saw nothing at Kettle Run, Broad Run and Manassas, that could not, in the opinion of our most intelligent officers, have been repaired sufficiently to have moved the trains across on, in the time which was allowed. As Col. Beal said at the time, when it was rumored that our corps was kept out of the fight to guard the trains, "Just tell us we may go hunting for rations (Washington) on that train and I'll swear we'll put it through." This happy thought was not conceived by any one in authority, and we were not the regiment to beg the favor, so the opportunity of doing a great thing for ourselves and the country, passed.

Aug. 30th, *Saturday*. The cars crossed early this morning, and proceeded to Broad Run, where the bridge is also down. We marched, however, to Manassas Junction, and a fatigue party of one hundred men was set at work to clear the track of the remains of about sixty cars which the rebels burned a few days ago [and which ought to have been removed long before our arrival]. We remained there three or four hours, and then the whole corps marched back again the way it came, to Broad Run, and went into bivouac in woods not far east of Bristow Station, where no rebel could have found us in a week's hunt.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION—THE SECOND BULL RUN.

While at Manassas Junction, your historian, under supposition that the day's march was ended, took Ward, the newspaper carrier, for a pilot, and started to see the battle field of the day previous.

We had ridden only two or three miles, when we fell in with squads of soldiers lying in the shade. They said they were all "played out," and "couldn't march another inch." We passed more of these stragglers presently, and before another mile was gone over their numbers were immense. They all had that dogged look which skulks always wear. We came to a hill at length, and saw troops over on another hill, and heard the report of a gun. A straggler we met told us there was a fight in progress. This was the first suspicion we had of the proximity of rebels, for we thought they were whipped yesterday, and had fled in the night. Going still on, we came to the foot of the hill where the troops were posted. Here was a spring and a crowd around it. Well to the rear was a box-looking house, with the yellow flag flying from the chimney. We were going up the hill when down came Gen. McDowell, shouting, or squealing rather, for his voice was like a woman's, "Join your regiments!" "Join your regiments!" "Quick! quick! they're driving us!" In truth the General was doing his best, whether he knew it or not, to get up a panic.

On the top of the hill, when we reached it, we found a battery of heavy guns in reserve, and a brigade of Sigel's just changing position on its right. The ridge appeared to extend as far as the eye could see in the dust and smoke—say two miles, and was dotted over with batteries and regiments. Down the hill to the front were our batteries, firing over the heads of our infantry, who were still farther down in the ravine and out of our sight. A Zouave regiment had just broken, the battery-men told us, after suffering heavy loss. A trifle to our left was a quiet little cottage, and a division of our troops in the woods just in front of it.

Across the valley, a half mile away, was the rebel ground. A rebel regiment charged into the woods to the front—wilted as it went, disappeared and soon went back on the run, jumped over a bank or into a ditch, we could not tell which, and went out of sight. Thereupon our batteries down the hill seemed to quiet their tones.

And now the division in front of the cottage moves by its right flank, comes out on the open hill side and goes into line in front of the heavy guns. We are told they are the Penn. Reserves. Some one says "For God's sake what's that"? and we look across to the rebel hill opposite to ours, and see coming out of their woods, one, two, three, four regiments in line, and behind them another one, two, three and four;—yes two brigades in column of regiments to the relief of the rebel regiment that had a moment ago been driven out of the woods. The batteries down the hill now open again with terrible effect; we see their shells explode and the men are blown over, so it appears, but the gaps are closed—all that had fallen are not hurt—many were only dodging. The crash of musketry comes up from the woods, and from the ravine; the leading rebel regiment withers and wavers, but the other seven press it along, and all disappear from our sight. We hear both the hurrah and the yell, and so know it is a terrible conflict. The batteries still belch away, and the troops of the second line pour down our hill to strengthen their fellows in the woods. Gladly would we have staid, but it came over the mind of both the lieutenant and the private, that Banks's corps could not stay long at Manassas while this thing was going on, and we left the field, the battle still undecided, to join our regiment on its march out. As we started to go down, a solid shot fell exactly in line with the flank of what we had been told was the Pennsylvania Reserves. Indeed, as far as we could judge, the rebels were working between Banks and the main union army. As long as we could see anything we noticed that the Penn. Reserve Corps and the cavalry were still moving to the right, without attempting to reply to the flank fire of the artillery. I cannot tell you our feelings when, on arriving at Manassas Junction, we saw the wrecks of the sixty cars still standing on the road bed—not a man at work on them—and were told that Banks's corps had moved south again. Doubtless it was well to guard the train, but Ward, if you or I with our inferior wisdom, had been General Pope, we would have sent Banks's corps, and every other corps into that fight, wouldn't we?

In hunting around for our regiment we passed through nearly

every camp of our corps, and nothing can exceed the indifference we saw. Few, however, had heard more than the rumor of a fight, and hence had little cause for alarm. When at length we found our camp, our story that a great battle had been fought was discredited, for not a gun had been heard,—but this matter of physical science we will not discuss here. The battle had been fought without us, and was lost to our side, whereas, if all the troops near by, and the horde of skulks had been put into the battle, "they say" the result would have been otherwise.

THE END APPROACHES.

Aug. 31st, *Sunday*. About midnight we were ordered to go out on the Gainesville road. The sleepy ones were aroused, and we marched in company with the 5th Conn. south across Broad Run, and up a road supposed to lead to Gainesville, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Co. H and I, with a portion of the 5th Conn., went on picket a half mile farther on. It began to rain, and we therefore enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, as all human nature will when starved,* chafed, lousy, sleepy, dirty, ragged, cold, and out in the rain without an umbrella.

About seven we noticed two or three large fires on the railroad track, and going down to look saw that a few cars were burning all along the half mile of trains, indicating that all were booked for the flames. The batteries and troops were taking position, having bivouacked around in spots. Then came a sound suggestive of "thunder and guns," which proved to be the blowing up of a carload of ammunition. Then all along the line of cars we heard the sharp "spang" of exploding shells, and saw flames red, green, white and blue come out of the cars loaded with

*Some kind friend evidently *intended* that we should be fed, for Dan. W. Stackpole, of Co. C, a wagoner, was sent back from near Manassas, with a wagon full of rations. He thinks each regiment of our brigade had also a wagon sent back. He staid all night near us, and saw our regiment, and also saw his wagon set fire to. All of this is vouched for by David Moulton, whom he took into Alexandria on a mule of his team. This hasty burning is explained by a positive order of Pope to Banks to burn all and hurry on. Among other things which these flames devoured was all our regimental baggage, which had improperly been started for Culpeper C. H. from Baltimore and Washington where it had been stored.

medical supplies. It is proverbial that "*our army swore terribly in Flanders*," but if it exceeded the swearing of Banks's corps at Bristow Station it must have been frightful indeed. Here we were, famished, cold and filthy for the want of the things the flames were devouring before our eyes. The wounded and sick had crawled out of the cars, and were lying around the stores and houses, waiting for help that never came to many of them. Their muskets, which had been left in the cars, were constantly going off as the heat reached them, and the balls flew everywhere of course.

We were hurried off immediately after the first explosion, leaving the pickets with orders to follow as soon as possible. It was my fortune, being mounted, to be sent to attend to this last order, and so I had the opportunity of seeing the whole corps, for our pickets were among the last of the infantry to retire. There was no panic visible among the troops, but every one was impressed with the need of fast walking and with the plausibility of the rumor that we were cut off. The road was muddy enough of course. We passed through Brentsville, and saw a young lady sitting on the piazza, scowling her best. Had her face been smiling and well washed, she would have been quite pretty; as it was, it furnished a very pleasant episode,—and a superabundance of chaff from the 6,000 passers by. We did some wading, too, through a large brook, and crossed the railroad again about three miles north of the Junction. Then we marched along that desolate plain of Manassas, made many halts, heard that the rebel cavalry was on our flanks, traveled across a hundred military roads, saw rebel earthworks, and finally stopped all night at Blackburn's Ford,* though few knew where we were at the time. What a cheerless place and cheerless occasion that was! There was no dry wood, and though it had rained we could not find water, except in holes which teamsters and the huge army of stragglers had made filthy. Dead mules and the offal of slaughtered cattle lay around within good smelling distance. We learned that the whole army had fallen back from

* Authority of Lieut. Zeb. Cushman, who fought there July 18, 1861, under Tyler.

the battlefield, and that certain generals high in rank were traitors, but we failed to learn when and where we should have our next meal.

That was a dark day, my friends.

SEPTEMBER 1st, *Monday*. We remained in this dreary vicinity till about 3 P. M., when the whole corps again marched toward Washington. We had been reminded by General Crawford that "yesterday was muster-day," and I testify upon honor that during the three years of experience in the adjutant's office I was never more puzzled than on this day, when the company commanders called, inquiring how they should muster such and such a one. A memorandum was made by some of the captains, and when we got over in Maryland a few days afterward, the rolls were made out, but the monthly returns were not finished till a month later.

Thousands and tens of thousands of troops were in sight, as we marched out again from the woods into the plain. Around the heights of Centerville, the ground was black with troops, or white with canvas. This was another novelty, though the general reader, if he be a citizen, may fail to see why. Yet the fact is that we rarely, in the "10th," saw large bodies of troops massed except for reviews.

We begged from all the troops we passed, and by picking up crumbs and bones we kept body and soul together. We at length came to the dirt road running between the railroad and the pike, and here all interest ceased.

CHANTILLY.

About 5.30 we were halted: the clouds made it rather dark for that hour. Apparently Gen. Williams had halted the command upon hearing musketry on our left as we marched. This was the beginning of the battle of Chantilly. Cannonading and heavy musketry were soon distinctly heard, and as it grew darker, the flashes of the guns showed upon the clouds. Soon after six a tremendous thunder storm burst upon us, drowning the musketry fire and making the artillery sound like child's play. At seven

the firing was more distant, and soon after ceased sufficiently to assure us that we were not to have "Chantilly" on our colors.

It was a strange experience to us. We heard the firing and felt, of course, that we should be called for if there were any serious trouble; the cannonading assured us of this same serious trouble, yet we staid in line for more than an hour and finally bivouacked there for the night, and were more than happy at finding a hay stack not far off, whereby we had dry beds and a consolation for man and beast.

September 2d, *Tuesday*. Cold night. All quiet. Marched at eight, Gen. Greene ahead with the 2d division. His wagons blocked our passage from morning till noon. So our marching was the same as it has been for a fortnight, slow, tedious and aggravating. We halted some time at a cross road while Kearney's division passed toward Fairfax Station. We learned from the men as they passed along, all about the fight of yesterday, in which they were the principal actors. Gen. Stevens was killed, also Phil. Kearney the great fighter. We are told, too, that the rebels are moving toward the upper Potomac. * * * * * a little hard bread was issued to us.

In the afternoon we made good time, with but little straggling till late, when the men gave out. We at length turned to the left and struck the broad pike at Annandale, and here we halted to allow the "menagerie" to pass. Franklin's corps was going by when we arrived. They said that they had not been in the fight at Bull Run, but had arrived in time to prevent the rebels from following up the retreat. After Franklin came a vast throng of cavalry, mixed with ambulances, wagons, pack mules, officers' spare horses, cooks and negroes. There was no hurry, nor cause for it, and no enthusiasm; neither was there cause for that.

We patiently waited till sunset, hunting around the country for something to eat. At length came a "show" altogether novel: first would come a stout old horse, or a span of horses, harnessed and fast to a rope 500 feet long. At the other end of this rope would be a wagon, while spare horses were tied by the halter to both sides of the rope. A few such strings would have been interesting, but when a mile or more had gone by, and we were told that as many others were coming, it became something to swear about, and my impression is that the swearing was done.

The diary states there were two miles of these strings, and that they were over an hour in passing: all were fresh horses, kicking, swaying, neighing, rearing and plunging. Why they had not been exchanged with the cavalry for their jaded skeletons, we never learned.

Between 4 and 5 P. M. our turn came to move, and we marched steadily, admiring the country and the road, and profoundly thankful for the small gain we were to make out of the country's loss. I refer to the prospect of having our regular rations, and a full pipe-bowl again. These things perhaps were more prominent in our minds than the sadness and humiliation of our situation—more prominent also than we are willing to admit now, but the war, especially life in the prison pens, has shown the country that famine will destroy all that is noble in man's nature. For one morsel of meat many since Esau's day have followed Esau's example.

Plodding along in the dark, early in the evening, we saw that we were approaching civilization, and in the hope of camping ere long, we kept well together for a while. The air had been cool, but now the cold "norther" was piercing mercilessly through our ragged clothes. We were unprepared for this, and the cold and wind increased every hour.

Ten o'clock came, and no camp yet. The diary says it then was *very* cold. Now came one of those times we often saw, when for hours we were rushed ahead, expecting every minute to hear the welcome "halt." Regular halts for rests, such as we had in the "29th," were not common in the "10th." We marched from nine till twelve—three of the longest hours it was ever our misfortune to suffer—pulling one foot after the other, confidently expecting that the next moment would bring us to our night's camp. We had been starved till we were sick and brutish; we were chafed and raw from lice and rough clothing; we were foot-sore and lame; there was hardly a man of us who was not afflicted with the diarrhœa; we had filled our clothes with dust and perspiration till they were all but rotten; our blood was "thin" and heated, and now this fierce north wind searched our very marrow. We had been out-generaled and driven behind the

defences of Washington, we were demoralized and discouraged, (I cannot say disheartened).

It was the darkest day and the darkest hour in our regimental history.

After three hours of momentary expectation of the final "halt!" each of us had been through the various stages of mental agony, peculiar to such marches,—first a man is cheered by the prospect of a speedy camp, then this dies away and he reasons that the camp *must* now be near, because the prospect was good an hour ago, then this dies away and he rallies his strength on the positive certainty that he has only to endure a moment or two longer; then he falls to swearing, and swears himself dry, so to speak. Thus he goes over and over the same course with greater or less regularity, till by and by if he does not fall out of the ranks he is seized with a desire to laugh and cry at the same time from sheer madness. A march like this is a terrible tax to body and soul, and by midnight we had suffered all the miseries described, and were halting on heights somewhere near Alexandria. The wind was blowing a gale, almost freezing-cold to our thinly clad bodies. Then a movement to the left was ordered and we went into line again groaning with pain, numb and shivering; then we marched on once more, our course lying in half circles,—we thought we were marching and returning over the same ground; then a long halt, then round and round and more halts. Not a soul of us knew where we were nor where we were going. We could tell by the stars and the wind, where north was, but we had no chart and so knew nothing after all. One o'clock and still we went on and on, making halts long or short, but always uncertain. One and a half, and still there was a regiment—it had not dwindled to a few officers and a color guard; swearing and fault finding had ceased long since. There was not a man so foolish as to try to do justice to the situation by swearing. Two o'clock and a halt in front of a large elegant mansion; a staff officer rides up to the Colonel saying "The general directs you to place your men on the other side of the cedar hedge, stack arms and rest for the night." Arms stacked, the diary says "the men dropped as if they were shot."

And so I should say that on or about 2 A. M., Sept. 3, 1862, at or near Fort Ward, Pope's retreat ended, so far as the 10th Maine was concerned.

We had "seen the backs of our enemies."(?)

We had won the "distinction we were capable of achieving."(?)

We had "discarded strong positions and bases of supplies"—and many other things!!

We had studied the exceedingly probable lines of retreat of our opponents! and behold where we were!

A SOLDIER'S OPINION OF POPE.

During the years of the war following Pope's unfortunate campaign there was a general disposition to "crowd" him as we say. He was cited as the general who had promised everything and performed nothing. A reaction has resulted during the years of peace. We do not claim that the criticism of a common soldier is worth much, but it has a value of its own. And I have lately questioned many of the rank and file for their opinion of John Pope, now after years of experience under other commanders. The answer is variable—some still say he was a man of great promises with no ability to perform—others think all his failures were from the "treachery of Porter and the incapacity of McDowell;" some go so far as to say he was a great general, and not unlike Sheridan, and that he would have succeeded under the same circumstances. And though this may provoke a smile, yet our service under these two generals was somewhat similar.

I am unwilling to admit that our opinion of General Pope was generally unfavorable at the time he commanded us. If I have sounded well among you, the general impression is that he was more sinned against than sinning. We were certainly glad when we heard that McClellan commanded us, and we judged it an uncalled for disgrace that Pope should be assigned to command an expedition of Home Guards in Minnesota against the Indians.

It is fairly acknowledged now, that the cause of the failure of Pope's campaign was jealousy. That fatal pronunciamento of

his where he said "I have come from the West where we have always seen the backs of our enemies," killed him. It was an unjust, ill-timed and cruel hit at all the eastern commanders. So when John Pope became dependent upon them for support and hearty co-operation, and for rations, reinforcements and supplies, they hit back a little harder. And so my comrades, you and I wandered up and down the Rappahannock with our empty stomachs and cheerless adventure, because some one was always to be found who hated and despised our commander so much that he must leave his duty to you and me undone.

We never had but one good look at the general; he then was trying to hurry an ambulance that blocked the way of our regiment, and though this act entitled him to our sympathy, I think the impression made was unfavorable. Still we had a sort of confidence in him till the end; and, if I have rightly understood your feelings, we do not now condemn him altogether.

Fitz-John Porter, for his disobedience and worse, was disgraced; the sentence seems to have been a righteous one, but if there were not a number of other generals, and an army of lesser officers, that sinned as much as he, I am greatly in error.

PRISONERS CAPTURED FROM TENTH MAINE REGIMENT ON POPE'S RETREAT.

Ass't Surgeon	Josiah F. Day, Jr.,		Remained at	Culpeper	Hospital.
Co. C.	Knights, William W.	Corporal,	"	"	"
" "	Dearborn, Thomas	Private,	"	"	"
" "	Briggs, Luther	"	"	"	"
" F.	Jackson, Andrew	"	"	"	"
" "	Elliott, Edward F.	"	"	"	"
" D.	Brawn, John	"	Aug. 29th near Manassas Junction.		

CHAPTER XXIII.

McCLELLAN'S MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Inasmuch as our regiment was not immediately connected with the lamentable state of affairs prevailing in Washington at this time, we gladly proceed without mentioning more than that Pope was relieved by McClellan, whose treatment of Pope will hardly be commended, I think, by after generations. Gen. Banks was suffering from an injury received in August, and was relieved from the command of our corps. Hooker took McDowell's old corps, into which other troops were now placed, and McClellan eventually started to drive Lee out of Maryland. You know that McClellan was not the fastest man in the army, and so while he was making ready, we had a few days in which we were supposed to be resting.

But in looking at the defences of Washington as a haven of rest and peace, we made a great mistake. In the forenoon of Sept. 3d, we were moved two miles, halting near Fort Albany, and camped in a damp ravine near some haystacks. We believed the hay was ours, and such arguments as lame joints and raw blisters were convincing to us. We also understood that Gen. Crawford was willing for us to have it, but an aide from Gen. Banks came to him and forbade it, therefore Gen. Crawford ordered it to be returned. Somehow it happened that Banks's aide was hooted at or otherwise insulted, and as a punishment for the sin of the few, we were all ordered to stand to arms ten minutes, during which time the hay should be returned. The Colonel thought best to disregard the command about standing to arms, but ordered the captains to return the hay, and it was quite generally

obeyed. Gen. Crawford repeated the order and gave five minutes for the Colonel to execute it in; at the end of which time a note came down, ordering Col. Beal to turn over the command to Lt. Col. Fillebrown and confine himself to his camp. But though we stood to arms, and carried back the hay, yet I know of a colonel and an acting adjutant who lay that night on this same hay, and their horses, "Bill" and "Rappahannock," had a nibble too.

Famished as we were, and though in sight of the dome of the Capitol, we received no rations during the entire day. There is no telling how such negligence discouraged the men; but by wandering through the camps of the new regiments, and the cook houses of the forts, we managed to live on our neighbors. Those who had money, and fortunately most of us had a little then, supplied ourselves with tobacco and cakes from the sutlers; but when the sun went down on our regiment, we were as thoroughly discouraged as ever we were.

September 4th. Hot and pleasant. Fell in at nine, waited till ten, performed strategy a half hour and finally, at 10.30, we marched with the corps up the river to the aqueduct bridge, and crossed, some one singing, "Oh! ain't you glad to get out the wilderness?" This was a hot march, but the diary indicates improved spirits—and no wonder; for

> We made a few halts in Georgetown, and the women and young ladies opened their doors and windows to give us bread and butter, meat, apples, peaches and preserves! I tell you it was cheering to see their pleasant faces, clean, white and beautiful, after we had been so long in the Virginia wilderness, where the few women have ruined their faces by looking sour. The green fields, painted fences and luxuriant crops contrast strongly with the vast desert of unfenced weeds which we have left behind us. The rush upon the sutler wagons is frightful; reminding us of our swarming upon the cherry trees last July. We marched to Tennallytown and camped two miles beyond—eight miles.

Next day, Sept. 5th, after sweltering all the morning, we marched at 2 p. m., across the fields to the right, (east) till we reached the Rockville turnpike, and then traveled slowly along it, making more exertion in one mile than was needed for three.

We passed through Rockville after dark and camped two miles beyond, and were exceedingly fatigued. Col. Beal was released from arrest and went into Washington. Sumner's corps was behind us. We were told that the entire army of the Potomac, with McClellan again in command, was moving to drive Lee out of Maryland.

Sept. 6th, the band, which had joined us again in Georgetown, was started back to Washington with its muster-out rolls, by order of the war department, which ordered all bands of volunteer regiments to be discharged. Our teams joined us this day with knapsacks aboard. We had been nineteen nights without them, and with this experience we learned to keep our rubber-blankets with us ever after.

Rations still scarce, but we are by no means starving now.

We worked on muster-rolls during the next two days, and were hard at work at 11 A. M., Tuesday, Sept. 9th, when orders came to march at noon. One team to carry officers' baggage, papers &c., was allowed us. Then cutting across the fields and by-roads to the main road, we camped at Middlebrook near a sweet potato patch that was "all cut up" in just ten minutes after the halt.

The 124th, 125th and 128th Pennsylvania regiments of nine months men marched with us to-day, and are now a part of our brigade; either of them have more men on duty than all the old brigade, and I noticed that they kept closed up better than we did, but they are hurrahing or yelling all the time, and on the march they try to out run each other as all green troops will! Sumner's corps is drawn up in three lines across the road.

This leads me to note that it was not common in the "10th" as it was in the "29th," for the corps to form at night as if for battle. In the "29th" it was habitual for the army and all its parts to go into position at the end of every march, and even during long halts.

Sept. 10th, we marched at nine, Sumner behind us, and encamped near Damascus,—making about eight miles.

Next day rations were issued, and we moved twice, making a mile in all, and it rained hard afterwards. Gen. McClellan's report of this campaign states that he moved forward by easy

marches. They were anything but easy marches to us, by reason of the delay and uncertainty that characterized every move. This feature of the Maryland campaign was no great improvement over Pope's retreat. Our rations were not bountiful, but we were not starved, and then the cornfields and orchards of the Maryland farmers helped us. The change of commanders and the evident harmony of all things, was as has been remarked, very favorable, but the climax of our happiness was in the change of locality. One man said of it "We have got out of hell into heaven"—rather strong language one may think, but it will bear some inspection. The inspiration of an advance, while the memory of a disastrous retreat was fresh, must not be overlooked. The appearance of the new regiments, and of recruits which almost daily arrived for the old ones, also cheered our spirits, though of course we made fun of them. In short, this was a campaign of good promise.

Sept. 12th was rainy and foggy in the morning, but we were up early and moved promptly at seven, Col. Beal in command of the brigade, and Col. Fillebrown of the regiment, with Lieut. Turner for regimental adjutant. Our corps marched in three columns—the artillery and everything on wheels had the road, while the infantry marched in the fields on each side, with about twenty pioneers ahead of each column, to knock down fences and to pitch rails into ditches and brooks for us.

We marched fast and made long halts. It was a *very* tedious day indeed, yet we marched only about twelve miles. We halted after dark within a mile of Ijamsville on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where Co. A had a squad stationed last spring.

Col. Beal was in command of the brigade from Sept. 11th to the 14th, when Col. Knipe of the 46th Penn. returned and superseded him.

Sept. 13th. Reveille at 3.30; marched at 7; passed over the railroad at Ijamsville, and then took the fields on right of the road; noticed huts built by Banks's troops last fall. By and by in emerging from some woods, the valley of the Monocacy (pronounced Mo-*nock*-a-sy) came in view.

Did we ever see a country so beautiful?—I judge not by the reference which has always been made to it. We who had been

tramping over the plains of Manassas and splashing in the mud of the Rappahannock, listening to the almost ceaseless thunder of Sigel's guns, could well appreciate the loveliness and peace of this quiet valley.

We saw, however, that it was not all at peace, for across in two of the mountain notches, or "gaps" as they call them there, we could see artillery firing. This was not a serious fight, and came from the effort of the rebels to delay the army while Jackson was capturing our Paddy Miles at Harper's Ferry.

We waded through the Monocacy river, and camped outside of Frederick city; the whole corps being massed together. The diary has a page filled with a glowing account of the beauties of this country.

SEPT. 14th, *Sunday.* Ordered to move at seven. Marched at eight, Col. Beal in command of regiment again. The morning bells of the churches rang out clearly, reminding us of home, peace and Christianity.

We went into Frederick by the main street, and halted many times. The American flag swung from the roofs and windows, and every one, from the old women down to the babies, joined in giving us a welcome. The rebels, and the army which had gone ahead, had about eaten them out, but the ladies gave us water in glasses, and that was delicious, you may be assured, but as I couldn't overcome a natural bashfulness, I told Trudeau to drink for the adjutant's office, and he made a tub of himself at once, but as always, he acted his part with true French grace. We thought of Watts's old hymn,

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,"

but were compelled to press on, and were soon climbing up one of the mountain passes in which we had yesterday noticed the firing.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Some hours of this climbing, with many halts, brought us on the other side of the mountain, where we saw another lovely valley at our feet, and South Mountain beyond. From its two gaps called "Crampton's" and "Turner's," we could see that the artillery was briskly engaged, and we heard musketry occasionally. Rumors came, "we are driving them and have taken prisoners and guns."

After fooling away the best part of the day by marching a few rods and then halting many minutes, we at length went into

camp, but quite late in the afternoon we were hurried into line again, and marched off upon the left of the roadside, and went north, south, east and west, over the plowed land and through cornfields on the right of the army and in rear of Sumner, till we reached a road and marched in it to a turnpike, which brought us to Middleton. Then we took the road back to Frederick! went a half mile, were informed of the error, and returned to Middleton. Here we lay down in the streets and went to sleep, waiting for orders, and while waiting and sleeping, Gen. McClellan passed down from the front with twenty or thirty staff officers and four companies of cavalry, the whole taking a half hour to pick their way through the wagons and sleepers. This was after dark.

Next we marched and halted, halted and marched, filed right, filed left, and climbed up the foot of the mountain. Then we jumped brooks, tumbled through cornfields, and finally halted after midnight, in a field well up in Turner's Gap, having marched, some said ten and some twenty miles. The men were completely played out, and straggled worse than ever they did under Pope. We had less than a hundred muskets to stack arms with.

While halting a moment on our march up the mountain to-night, Co. G, of the First Maine cavalry, all white horses, came down escorting the body of Gen. Reno, who had been killed in the afternoon's battle, and we thus learned of our great loss amid the general success of the day.

During the final charge of the union troops, in which Reno fell, we were two or three miles away. We saw the smoke and heard the sound of the muskets; we could also hear the shells burst; but besides marching, swearing and halting often in sight of the battle, we took no part. For all this we were ordered to put "South Mountain" on our flag, and did so, but such glory as this is too cheap, and we never speak of having been engaged there.

Next day, Sept. 16th, you remember was eventful to us. We for the first time saw a battle field from which we had not been driven. The diary has the following:

When we woke this morning we found about twenty wounded men of both sides, and about fifty rebel prisoners near us, and while waiting for orders, we had a long talk with many of the latter, who evidently had not seen a happier

day in a year. The wounded were those who had been able to help themselves a little, and were not suffering very much. Passing up the "old Sharpsburg road" on the left side of the ravine (the pike is on the right side), we met a train of ambulances and a party of men with stretchers, all bringing down the dead and wounded—principally the first, for the wounded had been taken off during the night. The few houses were full of the wounded and the medical officers. The adjoining yards were also full of wounded men, with now and then a dead one, all laid in good order and all very quiet. The shade trees had scores under them. Passing up farther we found the 45th Penn. burying the dead; they were all union soldiers and had been brought down from the field. They were buried in their clothes and wrapped in blankets or tents, and each corpse had a grave to itself, and a head board made of a cracker box.

Still farther up was the principal battle ground. Here the enemy had a position behind a stone wall and sunken road, and the woods were about sixty yards off, so they had the benefit of shelter while our men had little. The rebel dead literally lined this road for nearly half a mile, for the union dead had been taken out and buried, and those who had fallen in the road itself had been thrown up one side. All the dead had been robbed of their valuables, their pockets were turned, and the accoutrements were thrown about and haversacks emptied, So don't let us accuse rebels alone of robbing the dead. The rebel dead looked unlike ours, which were swollen and so appeared hale and hearty. Theirs were mere skeletons, and had an ashy skin against which the ash colored dust hardly showed. There were many old men and boys among them. We saw one little child of scarcely fourteen years; his face showed a sprightly look not seen on the others. I did not see on the whole field one expression showing agony.

As we did not march till about twelve, we had all the forenoon to run over the battle field, and they were hard hours for nervous men, yet on the whole I think we were benefited, and when we marched beyond the field and saw the knapsacks and litter of the fugitive rebels, we were all the more inspired. From that hour we felt strong, and what is far better we felt that victory and battle were synonymous terms. A wonderful change had come over us in two weeks.

GENERAL MANSFIELD.

Brig. General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, of the regular army, took command of our corps this morning. He was the old commanding general over the 1st Maine, and was much respected by our 1st Maine officers. We never saw another like him; venerable, but

not old; white haired, yet fresh and vigorous, his face showed that intelligent courage which a soldier admires rather than that which by distinction may be called brute courage. There was nothing pretentious about him, though his dress and horse equipments were new and beautiful. Nor did he have either aide or orderly when he visited us. Our first sight of him gave us the impression that he was a fine old gentleman, an able soldier and our father.

During the afternoon while marching, we heard a great cry in the rear, and soon General McClellan came galloping along on the side of the road, "followed by a brigade of single breasted and a battalion of double breasted officers, and a large escort of cavalry." We caught the hurrah and cap-tossing from the rear, and gave him such a cheer as was never heard on Pope's retreat. This was our first view of the great general, and the impression he left was most favorable. We remember too that his staff and body guard all took the side of the road, and did not attempt to crowd us.

At Col. Fillebrown's call for cheers for "Gen. Williams of Maine,"* we gave them and then marched on, happy once more. We then went through Boonsboro and to the left—a burnt bridge hindering a little—and finally bivouacked within pistol shot of Nicodemus's mill, after a seven miles march. The night was a warm one, and I believe we had rations enough. Everything to-day was cheering, and in our ignorance of how defeated rebels should be followed up (which we afterward learned from Sheridan), we thought everything was going right, whereas our poor Paddy Miles had that morning been killed after surrendering his 10,000 troops at Harper's Ferry, our own Lieutenant Binney among them. We passed to-day a number of rebel prisoners, all telling one story—"Glad to be taken"—"Almost dead."

ANTIETAM—BEFORE THE BATTLE.

SEPT. 16th, *Tuesday*. Hottest day for a month past. At eight A. M. a staff officer galloped up and commanded the long roll to be beaten, and Major Greene set his "corpses" to work quickest. We were then moved toward

*Seth Williams, Asst. Adjt. Gen., well known as a model adjutant and gentleman.

Sharpsburg—I suppose—and rested in a valley after going a mile; cannonading brisk in the front all the while, and diarrhœa more so in the rear. Shells exploded near the battery on top of the hill in our front, and two or three shots came over and fell into a pile of rations, scattering the loafers. Firing ceased in half an hour, but we heard it again and again afterward, and some who went a mile farther to the front, saw skirmishing. As darkness settled down, all became quiet and we pitched tents. Beef on the hoof was issued to our brigade. One of the new regiments near by couldn't kill their animal; on the contrary he ran around their camp they say, with the knife in his throat, and bellowing loudly enough for the enemy to hear. We had a live ox, and were puzzled to know what to do, as the troops were massed all about us, and the usual custom of shooting could not be thought of. Not a butcher, not an axe could be found, so Sergt. Joe Merrill carefully aimed his musket and fired. A flash and an ox tail were all that we saw, and the 10th Maine mourned for beef. Joe's patent cartridge had dropped out before firing, as such cartridges will sometimes.

At half past ten P. M. the noise from the other regiments woke us up, and immediately the Colonel received the order to march forthwith. So down came our tents and off we marched—where we came from and where we went to, I have not the remotest idea,* and cannot find out, but we went around "Robin Hood's barn," stopped on plowed land, dropped at once, stowed ourselves away between the furrows, and slept soundly, with Gen. Mansfield and an orderly on the other side of a fence. We heard picket firing, and just as we were going off to sleep we heard volleys, and these seemed to disturb our distinguished neighbor on the other side of the fence. If I am not mistaken we have marched four miles on the outer circumference of a crescent whose horns point toward the rebellious.

So much of the diary was written before the battle. During the day I profited by the experience at Cedar Mountain and kept a memorandum of leading events, and also made up a list of killed and wounded, but wrote no diary. It was after midnight when we settled in the furrows and slept. We had marched as above conjectured, from the left of the army to the right, and our corps, as will be seen, reinforced Hooker's, which was the extreme right of the infantry forces,—and also partly filled a gap between Hooker's corps and the Antietam river.

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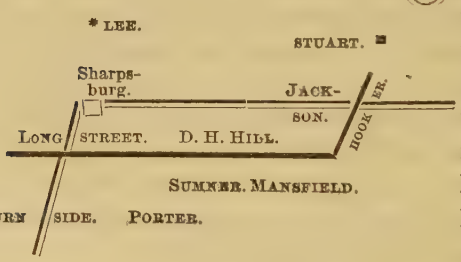
*Gen. Crawford writes that during the day we had been in rear of the third corps, French commanding, and that we moved to the right of the army in the night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM,

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., SEPT. 17, 1862, WEDNESDAY.

The battle of Antietam, that terrible and bloody contest, is eventful to us in having been the only one where we fought as a regiment of the Grand Army of the Potomac. To understand the part that we took one must know something of the battle field and of the battle itself; and there were so many roads, hills, woods, fences, cornfields and other prominent points, that I almost despair of making you comprehend *what* was done, *where* it was done, or who did it, but if you chance to have in your pocket a common, four-folding, twelve-inch rule, open it and lay it upon the table in front of you. Imagine that the chair you sit in is the hill behind Sharpsburg, and that the Potomac is some miles in your rear. Pull toward you a little the first fold of the rule, which fold you have laid nearest your left hand, and then imagine yourself to be Gen. Lee and you will see in the rule in a very general way the position of the front line of the rebel army.



The left end of the rule is not far from the Potomac river, which here makes a notable bend into Maryland; and between the

river and the rule you will understand Gen. Stuart had the mass of his rebel cavalry in hand. The first three inches of the rule, that is the point which you have pulled toward you, is the command of Stonewall Jackson. He has also a number of brigades massed behind the front line. Next to him comes the large division of D. H. Hill. In point of fact, his line was not nearly so straight as the rule suggests. He covers the fourth, fifth and sixth inch, and perhaps more of the rule, and beyond him comes Longstreet, who also has quite a long front. To Longstreet's aid came A. P. Hill's weary troops after noon, just in time to prevent the union general, Burnside, from accomplishing his designs. (I might have stated that Jackson's men faced toward the northeast, and the other rebel troops generally to the east.) McClellan's plan, it is said, was to crush both Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson—to shut the right and left folds of the rule back upon Lee. He especially desired to demolish Jackson. Gen. Hooker was assigned the duty of attacking the latter. He had his own corps and Mansfield's, in which last the 10th Maine was a unit. He started at sunrise and made a very successful effort, and was folding the rule quite well, when Jackson put in his reserves and called upon D. H. Hill to come over and help him, and Hill having nothing else to do did so, as we 10th Mainers know to our grief.

You will have to ask some one who knows more than I, why Fitz-John Porter, who was opposite the rebel center, was not sent into the hole which D. H. Hill thus left almost open; nor can I explain why Sumner had not been placed where he could be put into the battle at this time. But in consequence of all the reinforcements which McClellan permitted Jackson to receive, Hooker, instead of crushing the rebels, was immediately driven back himself.

Not only this, but the rebels actually advanced and captured ground that they had not occupied in the morning, or to keep up the simile, they unhinged the first fold of the rule, or Lee's left, and went off to their front bodily with it, pulling the fourth inch along with them. Precisely at this stage of the battle Gen. Mansfield was called upon, and our regiment went in, the first of

all his corps; and to us was assigned the duty of tearing away a part of this fourth inch of the rebel line. You will see, as you read, that Colquitt's and McRae's brigades of Hill's division came up to drive us away and to extend the rebel line. But Gordon's and Geary's brigades on our side met them with superior force, and drove them back to Jackson's first position and beyond.

Before this last was accomplished Mansfield was killed, Hooker was wounded, and Gen. Crawford, with other brigade commanders, was also wounded. Then Sumner took charge of this portion of the field, but in some way he failed to follow up the advantages gained. He did succeed in tumbling his troops into the fight in such a way that a superb butchery was accomplished, with but a small additional loss of territory to the rebels. A part of the ground thus gained was held, and a part was abandoned, and then Franklin's corps arrived, and by keeping comparatively quiet, though they did some fighting at first, they managed to hold the rebels in check, and the rebels also managed to hold them, while Lee's best efforts were directed in driving back Burnside, who was giving Longstreet his hands full about this time.

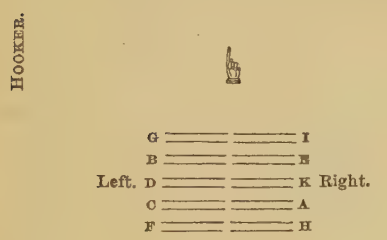
McClellan sums up a victory for all this, and I believe the army generally credits him with having done the best he knew, which is not a very heavy credit to be sure; but whatever victory there was belonged to his subordinates,—in our way of thinking,—for it was a piece-meal fight in which our troops did better than was fair to expect of them, but the fruit of their labor was all lost for want of a general.

These opinions I believe are very generally held by those who are competent to judge, otherwise of course, I would not inflict them upon you.

THE PART TAKEN BY THE TENTH MAINE.

We slept quietly in the furrows till about 5 o'clock in the morning, and then a sharp rattle of musketry precisely like that which had served as a "good-night" to us, brought every man to his feet. Without so much as peeping into our haversacks we

J. Puffenbergen
N
Nicodemus
D.R. Miller
Dunbar's Mill
Keb reg't
S. Mume
J. Hauser
W. Rullet
Dunker's Chapel
A. Clipp
S. Reel
S. Piper
Bloody Lane
Piper
D. Myers
ANTIETAM
from a Map of the
U.S. ENGINEER OFFICE.

broke stacks and waited for orders. In a few minutes Gen. Crawford rode down and commanded Col. Beal to move us forward. It was a relief to do something; the leading division under Capt. Furbish, knocked over two or three lengths of fence in a flash and we marched through the gap into the open field beyond. The volley which had been our reveille was followed by others and by cannonading, and even before we had marched the sounds told us that the enemy had given battle.

We had slept with our left toward the enemy; hence we faced toward the rear of Hooker's center, though we knew nothing of that fact then—and we were now marching so as to be where we could more promptly reinforce him; hence we did not move directly toward the sounds, but looked over to our left with anxious eyes, though the tactics says "Guide right!" for double columns. We soon came to a post and rail fence, and pulled that all down by order, then fell in and moved again squarely to our left, that is, toward the firing. We passed through Best's battery, which stood halted across our path, exchanged grins with the lucky rascals and went straight on. Then came the order to halt and lie down; we did it well!—and willingly! We remained here an hour by the watch, under the crest of a little knoll which sheltered us from a wonderfully wild and meaningless fire of artillery.

Gen. Mansfield remarked very quietly to Col. Beal, "We are in reserve to-day, sir," and every man heard it or says he did. It was a dreary hour; we were not allowed to leave our places, save one or two who filled the canteens for all. And though the command was to "lie down" we could not help rising a little to peep over the crest and notice what was going on ahead. We looked up to the right, toward Joseph Poffenburger's mansion on the turnpike, and saw wagons and ambulances, and then to the front and saw only the woods with the shot from the artillery

sizzling and whirring through and over them toward us—poor shooting we called it. But at the left front there was activity; here the woods swarmed with troops moving sullenly away from the battle; these were the skulks and the wounded. This day was in the grand old times for sneaks, when a gang of men could leave the battle to carry off a dead or wounded comrade; so out of these woods there poured a current of disabled and unfaithful ones.

Besides these sights, we watched the old iron as it flew over us. It seems rather like sport now, to remember sitting there under a hill and watching these odd missiles. There was the common round ball, and unexploded shell; we had seen them before, and there was another ball that sang or whistled without tearing the air as all the others did, making a very interesting song. Then we saw oblong shot which had quit revolving on their proper axes and were going with a kind of heels-over-head motion. We believed the stories of the times and took them to be pieces of railroad iron, but Gen. Crawford writes that he thinks from my description they were the Synder projectile. Whatever they were, we were content to lie down while these great chunks went over. Excepting what is here enumerated we saw little, but this was enough to make us curse ourselves and our ill luck for ever coming to such a place. It may look like sport now, but it was hard and dismal enough then. You remember the flight of one great solid shot, that went jumping along fifty yards or more at a bound, plowing up cart loads of dirt, and landing at last in the cornfield whose post and rail fence we had demolished. Some poor fellow in our midst, to vent his agony, called "over the fence, out!" and then there was a sickly, silly grin in response, from a number who would show their indifference and their love of the ridiculous. But it was no place for mirth.

The belt of woods, in which we saw the wounded and skulks, hid the sight of the battle, but at length it was evident that a change had taken place. We heard new yells and fresh volleys which indicated reinforcements. The direction of the flight of the cannon shot was altered, and the mob of skulks and wounded

which still poured out of the woods, now moved at something like speed.

All of us did not notice these changes, and many did not even get up to look to the front, but we all saw Gen. Mansfield riding about the field in his new, untarnished uniform, with his long, silvery hair flowing out behind, and we loved him. It never fell to our lot to have such a commander as he. Very few of us had ever seen him till three days before this, but he found a way to our hearts at once. It would be saying too much to affirm that in three days he impressed us with the belief that he was a great warrior, for the time and opportunities were too limited for this, but he made us feel that he was our father and would care for us, and you remember we needed some one high in rank to care for us then. We never had a corps commander like Mansfield in this respect, and I doubt if the army at that time could have furnished us another general like him.

The General had been watching the battle from a knoll in our front, but soon after the change of affairs, he rode rapidly toward his command, and if we noticed correctly, he set all of his regiments in motion. For ourselves, we were the extreme right regiment of the corps, and were considerably in advance of and removed from all the others that we saw. The order was given to

ADVANCE!

Col. Beal at once commanded "Attention!" and "Forward!" We then moved a few steps straight for the battle, but the General ordered the Colonel to oblique to the left; whereupon the Colonel shouted "Left oblique!" and we obeyed, but did not gain sufficiently to the left even then to suit Gen. Mansfield, who still beckoned to the left, and we went hustling or sidling into a small cornfield, and should have been badly confused had not Col. Beal ordered "Left flank," &c. The men then found their places, and we moved through the corn into a plowed field, crossing a road, to do so, which leads from Hoffman's house to the Dunker church.

It was almost exactly 7.30 o'clock, by my watch, when we went

through the gap in the fences of this road. Just then Asst. Surgeon Leland, of the 12th Mass., was being carried out mortally wounded, and Gen. Hooker himself rode down and inquired of our field officers what regiment ours was, and told them that the rebels were breaking through his lines, and "You must hold those woods!" An order like this may not be the one most desired, but it is a great relief to a commander to be assigned to some special duty, and to have the great burden of suspense thereby removed.

When a few rods inside of the field the order "Right flank!" &c., brought us to the front, and we advanced to the position which had been pointed out to the Colonel. Gen. Mansfield had followed us through part of these movements—in truth he was placing us in what was just then the vital point of the battle. He forbade our being deployed into one line, remarking to Col. Beal that the men could be handled better in mass, and less straggling would result.*

A few stray bullets whizzed around us as we crossed the road. After this our march toward the enemy was down and up a very gentle slope. Once in sight of the woods again, our leading companies saw a picket line of rebels behind the fence which skirted the union edge of the woods. These fired at us but their bullets fell short or went over, and we pressed on, many of us not noticing them.

I have stated that when the corps was put in motion we were on its right, but our march to the left had brought us now to be the left regiment of our brigade. We saw no union troops except one of the new Penn. regiments, the 128th, which was on the right side of the road, also advancing and in mass.

And now came the moment of battle that tried us severely, not that there was a sign of hesitancy, or show of poor behavior, but it is terrible to march slowly into danger, and see and feel that each second your chance for death is surer than it was the second before. The desire to break loose, to run, to fire, to do something, no matter what, rather than to walk, is almost irresistible. Men

*The General was very severely condemned, after the battle, for moving our brigade into the musketry of the enemy in the order of double columns and divisions in mass

who pray, pray then; men who never pray nerve themselves as best they can, but it is said that those who have been praying men and are not, suffer an agony that neither of the other class can know.

The mention of the position of our regiment at this stage of the battle is enough to horrify a military man. We were under fire and advancing at a brisk walk closed in mass, that is ten ranks deep (or fifteen ranks counting the file closers). We were almost as good a target as a barn.

The fire of the enemy became more galling every step we took, and one man after another fell, so that at length Col. Beal could not endure to see his command so uselessly butchered, and without obtaining consent of the General he ordered us to deploy into one line, which was done at double quick and without halting. Possibly a sixth of our loss occurred before we halted.

After deploying, the right companies met an obstacle in the road fence and a clump of bushes, and the left ones ran on a ragged ledge, but the men kept together finely, and we soon reached the rail fence from which the rebel pickets had just retired, and here we halted to deliver our fire at the men of the enemy who were running around in the woods in front of us.

It made a good impression upon them; one by one they dodged back till they reached the farther part of the woods, where they staid a while and fired back at us.

Our general position was the fence, and F with a part of C was behind it. Co. F was further sheltered by the ledge. The right companies, with the instinct which prompts a man to face the fire rather than to take it in his side, jumped over the fence and then broke their lines by rushing behind the logs and trees; thus the regiment made a left quarter-wheel, and thereby unknowingly conformed itself to the general alignment of the union forces at this moment. A great many of the men worked far ahead of the colors, and as a consequence a very few may have been hit by the wild shooting of our own men in the rear.*

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*William Brine of B is mentioned as one of these, though the proof is not positive. The members of the 1st Maine will recollect him as the man of Co. D who had such a beautifully polished musket—the best kept in the regiment.

We were on low land, and although so many troops were engaged around us we could see only the 128th Penn. on our side. When we first went into the battle, and before we had fired a musket, we saw in the open field away through the woods a group of forty or fifty men around the stars and stripes, quite near an abandoned gun or limber. They were falling to the rear inch by inch, the color sergeant waving his flag, and the officers shouting and beckoning for the men who had gone to the rear to return, which some of them did.* This waving of the union flag upon what appeared to be rebel ground has been supposed by some of us to be a device of the enemy to steal upon us without being fired at.

On the rebel side we saw the men we were firing into, dodging from tree to tree, aiming at us, yelling, shaking their fists sometimes, and saucy generally. As well as we could tell, they were about as numerous as we, and it was a desperate fight we made of it. Indeed, as far as we and our immediate enemies were concerned, it partook of the character of a heavy skirmish, every man fighting for himself, and so it happened that the advanced men of friend and foe were sometimes within ten or fifteen yards of each other.

The majority of these bold adventurers on our side lay low and fired into a column of rebel troops which were passing, four abreast, very unconcernedly through the field beyond the woods. These troops were probably Colquitt's brigade, though possibly Ripley's, and they must have suffered somewhat at our hands.

The fire which we received was also a very severe one, and despite our shelter it was very destructive to us, for the forces were so scattered that hardly a man could hide his front without exposing his side. Co. F and the others who had the ledge for shelter were more favored, but they were annoyed by some plunging shots for a long time before they discovered rebel sharpshooters in the trees. Dennis McGoverin of F, an Irish recruit, brought

* This was the 105th N. Y., of Duryée's brigade. We testify to their gallantry, for we know the tremendous odds they contended against. Gen. Duryée writes me that this was the left regiment of his brigade, hence it was the extreme left of Hooker's corps.

down one of these, Peter McCluskey of I another, and some one else dropped a third, who had climbing irons strapped on his legs.

We heard no slow balls nor buck-shot that day; nor did the enemy fire many bullets over our heads. On the contrary, their officers were continually shouting "Aim low!" "Give 'em ——!" "Give it to the —— Yankee sons of ——!" The last order one would think they had learned in infancy, by the ease and frequency of their giving it.

In our regiment we had the combustible envelope cartridge,* which is put in the musket entire without tearing the paper. Consequently our fire was rapid compared with what was common with a muzzle-loader. The rebels also, we maintain, had an extraordinary cartridge or bullet that day. So many of us heard a snapping sound that we usually speak of the rebels having fired explosive balls at us, but I am not aware that any thing more remarkable than English cartridges with box-wood culots were found upon any of the rebel dead after the battle.

Sergt. George A. Smith, of Co. E, had the side of his neck perfectly riddled with eighteen small bits of lead, and Jerome O. Sanborn of E, had a long iron slug fired into his leg, and the surgeon who dressed his wounds, said he had seen a number of others wounded by similar slugs.

Perhaps both of these came from shells. This suggestion will bring out a "No," from many of you, for full three-quarters of us are ready to testify, that except early in the morning as before stated, we were not under artillery fire at all till the very last part of our engagement. But others assert that we were complimented with a few shot or shells soon after entering the woods, and their testimony I suppose must be admitted as conclusive, for a precious little did the most of us care for a few shells just then. In other particulars there was not much to characterize the fighting we made in this battle. It was ugly work, unusually severe, sharp and terrible.

*Manufactured by Johnston & Dow, New York. We never learned why they were not supplied to the army afterward, nor are we aware that any considerable number of regiments had them this day. Some of the men say that they loaded by dropping in the cartridge and bringing the musket smartly to the ground, and the shock would send the cartridge home.

Just before our first volley the Colonel's horse was struck in the head, catching a ball intended by some sharpshooter for the Colonel himself. The brute became unmanageable, reeled around, tried to throw the Colonel, and at length compelled him to dismount. Then happened that most singular incident; this dying horse broke away from Colonel Beal, ran over to Lieut. Col. Fillebrown, who had just dismounted, turned about and planted his hind legs in Fillebrown's breast and stomach.

Col. Beal was wounded in both legs at the very moment of dismounting; so before we had fired two rounds our Colonel and Lieut. Colonel were *hors du combat.* The command then devolved upon Major Walker, who had been sick a month, but who still kept along with us, hoping, against hope and reason, that he might improve. It is no slur upon our good Major to say that we were now sadly disabled, for a change of commanders is almost always attended with confusion and misfortune. But a more serious thing than all happened immediately.

The rebel force in our front showed no colors. They appeared to be somewhat detached from and in advance of the main rebel line, and were about where the left of Gen. Duryée's brigade might be supposed to have retreated. To Gen. Mansfield we appeared to be firing into Duryée's troops, therefore he beckoned us to cease firing, and as this was the very last thing we proposed to do, the few who saw him did not understand what his motions meant, and so no attention was paid to him. He now rode down the hill from the 128th Penn., and passing quickly through H, A, K, E, I, G and D, ordering them to cease firing, he halted in front of C at the earnest remonstrances of Capt. Jordan and Sergt. Burnham, who asked him to see the gray coats of the enemy, and pointed out particular men of them who were then aiming their rifles at us and at him! The General was convinced and remarked "Yes, yes, you are right," and was almost instantly hit. He turned and attempted to put his horse over the rails, but the animal had also been severely wounded and could not go over. Thereupon the General dismounted, and a gust of wind blowing open his coat we saw that he was wounded in the body. Sergt. Joe Merrill, Storer Knight

Jos. K. F. Mansfield

and I took the General to the rear, assisted for a while by a negro cook of Hooker's corps.* We put the General into an ambulance in the woods in front of which we had deployed, and noticed that Gen. Gordon was just at that moment posting the 107th New York in their front edge.†

After this calamity the fire of the enemy was less severe, and man by man we advanced into the woods, still keeping behind the trees and logs. The right companies, especially, went almost through the woods, and fired into the brigade of the enemy before mentioned, which was marching by the flank along our front. This seemed to be a strange movement, but it was too good a shot to lose, as the men of H and A will testify.

These rebel troops continued to pass at brief intervals of time across our front, and in rear of the force we were directly engaged with. Once or twice they stopped, came to the front and fired at us, but the distance and shelter prevented serious damage. At length they ceased to go past, and the last of them came to "Front," advanced a trifle towards us, and fired a volley or two. This sent a good number of us to the rear, but enough still held on (though yielding a little of the ground in some cases) to make the rebels halt. But the original fight between the 10th Me. and the rebel regiment opposing it, had nearly terminated before this, rather in our favor. There was not a quarter of our men left on the ground, while the position of the few remaining men of the enemy made it hazardous for our seventy to try an advance. Both sides had discovered, too, the

* I will take no offence if you do not believe this. I would not myself have believed that any sane and sober man would be found loafing in such a fire as that darkey was. Yet he was sane, sober and sound everyway, to say nothing of a little sauciness, which Joe quieted with his boot,—but his only excuse for being there was that he was hunting for Captain Somebody's *fry pan!*—valued, I suppose, at one dollar.

A great deal may be said about a man's risking his life for a dollar, but it requires few words to state that such a risk as this can be run only once or twice before Mr. Darkey will be "jes no darkey at all."

† The 107th N. Y. was placed there with orders from Gen. Hooker to "hold the woods at all hazards." This order must have been given upon the supposition that the 128th Penn. and 10th Me. would be forced out of the "thin belt of woods." But as this was not done the 107th N. Y. eventually marched over our track and reinforced us. Authority—Gen. Gordon, and Major Fanton, 107th N. Y.

necessity of lying low, so there was little to be seen and little going on, for a few moments, till these reinforcements came to the enemy.

The battle had been terribly severe to us, engaged as we were at close quarters and with troops that had seen so much more fighting than we had. The despondency which came over us under Pope had not gone entirely, and the knowledge of the wounding of Gen. Mansfield and our two ranking field officers, troubled us not a little. But the well aimed bullets of the rebels as they went zipping past us, killing and wounding our comrades, and sometimes cutting spitefully through our clothes, made us most nervous of course. Another very serious annoyance was the sight of the rebel troops marching by the flank, though fortunately not all saw them, for many men are so constituted that in battle they see only what is going on under their own eyes, and I have talked with a number who fought till we were relieved, and who remember the lull and swell in the storm of lead, yet stoutly deny that the rebels were reinforced at all!

The sharpshooters dealt us mischief enough; they took our Colonel and with him the Lieut. Colonel; then Capt. Furbish was killed before we were fairly at work. Lieut. Turner soon followed the Colonel with an ounce of lead in his leg, leaving Co. B to the Sergeants, DeLano and Willey. 1st Sergt. Wade, of Co. I, acting lieutenant, a rough fearless fighter, carelessly took a seat on the top of the fence, sword in hand, waiting to jump at the first man of I who should offer to run. A bullet struck him, —the thud of it was heard away up in Co. H,—and he dropped over backward, lifeless. Lieut. Mayhew was wounded soon after, but tied his handkerchief over the wound and kept by his company. Lieut. Kingsley of K was also slightly wounded, but refused to take a leave of absence just then. 1st Sergt. Brackett, of D, acting as lieutenant, was mortally wounded in the bowels, and we lost forever one of the bravest and most promising men we had. His commission as 2d lieut. arrived after he was dead.

These losses, added to more than sixty others, took one-fourth of our strength, but the greatest evil of that day was the one which was common to our army at this time, and one of the

mightiest reasons of its inefficiency; it was allowable for two, three and even four men to carry off a wounded man, and once out of the fight few found their way back again. Thus it happened that our regiment gradually wilted away, until only a quarter of the force was left, and this was doing rather better, I think, than most union regiments did that day, after suffering so heavy a loss as we had.

Our colors did not go, nor our new commander, nor any of the line officers unless wounded, nor did the rebels materially advance their line or gain any advantage over the union forces generally. We were then in the precise condition that we had seen the 105th N. Y., when we entered the battle.

At this stage of the game, Gen. Greene, commanding the 2d division of our corps, rode up and ordered Major Walker to get his men in line and charge, but while the Major was looking about, Gen. Gordon, commanding the 3d brigade of our division, came up and told him to take his men away from his (Gordon's) front, or they would be shot by his troops. Thereupon those that remained of the left companies came out of the woods in a hurry, running toward the road rather than to the rear; and the rebels, I imagine, thought they had driven them out, and some say they advanced a few steps on seeing us retreat; but the particulars of the manner in which we were relieved we will insert on another page.

RELIEVED—AFTERNOON.

The next move was for us all to fall back to very nearly where we had slept, and here we stacked arms and cooked our breakfasts. Many stragglers went back to the Antietam, and foraged on the neighboring gardens. These men were mostly from companies whose officers had all been disabled, and from them we learn that the whole country for miles in the rear of the battle, was overrun with thousands of stragglers and skulks. The surgeons of Hooker's corps ordered a number of details from us, because we were handy to them, and they also sent out two ambulance parties from our ranks. Besides these, irregular squads went to help the wounded, and a few improved the

opportunity to rob the dead. Hence for a few hours our old regiment was demoralized, as were the most of those who had fought near that cornfield. At dusk, when the brigade was assembled again near its old bivouac, and Gen. Williams called for a report of men present, we could only count a few less than a hundred muskets, showing that a few more than a hundred still remained on hospital duty, or had straggled off. We made our lists of killed and wounded, and told over the sad stories of how this one and that had been killed.

Of the dead officers the case of Capt. Furbish was peculiarly sad. He was a wide-awake, harum-scarum fellow, full of life and joviality. He had been sick while at Culpeper C. H., and could not march to Cedar Mountain, but on the afternoon of the battle he borrowed a horse and rode out. Impelled by a sense of duty, he took his place with his company when he saw that a battle was imminent, but he entirely miscalculated his powers, for he fainted and had to be carried off at the first physical effort he made. A soldier never has charity for such a mishap, and the Captain must have suffered the keenest mental tortures during the months which followed, though the bravest of men may be excused for a like misfortune, when as sick as Furbish was.

Here at Antietam the opportunity presented itself of redeeming his character before his men. His was the color company, and hence his division was in front, and the leading one in all of our movements in mass. He did finely in everything, and when we arrived on the field of battle he hurried his men over the fence, and promptly ordered "Left dress!" Then, without leaving the colors to take his proper position behind the company, he drew his pistol and took deliberate aim at some rebel which attracted his attention, but the enemy's bullet was a second too quick; it killed him instantly before he had discharged his pistol.

Death is a terrible price to pay for an honor, but the honor which is due to every brave man was freely given to him, and it was well deserved. His harshest accuser could only speak of him as "poor Furbish," after he had fallen dead in the ranks of the color guard.

During the afternoon we noticed a decided lull in the battle, and we heard that large reinforcements were arriving for our side, and that the rebels had been whipped all over the field, yet we were a sober hundred that stacked arms on the evening after Antietam. Our conversation indicated a very different state of feelings from that after Cedar Mountain. We felt satisfied that we had inflicted as heavy a loss as we had suffered; but the sight of our thinned ranks and the prospect of another day of bloody work was sickening. There had been hardly an incident in the whole day's work of butchery and blood to cheer us, yet we repeated to each other our experiences and tried to make the best of a bad state of things.

Old dog "Major" behaved well under fire, barking fiercely, and keeping up a steady growl from the time we went in till we came out. He had thus contributed his part towards the uproar which some consider so essential in battle. He had shown so much genuine pluck, moreover, that the men of H were bragging of his barking, and of his biting at the sounds of the bullets, asserting besides that he was "tail up" all day.

A great many incidents which appear interesting and comical now, had no such attraction then, but there was one event which even then in our sadness and misery seemed almost as ludicrous as it does now; this was the misfortune to our Lieut. Colonel.

Of all men, he to be kicked, and at such a time, by a U. S. ambulance skeleton!* Why didn't the brute kick some one else? He knew better; he wanted to put his kick where it would tell—where it would go down to posterity with our regiment's history, and so he put it right into "Jim's" stomach. We must commend him for the promptness of his judgment and its execution. Just at the moment when Col. Beal was wounded, and when the opportunity presented itself for the Lieutenant Colonel to take command of the "10th" and do a great thing for himself and us, that worthless, broken down and dying plug sent him flying end over end. A man may be brave, cool, keen, spoiling for a fight,

* Col. Beal wisely rode a "public animal" that day, and left "Bill" in the rear out of the reach of harm.

ambitious and everything else; but let the last kick of a horse be spent on his stomach, and Oh! how changed that man's condition! Pardon me for dragging myself into this affair, but the debt I owe our Lieut. Colonel for selling my valuable "Rappahannock," has always kept fresh the memory of this and other of his horse scrapes; but I never found language to describe the condition of our good friend on this occasion, until Bret Harte produced that simple tale of the grand smash up of "Our Society at Stanislaus," where he says that one Abner Dean of Angel's, was just on the point of bringing himself into notice and making a great effort—

——"when,
A chunk of old red sandstone
Took him in the ab-do-men,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile,
And curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings
Interested him no more."

WHO RELIEVED US.

The manner in which we were relieved, what troops they were, and the name of the rebel regiment that we opposed in this battle are questions that we were never able to answer, and I have found them the most difficult of any to solve. Probably not one of you will be prepared to receive the statements which follow; nevertheless they are proved beyond all doubt.

When Col. Beal went out of the battle, wounded, exactly at 7.30 A. M. by his watch, which must have been slower than mine, he saw on the other side of the road Col. Goodrich, 60th N. Y., a Relay House acquaintance, who pointed out his (Goodrich's) brigade to him, and wished our Colonel a speedy cure. This brigade* carried three regiments into the battle, (60th N. Y., 78th N. Y. and 3d Delaware), and if memory serves, they were all exceedingly small, probably not over 400 muskets in all. They were then advancing through the little cornfield where we had

*3d brigade of the 2d division. See Frank Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. v, p. 460.

obliqued. Without doubt they moved to the right as they entered the battle, though possibly to the left, passing behind us unnoticed. No one else of our regiment, whom I can find, saw a man of them, and as Col. Beal saw no other troops near them, he naturally concluded that Gen. Greene relieved us, and this conclusion was strengthened by Gen. Greene's order to Maj. Walker. Thus it happens that the regimental report states that Greene relieved us.*

But it was well known in our regiment that the 2d Mass., of Gordon's (3d) brigade of our division, had relieved our regiment, and that Geary's brigade, the 1st of the 2d division, had marched very nearly over our ground. I also myself, on my return to the regiment, after putting Gen. Mansfield into an ambulance, helped a man of the 107th N. Y., of Gordon's brigade, who was wounded where our colors stood. Besides, a great many had seen "one of the new Pennsylvania nine-months regiments of our brigade" come up in our rear.

As you will naturally infer, the enemy was easily whipped in this vicinity, after we were so heavily reinforced, though he too was reinforced as has been stated. It was always a puzzle to us to explain the way so many union troops were handled, and this was made more perplexing from the fact that no one of us saw more than one or at the most two of these reinforcing bodies. Yet we considered that the identity of the union troops was proved beyond all question, because, for instance, besides the many who saw the 2d Mass., there were two men who fell in with this regiment, and fought in its ranks a long time. One of these† was that black-eyed Frenchman, Corporal Reuben Viele, of Co. K, whom you all know, whether of the "1st," "10th" or "29th." He was the chief of a squad of the 2d Mass. to capture the colonel and adjutant of the 20th Georgia, and he turned over his prisoners to Capt. Morgan, the provost marshal. Then there

* See page 74, Report of Adjt. Gen. Maine, 1862.

† The other was Nelson R. or "Doctor" Russell, as clear-headed, truthful and brave a man as we had in the regiment. When I pressed him for proof that it was the 2d Mass., he wrote frankly that he could not remember any incident proving it, but had always supposed it was the 2d.

were a half dozen who had fought with the 28th Penn. and 5th Ohio, of Geary's brigade, and had seen Lieut. Col. Tyndale, the brigade commander, and talked with the men as they fought.

The "new Penn. regiment" was seen by nearly all who remained till the last, and as for myself I was positive that the wounded man told me he was of the 107th N. Y.

We should all have died in ignorance, I fear, had not Frank Moore's Record published* Gen. Toombs's (rebel) report of the doings of the 20th Georgia, in opposing Burnside—three miles from where we fought!! Our Frenchman Viele was thereupon interviewed and all the particulars learned, and after the war was ended and you honored me with the office of historian of our association, I assigned for my first work, the solution of these Antietam difficulties, and I am sorry to say I have not been able, after all the ink-slinging, to answer all these knotty questions.

First, I wrote to and talked with about a hundred of you, till I learned thoroughly what we understand as the facts in the case, which are briefly:

1. Goodrich's and Geary's brigades came up to our right, and Gordon's to our left.

2. The 2d Mass. passed very nearly over our ground, its right division over-lapping our left.

3. The "new Penn. regiment" also did the same.

4. The 107th N. Y. dropped a wounded man upon our ground. (One witness only.)

5. The 28th Penn. passed over our ground. (One witness only, and he backed down on cross-examination.)

6. We fought the 20th Georgia. (Everybody so understood it.)

7. We buried the rebels that we had killed, and ascertained that they were of the 20th Georgia, and we so marked their head boards.

8. Col. Fillebrown saw the same head boards in December, 1863, and they had not been changed from 20th Georgia.

9. Col. Emerson had an order from Gen. —— to Col. Colquitt, which was found upon what was supposed to be the body of Col.

* Rebellion Record, Vol. IX, p. 683.

Colquitt, and he had met a son of Col. Colquitt in Washington, who said that his father was killed at Antietam.

10. Corporal Reuben Viele, assisted by a squad of the 2d Mass., captured the colonel and adjutant of the 20th Georgia.

You will readily perceive as you read, why I made slow progress with such "*facts*" as these to work upon, but after nearly two years of labor I believe I can state as genuine, that—

1. The 2d Mass. was not within a quarter of a mile of us at any time that day.

2. There was no new Pennsylvania regiment except the 128th, within a gunshot of us at any time during our engagement.

3. The 107th N. Y. reinforced us, though not a single man of us knew it at the time, and but for my accidental falling upon the wounded man, we might never have learned it.

4. The 28th Penn. entered the battle, going over about the same ground that the 128th Penn. had, and did not come so far to the left as to cross the road.

5. We did not fight the 20th Georgia regiment. I have the autographs of Gens. Longstreet and Toombs for this.

6. We therefore made a mistake when we carved "20th Geo." on those cracker-box head boards.

7. I have two or three very interesting letters from Gen. Colquitt, who says he is not dead.

8. As for Reuben's two mounted "preesn'rs" with 20 on their caps,—I give it up. Nearly all of Colquitt's field officers were killed or wounded, but none were captured, and not an officer of McRae's brigade which was next to Colquitt's was captured with the exception of two of his staff, Major Halsey and Capt. Wood. Reuben captured some one—that we feel sure of, for he is truthful; but he could furnish half a company with frenzy and fizz and have enough left then to be classed with the nervous temperaments. So I think we must conclude that Reuben, in common with a great number of others, did not pay sufficient attention to what took place that day.

I am entirely unable to solve the question what regiment we fought, until I receive answers from twenty or thirty letters which have been sent into Dixie, during the last two years; but in one

way and another I have learned from the books, that the enemy's line in our vicinity was formed thus: Ripley's brigade* joined Walker's of Jackson's corps. Colquitt was on the (rebel) right of Ripley, and McRae was for a moment on Colquitt's right. Rodes was well to the rear of Colquitt but could not have engaged us.

Gen. Colquitt† writes:—

* * * "I could see no confederate troops immediately to my right after Garland's [McRae's] brigade broke. * * The 6th Georgia was, I think, on the right of my brigade, and was almost enveloped after the brigade of Garland gave way and left nothing to hinder the advance of the enemy to my right. * * I am unable to designate the troops which moved 'by fours' to your right; before entering the fight, my troops moved to your right by fours, then faced and moved to the front. Rhodes's brigade of Alabamians moved also to your right and took a position some distance in my rear. His troops were not engaged till mine were driven from the field. I am inclined to think, from all the circumstances, that mine was the command which your regiment met that day. Only one circumstance in all you have mentioned throws doubt upon this conclusion. You say 'we were reinforced; simultaneously, the rebel regiment that we had engaged, was reinforced.' I object to 'rebel,' but will not stop to make an issue with you on that. If you are right in supposing the 'rebel regiment' was reinforced, then that regiment was no part of my command, for though I sought and sent for reinforcements none came. *That part of the field upon which I fought, had not, I think, been the scene of a previous engagement, unless it was on my extreme left; and it was not afterward occupied by confederate troops.*" * *

Col. D. K. McRae, commanding Garland's brigade, writes as below. I wish I could copy the opening page of his letter, and the speech he made before the Confederate Soldiers' Relief Association in January, 1871. It would shame those who delight to call the old confederate soldiers "traitors." His account shows that he was sent to reinforce Colquitt, or to extend the line of battle to the south east—the rebel right.

"Our march was by the left flank. * * * Our line was formed facing a wood, into which we were directed to advance, being cautioned by Gen. Hill not to fire upon Colquitt, who might be in our front. Very soon after we entered the woods, we encountered a fire of what appeared to be a

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*Reb. Rec. Vol. IX, p. 689. His regiments were 4th and 44th Georgia, 1st and 3d N. C.

†Colquitt's brigade was the 13th Ala., 6th, 23d, 27th and 28th Georgia.

slight skirmish line, when a cry went through the line that these were Colquitt's troops. * * At this time my brigade was in a secure position, a ledge of rock stretching in front along a large portion of the line. I mounted a rock, and looking down the slope saw a line of what I supposed was about a regiment, with the U. S. flag flying. * * I ordered the brigade to fire and charge, but at this moment some scattering U. S. troops were discovered on our extreme right, and a cry started from that portion of the line, "They are flanking us," and in a moment the most unutterable stampede occurred. The whole line vanished, and a brigade famous for its previous and subsequent conduct, fled in panic from the field."

This letter almost settled my mind that we fought McRae's left,* the 20th N. C., but a second letter from the Colonel puts an end to it. He writes:

"The picket lines which you encountered [see page 236] must have been from Ripley's brigade, and must have been overlapped by Colquitt's left or his left front. * * * I did not see the dismounted gun which you describe; it must have been farther to my left. * * * I think the picket line you drove back, and the force you afterwards encountered, were Ripley's right, or Colquitt's left, and the troops moving by the flank must have been Colquitt's or Ripley's. *Mine could not have gone out of your sight to your right.* * * * The capture of an officer with 20 on his cap bothers me not a little. I could easily understand how a few *caps* of the 20th N. C. might be found, but not how any *men* could be captured or *buried*. I do not recollect that I was called to report a single casualty in my brigade for that day! * * It was one of those marvelous flights that beggar explanation or description.

"My conclusion is that you engaged portions of Ripley's and Colquitt's brigade. A picket force you did doubtless engage, and it was Ripley's. You first engaged it at the fence, supported by his line. One of his regiments you doubtless encountered, and this was supported or reinforced by Colquitt's arrival, who in turn met the reinforcements to your command, and I coming up, saw one of these reinforcing U. S. regiments, and ordered my brigade to fire, when it became stampeded.

My force was not overlapped, but we overlapped considerably the [U. S.] regiment in my front. It was only a very few scattering men on my right flank that produced the stampede. The 20th N. C. had no officers captured, and I cannot imagine who the officers were with 20 on their caps."

I cannot quote more on this subject, but I think it may be

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* His formation was

Reb. left. | 20th N. C. | 13th N. C. | 23d N. C. | 12th N. C. | 5th N. C. S. T. | Reb. right.

The 5th was a new regiment of conscripts, the others were old vols.

safely stated that we fought either Colquitt or Ripley, but I will not venture to say which. The rebel wounded, that we picked up around our front, said they were Georgians and North "Calleenyuns," and they were a rugged set of men, too, but the dead which we buried were all supposed to be Georgians.

I should have had far better success had I learned earlier that the supposed 2d Mass. was the 107th N. Y. Having started with this error, and knowing by Gordon's report that the 3d Wis., 27th Indiana and a battery were on the left of the 2d Mass., I misinformed all the ex-confederates that I wrote to, and gave them the impression that our line was extended to our left by reinforcement. But this error was not very serious, excepting in the matter of the battery, for the 107th being new covered nearly as much front as three old regiments would cover.

In conclusion I must say that in trying to learn what regiment we fought at Antietam, I have worked more hours, taken more pains to inform myself, learned and unlearned more "facts"—the facts being errors—and "bored" more friends and strangers, than upon any other work I have done on the book. Yet it cannot be decided here which of the nine regiments of Ripley and Colquitt we opposed. I should not be surprised if it happened that the most serious loss came to us from the sharpshooters. Indeed, some of our most intelligent men have urged that we did not fight a regiment, but only a large detachment of pickets, sharpshooters, stragglers, &c., and this theory is favored by the fact that they bore no colors, were never in an organized line, that all their bullets were very well aimed, and that this makes Gen. Colquitt's statement clear, that he fought over ground which had not been previously contested (by a regular organization), and was not himself reinforced. But we could see the men of the enemy, and we know that they were as numerous as we, or very nearly so, and it does not appear probable that so heavy a detachment would have been sent out by any rebel general; and further, in explanation of the cause of good aim by the rebels, is the fact that we never got into such close quarters as in this battle.

I consider it due to the following named enlisted men of our

regiment, to state that besides performing their duty in our ranks, they rendered additional voluntary service with other commands after we were relieved:

A.	Dyer, Stephen A.	Private.		
A.	Hanson, Daniel	"		
A.	Kenney, Dennis	"		
B.	DeLano, Marcus	Sergeant,	28th Penn.	
B.	Willey, John C.	"	"	
C.	Irish, Nathan F.	Corporal,	"	
C.	Thayer, Charles H.	Private,	"	wounded.
E.	Smith, Henry F.	Sergeant,	"	
E.	Cook, David W.	Private,	Irish brigade.	
G.	Charles, Daniel E.	"	28th Penn.	
G.	Farrington, Henry	"	"	
G.	Russell, Nelson R.	"	107th N. Y. (?)	
G.	Wilkinson, William W.	Private,	Probably killed in some other regiment.	
H.	Grover, Mark	"		
K.	Viele, Reuben	Corporal,	107th N. Y. (?)	

WHAT NEXT?

SEPT. 18th, *Thursday.* We were up at 5.45, our ranks not full, our Major still hanging to us, though as sick as before. It rained a little occasionally. We were moved at 8.45 A. M. to the front, and after much manœuvring, halted and stacked arms just beyond where we had fought. Very sharp picket firing was going on all the while. The "ball opened" after the sun was well up, with the booming of cannon on the left, but closed again very soon. At first we staid near our stacks, but we learned that there was a suspension of hostilities to enable the dead to be buried (how strangely this reads now to those of us who have fought under Sheridan!), and we scattered all over the field wherever it was safe to venture. I copy from the diary, written out a few days later, from notes taken at this time:

The woods where we fought were very long, and extended to the right and left, but were only a few rods through at the place where we fought. Beyond the woods were pastures and cornfields. I noticed a tobacco patch very nearly in front of our position. In the great cornfield (nearly all the fences were down, and the various fields were thus made into one) the dead lay in

hundreds. Here the battle raged back and forth all the forenoon. The corn was spoiled, and the leaves torn off, though singular as it may seem, not half the stalks were trodden down flat. All the wounded had been removed from this field, and nearly all the union dead had been taken care of, each regiment looking after its own dead I suppose, so only the rebel dead were prominent. To the left of the cornfield in a pasture, the scene was the same. Behind every rock, and especially behind a ledge, the dead were thick as grasshoppers.

The number of muskets and equipments scattered around gave a better idea of the slaughter; these had not been disturbed much, and representing the killed, and the badly wounded, gave a truer conception of the carnage. The sight was horrifying at first, but afterwards the sameness of the gray heaps failed to impress us. The everlasting gray and dirty homespun, the blood and dirt on every face, the same vacant and unmeaning expression, all tended to weary rather than disgust. I did not notice a single man who had been "blown to pieces" by shell or cannon shot, except one or two around where a caisson had exploded. Along the line of greatest elevation, that is, the line where the rebels advancing from low ground would come in sight of our men, the dead were thick, and the muskets and litter told plainer still of terrible carnage.

A number of officers lay scattered around with their men. One, said to be Col. Strong of the 6th Louisiana, was not far from our front, but he could not have been killed by us. Near him lay two other field officers, and a great many enlisted men. The rebel regiment that fought the 10th Maine, must have been on the extreme right [our left] of their farthest advance in this part of the field, and its dead were about as numerous as ours. Our boys seemed to take notice of this fact, and were not a little pleased to be able to cut buttons from the coats of men who had fallen in their attempts to kill us.

We were moved about considerably during the day [18th] and received rations, for which we were thankful, though the haversacks of the dead, and the neighboring cornfields had helped us somewhat. Quite early in the morning we were placed in proximity to troops of Franklin's corps; Mellen Green, our bugler, sounded the "Halt," and forthwith an aide rode to the Major and told him that Gen. Franklin forbade all noise. We thus learned Franklin's whereabouts and went to see the famous general. He was sitting on a ledge, grim and determined as usual, receiving constant communications from general and staff officers, and replying to them all as complacently as could be. Near by, Gen. Newton was talking with "Baldy" Smith. Newton was writhing and gesticulating in a very odd way, pointing toward the rebels, frowning and going through all sorts of demonstrations, and whispering to Smith, who sometimes nodded "Yes" and sometimes "No." Newton at length took his friend to Gen. Franklin and seemed to be using him as a backer for his remarks, laying the case down to Franklin in a way that made Smith and

all of us laugh. It was plain that Newton believed in a fight and the total annihilation of the rebels, but Franklin sat there unmoved; no one could guess what *he* thought.

A fact of importance to be remembered is, that though we remained on the defensive all the 18th, we saw no "digging" except for the dead, for although the army of the Potomac had built fortifications without number, it was not until 1864 that it became habitual for it to throw up rude breastworks when in presence of the enemy. For an item of regimental history, we record the arrival of a number of recruits on the 18th. They could easily have reached us a week sooner, and some of them say they were actually hindered from going to the front, in the fear that they might get hurt! That will do for a soldier's yarn, yet it does remind one forcibly of the strategy and mystery for which 1862 was so famous.

Gen. McClellan's reasons for not attacking the enemy the 18th, are given in his report, and as few of you have this, I copy it here:

McCLELLAN'S REASONS FOR NOT ATTACKING ON THE 18TH.

"After a night of anxious deliberation and a full and careful survey of the situation and condition of our army, the strength and position of the enemy, I concluded that the success of an attack on the 18th was not certain. I am aware of the fact, that under ordinary circumstances, a general is expected to risk a battle if he has a reasonable prospect of success; but at this critical juncture I should have had a narrow view of the condition of the country had I been willing to hazard another battle with less than an absolute assurance of success. At that moment—Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded—the national cause could afford no risks of defeat. One battle lost, and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might then have marched as it pleased, on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York. It could have levied its supplies from a fertile and undevastated country; extorted tribute from wealthy and populous cities; and nowhere east of the Alleghanies was there another organized force able to arrest its march.

"The following are among the considerations which led me to doubt the certainty of success in attacking before the 19th:

(1.) "The troops were greatly overcome by the fatigue and exhaustion attendant upon the long continued and severely contested battle of the 17th, together with the long day and night marches to which they had been subjected during the previous three days.

(2.) "The supply trains were in the rear, and many of the troops had suffered from hunger; they required rest and refreshment.

(3.) "One division of Sumner's and all of Hooker's corps, on the right, had, after fighting most valiantly for several hours, been overpowered by numbers, driven back in great disorder and much scattered, so that they were for the time somewhat demoralized.

(4.) "In Hooker's corps, according to the return made by Gen. Meade, commanding, there were but 6,729 men present on the 18th; whereas on the morning of the 22d, there were 13,093 present for duty in the same corps, showing that previous to, and during the battle, 6,364 men were separated from their command.

(5.) (Here follows Gen. Meade's report, made about twenty hours after the battle, showing that his corps—Hooker's—was good for defence in their strong position, but not so good for an offensive movement.)

(6.) (Here follows the assertion, that one of Sumner's divisions was so scattered and demoralized that Sumner thought it not worth much for an attack.)

(7.) "Some of the new troops on the left, although many of them fought well during the battle, and are entitled to great credit, were at the close of the action driven back and their *morale* impaired.

(8.) (This paragraph relates to the weakness of Gen. Burnside's position on the extreme left, &c., &c.)

(9.) "A large number of our heaviest and most efficient batteries had consumed all their ammunition on the 16th and 17th, and it was impossible to supply them until late on the following day.

(10.) "Supplies of provisions and forage had to be brought up and issued, and infantry ammunition distributed.

(11.) "Finally, reinforcements to the number of 14,000—to say nothing of troops expected from Pennsylvania—had not arrived, but were expected during the day. * * * * *

"Of the reinforcements, Couch's division marching with commendable rapidity, came up into position at a late hour in the morning, (18th). Humphreys' division of new troops, in their anxiety to participate in the battle, which was raging when they received the order to march from Frederick, at about 3.30 P. M., of the 17th, pressed forward during the entire night, and the mass of the division reached the army during the following morning. Having marched more than 23 miles after 4.30 P. M. of the 17th, they were of course greatly exhausted, and needed rest and refreshment. Large reinforcements expected from Pennsylvania never arrived. During the 18th, orders were given for the renewal of the attack at daylight on the 19th.

(Then stating that 2,700 rebel dead were buried under direction of Maj. Davis, and concluding that the enemy's loss exceeded ours, the General closes.)

"Thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, upwards of 15,000 stands of small arms, and more than six thousand prisoners were the trophies, which attest the success of our army in the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap and Antietam. Not a single gun or color was lost by our army during these battles."

The General gives the following as the union force and losses:

		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
1st Corps, Hooker,	14,856	348	2,016	255	2,619
2d " Sumner,	18,813	860	3,801	548	5,209
5th " Porter,*	12,930	21	107	2	130
6th " Franklin,	12,300	70	335	33	438
9th " Burnside,	13,819	432	1,741	120	2,293
12th " Mansfield,	10,126	274	1,384	85	1,734
Cavalry div'n, Pleasanton,	4,320	5	23		28
	87,164				
Couch's division,			9		9
		2,010	9,416	1,043	12,469

*One division not arrived.

So much for McClellan's ideas. When *we* meet now and talk over this battle, the inevitable conclusion of the whole matter is,—"*How old Sheridan would have hustled those rebels over the Potomac!*"

That he would!—and without a second's consideration of our fatigue, or the exhaustion, the severe battle, the long marches, the absent supply trains and the needed rest and refreshment. He would have had no piece-meal fighting; all would have gone in together and something would have cracked somewhere, and then all over the field would have been shouted "*Forward all!*" "*Go it!*" "*No halting!*" "*See that cavalry!*" and much more of this sort (the cavalry would have had more than 28 killed and wounded we think), and Gen. Humphreys, with Couch and the Penn. militia, could probably have brought up the rations and supplies.

And I suppose that we shall live and die in the belief that Sheridan would have decided the fate of the Confederacy, had he assumed command of the army the morning of the battle.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM,

SHARPSBURG, MD., SEPT. 17, 1862.

STRENGTH IN ACTION.

Col. Beal, Lt. Col. Fillebrown and Major Walker,	3	
Asst. Surg. Howard,	1	
Lt. Gould (Actg. Adjt.), and Sergt. Maj. Trudeau,	1	1
A. 1st Lt. Fowler,	1	
B. 1st Lt. Turner,	1	
C. Capt. Jordan and 2d Lt. Whitney,	2	
D. 1st Lt. Redlon, of C, and 1st Sergt. Brackett, Actg. 2d Lt.,	2	
E. 1st Sergt. Perley, Actg. 2d Lt.,	1	
F. 2d Lt. Rankin,	1	
G. 2d Lt. Millett,	1	
H. Capt. Emerson and Lt. Blake, (and Lt. True see below),	2	
I. Capt. Furbish, 1st. Lt. Mayhew and 1st. Sergt. Wade, Act'g 2d Lt.,	3	
K. Capt. Nye and 2d Lt. Kingsley,	2	
Enlisted men carrying muskets,		276
	21	277

OFFICERS KILLED.*

Furbish, Nehemiah T.	Captain,	Co. I,	Head.	
Brackett, Edward	2d Lt. (Acting),	Co. D,	Bowels,	Died 18th.
Wade, William	2d Lt. (Acting),	Co. I.		

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Beal, George L.	Col.,	Both legs.	(Horse killed.)
(Fillebrown, James S.	Lt. Col.,	Disabled by kicks from Col. Beal's horse.)	
Turner, Alfred L.	1st Lt.,	Co. B,	Leg.
Mayhew, Hebron	1st Lt.,	Co. I,	Wrist.
Kingsley, Albert E.	2d Lt.,	Co. K,	(Slight.)

* Brackett and Wade were sergeants in fact, but carried swords and had been doing lieutenants' duty for weeks. True of H, having carried a musket the day of the battle, is shown among the enlisted men. See next page.

ENLISTED MEN KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

(Those having no date attached to their names were killed, or died the day of the battle.)

Co. A.

(None.)

Co. B.

Brine, William	Private,	Head.	
Forbes, Clinton	"	Thigh.	
Jordan, James E.	"	Bowels,	Died 18th.
McGinty, John	"	Head.	
Trowbridge, John	"	Body.	

Co. C.

Bonney, Edward W.	Private,	Heart.	

Co. D.

Barker, Albert E.	Corporal,	Hip,	Died Oct. 8.
Campbell, Henry	Private.		
Esty, George	"	Leg	Died Oct. 21.
Stanley, George	"		

Co. E.

(None.)

Co. F.

Covell, James E.	Private,	Head.	

Co. G.

Bartlett, Marcus C.	Private,	Leg broken,	Died Nov. 6.
Kierstead, Luke	"	Knee,	Died Sept. 18.
Mains, Solomon S.	"	Leg.	
Mason, Vincent	"	Head and foot.	
Pressey, Charles M.	"	Breast.	
Towle, Ezra	"		Died Sept. 27.
Wilkinson, William W.*	"	Body and legs.	

Co. H.

True, George W.	Sergt. (2d Lt.)	Right side,	Died 20th.
Bailey, Marshall	Private,	Head,	Died 28th.

* Evidence of death not positive. He was probably wounded in the ranks of some other regiment.

Bradbury, Hugh M.	Private,	Head.	
Fuller, George J.	"	Head.	
Wentworth, Charles H.	"	Lungs.	

Co. I.

Lakin, Benjamin C.	Private,	Body & legs,	Died 18th.

Co. K.

Eaton, James D.	Private,	Head.	
Lee, John	"	Groin & neck,	Died Oct. 9.
Martin, Irvin G.	"	Breast,	" Jan. 23.
Reed, Asa	"	Head.	

ENLISTED MEN WOUNDED.

Co. A.

Hanson, Samuel	Sergeant,	Head.	
Reardon, John	Corporal,	Hand.	

Co. B.

Glendenning, John G.	Corporal,	Leg,	Discharged.
Allen, Charles	Private,	Face.	
Blackwood, Benjamin	"	Legs.	
Bond, Robert D.	"	Wrist.	
Harris, Charles	"	Arm,	Discharged.
Mayberry, Thomas L.	"	Foot.	
Verrill, Edward P.	"	Hand.	

Co. C.

Smith, Henry M.	Sergeant,	Knee,	Discharged.
Doody, John H.	Private,	Head (slight).	
Farr, David M.	"	Leg.	
Hanson, Nils A.	"	"	
McFaden, Gorham P.	"	Shoulder.	
Thayer, Charles H.	"	Leg.	

Co. D.

Corson, Charles H.	Private,	Ankle.	
Hutchinson, Albert H.	"	Hip.	
Legassie, Joseph	"	Leg.	
Somers, Nicholas	"	"	Discharged.
Waddell, William	"	Shoulder,	Discharged.

Co. E.

Oakes, Benjamin F.	Sergeant,	Leg.	
Smith, George A.	"	Neck.	
Warren, Edward P.	Corporal,	Groin.	
Milliken, Charles O.	Private,	Head, (slight).	
Sanborn, Jerome O.	"	Leg, (amp'd),	Discharged.

Co. F.

McGlinchy, Hugh	Private,	Breast.	

Co. G.

Floyd, Osgood F.	Private,	Leg.	
Knight, Joseph	"	"	
Merrill, James L.	"	"	Discharged.
Smith, Lowell B.	"	Foot.	

Co. H.

Webb, Isaac	Private.	Both legs,	Discharged.

Co. I.

Johnson, Albert H.	1st Sergeant,	Head.	
Cluskey, Peter	Corporal,	Side.	
Murphy, Thomas	Private,	Foot,	Discharged.

Co. K.

Chipman, Elmer	Private,	Arm.	
Robertson, Ephraim T.	"	Neck,	Discharged.

TOTAL LOSS.

Officers.	Killed and mortally wounded,	3	
	Wounded,	4	
		—	7
Enlisted men.	Killed and mortally wounded,	28	
	Wounded,	36	
	Prisoners,	0	
		—	64
			71

NOTE. The killed and wounded of the corps which did the heavy fighting (1st, 2d, 9th and 12th), were 18 4-5 per cent. of the numbers engaged, while in our regiment the loss was nearly 24 per cent.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PERIOD OF REPOSE.

Sept. 19th, *Friday.* The death-like stillness upon all parts of the field this morning confirmed the reports of the pickets that the enemy had returned to Virginia. We were moved to the front again after breakfast, and without so much as halting, went back to where we started from, with the usual grumbling that all such "strategy" calls out. Then we were moved away to the right, and waited three hours in the blazing sun, near the dead and putrefying horses of Hooker's batteries. There were also near us dead cattle and sheep, swollen and boiling, making a fine nosegay. From this spot we were marched to the center of the field, where Sumner fought, and halted to the leeward of a field that his troops were using as a sink, in which also a number of dead bodies lay unburied, and a very few minutes of life in this vicinity convinced us that rotten horses and cattle are preferable to the smell that the living and dead of Sumner can kick up when they try.

After changing positions again a number of times, a very heavy detail was made from us to bury the bodies, but before the men were fairly at work the order came to march, and passing to the front we struck the pike at Dunker Church and halted awhile, but were soon crawling along toward Sharpsburg. While halting, all took a peep at the wreck on the knoll in front of the church. Here a rebel caisson had exploded, and the piling up of its fragments with the dead bodies of horse and man, was one of the most hideous sights our regiment ever beheld.

Shortly after noon we went through Sharpsburg, which is not a large town and was less battered than we supposed it would be, though the diary says that

> Nearly every house, barn and pig sty had a trace of cannon shot in it. Farther on we crossed the Antietam, upon the bridge which Burnside carried.

We had been told that we were going to Harper's Ferry, but the farther we went, the farther the natives told us it was. We crossed the mountain again after dark, and during the same hour saw the north star ahead of us, to the left and in the rear. We passed through Rohersville, and made a long halt about 9 P. M., during which two-weeks' mail came. Farther on we had more halts and rapid marching, with orders to close up; then, with the usual swearing and grumbling, we asked the very sensible question, why we should have lain idle all day if "they" were in such a hurry. Finally, at one at night we were told to tumble down on the road-side in the outskirts of Brownsville, having marched thirteen miles in as many hours, straggling badly all the time.

Next day we had it for rumor and excuse for our hurry, that the rebels and ourselves were racing for Harper's Ferry, which discouraged us, for we knew that we could not get there first, after having gone thirteen miles to find ourselves no nearer than when we started! We climbed up Solomon's (?) Gap amid a great deal of grumbling and inquiring the need of crossing the same mountain so many times. But once up we were ordered to go down again and help pull up a battery of artillery! This was the last straw. The regiment had straggled considerably, but now it vanished, and the few whom Major Walker took back with him received, I am informed, as thorough a damning from the battery commander as ever it fell to their lot to take. After "playing horse" awhile in helping this battery up the hill, the order came for all to return to the valley again, and down we went. It was now our turn to swear, and I fear the battery man came out second best at the game. We then continued our march along Pleasant Valley and camped early in the afternoon, before reaching the Potomac at Sandy Hook.

It fell to my lot to straggle ahead of the regiment with a

squad, and to climb along the top of Maryland Heights, for wherever nature had not interposed a barrier, the troops, whether rebel or union none could tell, had slashed the timber so that it was nothing but jump and climb for about three miles. We heard and saw the fight on the other side of the river near Sheperdstown, of which the less that is said the better for Little Mac and his friend Fitz-John. We saw also the field of the battle by which the rebels had gained the Heights seven days before. Evidences of sharp fighting were abundant on both sides, and it looked to us, as it does to the world now, that there was where Miles should have been, and where he could have held the rebels till they were gray-haired.

The diary closes in a way that shows we were not exhilarated by the "glorious victory," and "successful termination of the campaign." The blunders were too many and too frightful to be covered up by the poor consolation that the rebels were out of Maryland—a consolation indeed to the country at large, but to us it foreboded a return to the deserts of Virginia, more "strategy," more starvation and thirst.

Sept. 21st. We marched only a short distance to find a better camping ground. The wagons came up, the officers' tents were pitched, and the men made themselves at home. Lieut. Col. Fillebrown returned to duty.

With the unpacking of papers and writing desks, came a month's unfinished work of reports. The one on the next page being the simplest was made first, and is about as valuable as any I can copy here.

Next day, Sept. 22d, we marched around the mountain by way of Sandy Hook, and up the front of Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, and camped on the hillside very near the siege guns which the rebels had spiked or dismounted. We heard from the signal station that the rebels were advancing in force on Bolivar Heights, opposite, and looking over we saw the puffs of smoke from our guns there, but nothing of importance transpired. Then for some days it was "all quiet on the Potomac" once more.

REPORT OF 10TH ME., SEPT. 21, 1862.

Present for duty and special duty. Enlisted men,		208
Absent—prisoners of war,		80
" sick,		150
" wounded,		125
" with leave,		5
" without leave,*		122
" detached, nurses,	20	
" " wagoners,	25	
" " with ambulances,	15	
" " other duties,	20	
	—	80
Officers present,		14
" absent,		17
Recruits arrived Sept. 18th—present,		40
Aggregate,		841
Aggregate before battle,	822	
Recruits received,	40	
	862	
Killed and died of wounds,	21	
		841

SEPT. 26th, McClellan came up the Heights, and ordered the siege guns to be put in order, and our camp to be changed to a less exposed place. Then there was the usual growling and questioning whether there wouldn't be time to move after the enemy had cleaned out the force on Bolivar, but the order to change camp did not reach us till the 28th, when we marched down the hill again, and around to Pleasant Valley to a spot near the one we had left the 22d. We did not have a superabundance of rations at any time this month, and it has passed into history that the army was suffering for shoes, (or shoe-strings as "Porte Crayon" says). But Lieut. Col. Fillebrown was an expert in drawing, and we did not suffer.

The newspapers came with something like regularity, and provoked much mirth by the exaggerations of their army correspondents, particularly by the plan of "bagging" the rebels after

*This item included a number of men who were really sick, and also a number who had been pressed by the surgeons for duty in the field hospitals around Antietam.

the battle, and of driving them into the river, to drown, where there was not water enough to float a quarter of the pontoon boats.

Sept. 25th, Co. K marched to Knoxville, Md., to do provost duty, and on Oct. 3d the other nine companies marched down river five miles to Berlin Station, and camped alongside the railroad track. We were now alone and thankful for it. The much-needed rest was given us, but the diarrhea still clung to us for various reasons, chiefest of which was our run-down condition and want of properly cooked food.

New troops go by on the cars every day. It seems impossible that we were ever so green as they. They all hurrah as they pass, and some of them fire their muskets as a salute, and the bullets, or ramrods for aught I know, come whizzing into camp or go over our heads.

The headquarters tent was daily overrun with refugees from Virginia, inquiring for "Mister Brown," to whom (Col. Fillebrown) they told their pitiful stories, and received his advice to return home and shoot every guerrilla that they saw.

Oct. 8th. An officer of Gen. Geary's staff was sent to inspect us for Gen. McClellan's information. He complimented us on our neat grounds, our good police arrangements, the general neat and soldierly appearance of the men under the circumstances, and particularly upon the condition of our arms and equipments. Our clothing is very bad, and the men are still lousy for want of a change of clothes, which last item was not reported to McClellan.

But the record on paper was not very flattering, though it was as good or better than the average of McClellan's old regiments.

16 officers on duty.
355 men " " (including wagoners, cooks and servants.)
90 " present, sick, (mostly with diarrhea.)
54 " absent with leave, without leave and detached.
301 " absent, sick and wounded.
Total, present and absent, 30 officers and 800 enlisted.

We are 9 officers and 186 men short on the rolls, and we have more absent sick than present armed.

Next day (Oct. 9th) Capt. Knowlton returned after a few weeks of hospital life. Lieut. Sargent returned also with his wounds healed. With them came a lot of recruits, convalescents and exchanged prisoners, and we hurrahed and shook hands for some

time. The sight of them did us good, and their clean clothes and unburnt faces called forth many comments.* The day following (Oct. 10th), Capt. Knowlton took his company, F, to Petersville, and remained till the 31st, when he brought them back to Berlin and went over to Lovettsville, in Virginia, where he kept them about two weeks. Oct. 12th we heard the report of guns down river. Capts. Emerson and Whitmarsh rode down to Point of Rocks and learned that Stuart's cavalry, which had been raiding around McClellan's army, had found a hole in their bag and gone back to Virginia. Burnside or some of his subordinates was censured by the newspaper correspondents for this, but the diary says

> If he (Stuart) had not escaped down there, he would have perhaps tried the ford at Berlin, and how the 300 effective men of the 10th Maine would have skedaddled before his battery and 2500 troopers!

This leads me to notice again the worthlessness of the statements of newspaper correspondents. Some papers gave accounts of the fords and of the troops guarding them, and nearly all that we saw stated that the rebels carried off a thousand horses; whereas, in truth, the Potomac could be crossed almost anywhere, if the difficulty of high banks is not reckoned. I have been told, too, by at least half a dozen rebel cavalrymen, of different regiments, that they lost horseflesh by the raid, though they exchanged everywhere they could. Oct. 16th we heard a good

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*The paroled prisoners who arrived this day and the 22d, had all been clothed in condemned goods, as the government was short of uniforms. They had been in "the Libby" a while, but most of the time on Belle Isle, and they told us the hardest stories that we had ever heard up to that date relative to prisoners, though they are no novelties now that Andersonville, Millen, Salisbury and Florence have become at once names historical and damnable. The lion of all the returned men was that marvel of traders, Jesse Bishop of Co. H. He was captured on the Winchester retreat with about $150 in gold. This he managed to save and to trade off for confederate scrip, and not only made money, but actually kept a pretty full stomach on Belle Isle. He sold the shirt off his back rather than refuse a good bargain, made friends with everybody, helped our 10th Me. boys in many ways, and charged them for it,—payment to be made next pay day! He was a genuine Yankee trader, as you know very well; neither disaster, sickness, friend or rebel could keep him from trading; and with the exception of buying some dried coffee grounds I never heard of his making a bad trade—but even these he sold again to the natives and so made money at last.

deal of cannonading from beyond Harper's Ferry. The diary states:

It is pleasant I tell you, this evening, to be in a dry bed, under a wall tent, while 20,000 poor fellows are out in the cold piercing wind and rainstorm!

No doubt about that my friends, is there? This movement was only a reconnoissance of Gen. Hancock. The diary states also, that we had then on the hill back of us an observatory, where three men were sent daily with the Colonel's glass, to keep an eye on Virginia.

Oct. 19th. This evening Col. Fillebrown sent E and H, seventy-five muskets, under Capts. Emerson and Sargent, across the river into Loudon County, Virginia, with two union men for guides, to "bag" some guerrillas. We should perhaps have done more had we been better informed, but after lying on the top of Short Hills all day, Oct. 20th, we had ambuscaded only two old market women, one pretty girl and one idiotic old woman; while an attempt to capture an officer who was visiting his home near by, failed, for our squad reached the house an hour too late. At night we marched down to Bohlen's or Bohlenton, surrounded the one house and barn composing the village, and captured three of the rebel cavalry pickets; the fourth escaped in the darkness, by our boys mistaking him for one of themselves. Captain Sargent attempted to capture two videttes but failed, and with the escape of these three we abandoned all hopes of surprising the main body of rebels, numbering 150, and said to have been camped a mile farther on. So we returned home, passing through Lovettsville, and narrowly escaped capture, ourselves, having left the stacks to accept a treat from one of the union men of the village. During this festivity, the rebel cavalry whose outposts we had alarmed, came in sight of our pickets, and were preparing to charge, but seeing us they thought better of it. After waiting some time for them to come on, we charged them, when they wheeled around and trotted off. This ended the raid, and we had for trophies three men and four horses.

During the absence of these companies the camp had been in trouble over the reported advance of a brigade of rebel infantry.

Capt. Emerson had heard this same story from the people through his guides, and so came home earlier than was intended.

This insignificant affair is worth a moment's attention. Had the sides in the case been changed to rebel infantry and union cavalry, there would have been different results, I think. These Loudon people were at least half of them union we were told, and would tell us the truth, and were more anxious to have us kill these guerrillas than all the other rebels. Yet though they knew we were on their side of the river, they dared not *do* a thing to help us. If a half dozen could have been found to act as spies for us, which they easily could have done with but little risk, we might have bagged the whole squadron, or at least have had a fight for it. But the rebels were so cruel in their punishment of "treason to the South," as they called it, that the unionists dared do nothing.

I have said the raid ended with the retreat of the rebels. We were pleased to hear next day that Gen. Geary, with a brigade of infantry and some cavalry, had really "bagged" these same rebels a few hours after we had parted with them, but as usual in these bagging operations, all but thirty or forty escaped.

Oct. 23d, our knapsacks which had been stored in Washington after Pope's retreat, arrived. How many were really missing never was learned, but there could not have been more dissatisfaction and grumbling if they had all been lost.

Oct. 24th. Some companies of the 50th N. Y. laid a pontoon bridge across the Potomac, and Cos. H, A, E and D enjoyed the pleasure of lying out in the wind over the river, to guard the Virginia end. Roemer's battery (L 2d N. Y.) came down to reinforce us, and camped on our parade grounds. Whipple's division, which I believe had been attached to our 12th corps, also came down during the night, and camped all around us. They fairly covered our grounds with their filth, and burned up the fences that our Lieutenant Colonel had so carefully preserved. All that we saw were new troops. Next evening the trains of our neighbors came in during a driving rain storm; and the wagoners drove into our camp and began feeding their mules in the space

between the officers' and men's tents. Lieut. Col. Fillebrown sent them word to leave our camp, but the head wagoner returned a saucy answer, and soon after repented of it, I suspect!

Whipple's division had crossed during the afternoon, and the wagons followed in the morning. Next day, the 27th, two or three brigades of Burnside's command, nearly all of them new troops, crossed; Gen. McClellan came down and pitched his quadrangular camp near by. It was very cold, and we had a great deal of work to do in unloading cars and guarding the stuff. On the 28th we saw so many troops that we kept no account of them. The 16th Maine, a new regiment then, camped near us, and was said to be without tent, blanket or overcoat.

This movement of troops was not a pleasant occurrence to us; it promised to end in an order for the 10th Me. regiment to follow, and we felt that we ought to go with "the army," but the starting out in the cold and rain was not agreeable. Before many days we saw that our corps was not to advance, and before the pontoon was raised, we had settled down in the belief that we were in winter quarters.

While the army was crossing, the wagoners of one of Burnside's trains mutinied—or perhaps I should say "struck," for they were citizens—and the quartermaster in charge went to Lieut. Col. Fillebrown for help: he wanted to "borrow" seventy men for duty as wagoners, cooks and pioneers. This was most too heavy a detail, but the Lieut. Col. called for volunteers and permitted about fifty to go with the train, without saying a word about it to any one above him. It was a month before they were all relieved, and I suspect our Lt. Col. enjoyed himself all the while in thinking over what he should say in reply to the daily expected call for a written report stating why he had permitted his men to leave the limits of the department without the proper authority.

About this time Major Greene refitted his drummers, and from that day till the end of our service we had the most magnificent drum corps that we ever saw in the field. There were twenty in all, and Maj. Greene was indefatigable in his efforts to render

Alpheus L. Greene

ADJUTANT. 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.
BRVT. MAJ. VOLS.

A.Trochsler & Co. Lith. Boston

their practice perfect, and to keep the drums in good order. The music was mostly obtained from Kesselhuth, Drum Major of the 2d Mass., and was altogether unlike the tin-pan or "continental" style of drumming in vogue among the other regiments. The excellence of the corps was the result of the pride and care we manifested for it, the dollars which the officers paid to equip it, and last and chiefly the energy and accomplishments of its leader. Later in the war, we occasionally saw regiments having excellent corps that played modern music, with drums, fifes and bugles, but ours had only drums, and if any corps in the army of the Potomac exceeded ours in size, proficiency, and what is more than all in field service, in *constant efficiency*, we did not see it.

After the grand army had moved away, we settled down again to the peace of camp life. Every week a few convalescents returned to duty. From the 17th to the 21st of Oct., Co. F was off with Capt. Knowlton hunting over the fields of South Mountain and Antietam for U. S. property. They brought back a wagon load containing 150 muskets and much other stuff, mostly taken from the neighboring houses.

Oct. 30th, Capt. Nye's company (K) came from Knoxville, and Nov. 2d marched down the tow path to Point of Rocks, eleven miles. Among the pleasant acquaintances which the men made there, John B. Dutton, an honest old Virginia quaker, will never be forgotten. Had there been a few more of his stamp in Virginia when secession was talked of, it had been well for her. On the 18th, Co. G was sent to Knoxville, Md., three miles, and on Dec. 4th, Co. H marched to Adamstown, 13 miles, under Lieut. Granville Blake.

The order numbering our corps 12th,* was promulgated by the war department months before, and Gen. Hen. W. Slocum had been assigned to its command soon afterward, but these things interested us little at the time.

Nov. 21st, Capt. Grubb, with a lieutenant and orderlies, all belonging to the Loudon guerrillas, appeared at the ferry landing

* Banks's corps was the 5th, in the spring of this year, and the "2d corps of the Army of Virginia" under Pope.

opposite, with a white flag and a note from Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, dated a day or two previous, at Berryville, requesting permission to send two ladies to Baltimore! We have always understood this as a blind, but whether it was or not, Grubbs's men were robbing a store in Lovettsville, while the officers were parleying with us. The army was about ten days in crossing, counting from the day that Whipple's division went over, to the day that McClellan himself followed. Nov. 3d and 4th we had our hands full picking up the mob of stragglers and sick of the grand army. Cannonading, which had been frequent for three or four days, became more distant. We heard all kinds of rumors of cavalry fights and captures by guerrillas. Nov. 7th we had orders to permit no one to cross the pontoon with a view of joining McClellan's army, and Capt. Knowlton's company, F, which had been sent from Petersville, in Maryland, to Lovettsville, in Virginia as before noted, now had orders to guard against surprise. That day a Rhode Island captain of artillery, who was trying to join his battery, came back, having been menaced by guerrillas, and next day Capt. Knowlton sent part of his company to guard two Napoleon guns which had been abandoned, and were now, for want of horses, being hauled back toward Maryland, piece by piece, till Lt. Col. Fillebrown heard of it, when a team was sent to hurry all over.

Nov. 9th, Col. Beal returned to duty, also Captains Blake and Beardsley, with our late Capt. West, then major of the 17th Me., who came up on a visit. Nov. 14th, the pontoon was taken up. The battery men had gone before, but not till one of them had killed a comrade during a drunken row.

Nov. 24th, *Monday*. Capt. Knowlton took fifty men and laid out a camp for us, on land near the house of Mr. John G. Phillips. Our new home was a half mile from our old camp, and about the same distance from the river bank. Nov. 27th was Thanksgiving in the State of Maine. We had received only about a dozen boxes from home all on private account, and therefore only a few of us celebrated.

While in Berlin, "Carleton," the famous correspondent of the

Boston Journal visited us. To those who know him it is hardly necessary to say that our poor opinion of correspondents does not apply to him. On his return from a rapid ride in Virginia, Sunday, Nov. 2d, he heard singing in our camp, which evidently impressed him favorably. We copy the following from the Journal of Nov. 5, 1862.

"BERLIN, MD.—*Evening:* * * The tents of the 10th Maine—Provost Guard of this place—were lighted, presenting the appearance of a distant city. The friends of Col. Fillebrown will be glad to know that himself and command are in good condition, either for service in the field or as guards of this important position.

"Riding through the encampment I heard voices singing the old familiar hymn—

My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

"It was the sweetest sound of the day—the most welcome—a pleasing contrast to the dull booming of the cannonade—the ceaseless rumble of the teams—the curses, the oaths of the wagoners. It was a little of Heaven upon earth—a glimmer of peace in war—a foretaste of the eternal rest—the endless peace which lies sweet, serene and fair down the distant future."

"Carleton" had a few days before this returned from a trip to the West, and needing a horse very much, he inquired of Col. Fillebrown if he knew where he could buy one. It would have sorely grieved our Col. "Jim," to have sent off so popular a man as "Carleton" unmounted, so he promptly replied "Yes sir—'Here's your mule,'" and in a moment more he produced—what? His spare horse? a public animal? or a stray beast? Neither one, but *my* celebrated charger, the well known "Rappahannock." Now observe what followed.

"What is the price?" inquired "Carleton."

"Jim" made one of those gracious bows of his, and replied, "Try him, and give whatever *you* think he is worth."

The correspondent thereupon mounted, crossed the pontoon and galloped through Loudon county and back again before night. He then mentioned "Forty dollars?" rather inquiringly, and "Jim" re-echoed "Forty dollars!" with such a neat deflection to

his voice, that there was nothing more to do but to pay and receive the $40.

I meanwhile was so overburdened with work, that I knew nothing and cared nothing of the correspondent or the brute.

Fillebrown, after waiting some time for me to discover that the horse had gone, was unable to "hold in" any longer. He laughed from reveille till "roast beef," and then haw-hawed and coughed all the afternoon, so that I was compelled to go and see him. He said he was only laughing at his thoughts, and that it was one of his happy days. Just as I was leaving he asked me if I would not like to sell my horse, seeing that Shaw would soon be coming back. "Yes—yes" said I, "I'll sell him at cost." Upon this Col. Fillebrown lay down upon the grass and rolled and laughed till he was purple, but when at length he became sober, he pulled from his wallet fifteen dollars in greenbacks and handed them to me, saying "That's what he cost, isn't it?"

It is quite unnecessary to state how magnanimous I thought him to be for saving me from loss on the horse, but I was so delighted with receiving fifteen dollars at such a time, that I fell in with him and laughed, and he laughed, and we both laughed—Oh! how we laughed!

Now, this goes in our regiment for a joke, and they say that the joke is on me!! but I was never able to see it in that light myself.

To me it seems far above a joke, for our Lieutenant Colonel made it "lovely all round." He turned my horse into money, when money was everything and horse nothing, and risky at that. He made $25 clear for himself. He made the regiment believe he had played a joke on "Goggle," and made me believe that he had not. He pleased "Carleton" and really aided him. He got a puff in the Boston Journal, and finally here, he now goes down to posterity.

Call that a joke? Never!!

That's genius.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TWELFTH CORPS JOINS THE ARMY.

WINTER-QUARTERS.

DECEMBER 1st, our new camp had assumed a form. The huts were ordered to be built of logs, three feet high, and then to be covered with A-tents, which had been drawn for the purpose. On the 5th it snowed all day, and next day it was cold and very windy. On the 7th it was so blustering and extremely cold that little work was done except on the camp. On the 8th the diary says "we shall move in to-morrow"; this refers to the adjutant's department. The weather was so severe upon us that Col. Beal permitted the men to move as fast as they finished their quarters, thinking it better to save the men than to keep the regiment together.

And now comes a day of grief, for the diary shows that on—

DEC. 9th, *Tuesday*. Trudeau [sergt. major], Greene [drum major], and I worked like dogs all the morning, moving our stuff. At noon we heard the rattling of the sabre and spurs of a brigade orderly as he came up our hill. "Quit that," he said to our boys as he rode along, and we knew at once that he brought trouble in the envelope under his belt. I followed him into the Colonel's cosy hut, [the Colonel had only slept one night in it], saw our commander tear open the envelope and read that our regiment would march at 3 A. M. to-morrow. "Carry the order around!" he said, and I started to do so. A minute before, every axe, hatchet and hammer had been in use, but as I stepped out of the Colonel's door the silence was like that of midnight, while every man was out waiting to hear the thunder-clap. I spoke to Trudeau to carry the order through the left wing. "*Est-ce possible?*" (is it possible) exclaimed the horror stricken Frenchman, too much overcome to speak in English. "*Yaw! c'est possible!*" replied Greene, who thinks he is learning French, and who will suffer all things to tease Trudeau.

But not upon the Frenchman alone did the blow fall so heavily. I believe it is not exaggeration to say that we never received an order so thoroughly disappointing as this. More than half the huts had not been slept in; they were the first we had made, and no civilian can comprehend the joy that a soldier experiences when about to move into a seven-by-nine house, all new and of his own making. Then the weather of the past week had been so severe! It was "rough"—our only consolation was in making fun of each other, and that, my friends, is very poor consolation indeed.

McClellan had been relieved Nov. 7th, by Burnside, and the two hostile armies were facing each other at Fredericksburg. Our 12th corps was now to move down to assist the new commander. Why we had not been sent somewhere to help McClellan, others must explain. We always felt that we should have followed him—but by no means were we anxious to go.

ON THE MARCH AGAIN.

Dec. 10, 1862. Reveille at 2 A. M. Company H, by marching all night, reached us in good season. Co. K also marched up from Point of Rocks, and G filed in at Knoxville, through which we passed, shortly after daybreak. We altered the regimental formation again to-day, to conform to the changes that we had undergone in captains, since marching out to the field of Cedar Mountain.

Our new formation was—

Left. | F | D | B | C | E ‖ K | I | A | G | H | Right.

It was cold; the ground was frozen and the breath froze to our beards; but the sky was clear and the march pleasant. The gloom of the day before disappeared. We reported in Harper's Ferry at 7.45 A. M.,—a quarter of an hour ahead of time, and learned that the 2d division would precede us. So we stacked arms on the familiar ground behind the armory, and strolled around in the vicinity, interesting ourselves by watching the "show" pass. Then after many short marches and long halts, having first crossed the Shenandoah on a pontoon bridge, we

halted in the valley between the Blue Ridge and Short Hills, a little before dark, and gathering around blazing fires (pity the poor farmer) we forgot entirely our misery of yesterday. Gen. Williams still commanded the division, and Col. Knipe our brigade. We were rather gratified on the whole, when night came, to see the camp fires of our corps and hear the tattoo of twenty or more regiments and batteries, with their bass drums and bugles. It was not music but it was refreshing to our memory; nothing more so than the inimitable "Assembly of the buglers," blown by the one old veteran in the 28th N. Y., who was once considerably incensed when our Major Greene asked him "How can one buglers assemble?" The days march from Berlin was about eight miles and a half.

Next day, Dec. 11th, we had a pleasant and well conducted march, starting at 9 A. M., and being in the rear of the corps. We complimented the Hillsboro people by marching in step to our drums, but they gave us in return only sour and scornful looks. At sunset, having marched ten and a half miles, we camped near Wheatland, on a spot made desolate some weeks previous by the army of the Potomac.

DEC. 12th. Reveille at 3.30. Marched at 6 A. M., and a march it was. We went six miles without a halt, and at a break neck pace, howling and cheering at everything, and delivering a great deal of chaff at the many stragglers of the 128th Penn. We went through Leesburg at noon,—a much larger village than the others we had gone through, and bitterly "secesh." We marched sixteen miles—so said the miller—and camped on the northern side of Goose Creek, after sunset.

Gen. Williams placed a guard on some wheat stacks near by, but quantities of it leaked out and soon a rush was made on the stacks, guard or no guard. Col. Knipe now appeared with a pistol drawn and protected one side while the crowd went round and stole from the other, till a new guard finished our sport. The Colonel, however, was euchred in the morning by some one touching a match to the wheat while the men on guard were not looking. We were short of rations when night came, and did so

much shouting "Hard bread!" that our new quartermaster flew around and drew for us.

Dec. 13th. We marched at seven as rear guard of our brigade, with the usual orders to pick up all stragglers. The road was rough, and the country became more and more desolate. We went through Gum Springs, a hard looking town, and about noon struck the Little River pike, after which our wagons kept up with the troops ahead, and thereby made marching less tedious for us. About sunset, having marched thirteen miles (if the old miller's distances were given correctly), we camped on the farm of Gen. Stewart—once of the U. S. army, but at this time a commissary or quartermaster in rebeldom. His place was magnificent once; the old mansion suggested days when Virginia was proud of the union that she had helped to create; the road near his house had resembled our State street in Portland, in the length and beauty of its rows of shade trees. But war had finished the grand old place; every tree was cut down and all wood outside of the house had been carried off. The house had been abandoned and gutted, though one of our brigade staff officers found some valuable autographs of revolutionary heroes in the attic. The abandoned huts of Sigel's troops were scattered all over the country near here, and we learned that Sigel also was moving, as well as ourselves.

The next day was Sunday, Dec. 14th, but there was no rest that day. We marched at 9.30, saw the battle-field of Chantilly, but did not comprehend it; saw an innumerable number of abandoned camps; saw also Fairfax C. H. and passed through the outskirts of it, and afterward halted a long time at Fairfax Station. Here a new regiment was on guard over the commissary stores, and our 1st brigade showed them how easy it is, when a new man is on guard inside of a house, for an old soldier to rip off the boards of the house from the outside, and carry off a cord of fresh loaves before the new man, or the captain A. C. S., discovers that the bread pile has caved in. Some trouble came of this, I believe, but the 1st brigade swore it off on the 2d, and the 2d on the 3d, and so on. We camped at dark a mile south of the station, in an open field that we afterward learned by heart.

The brigade was drawn up in line of battle; this being, as has been stated before, an unusual formation for the night's camp while we were in the "10th." We heard for rumors that Sigel has been captured by guerrillas, and that the rear of his corps went by the station yesterday. Only the last was true.

Dec. 15th, *Monday*. We were up and ready before daylight, and waited patiently for the order to march. The roads, or whatever we marched on, were very muddy, and the country fairly God-forsaken. We crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals, halted awhile in the rebel earthworks on the south side, and camped in the woods two miles farther on, at one o'clock, after a march of seven miles. We heard the cannonading of the battle of Fredericksburg, but knew nothing of its meaning then. Those who are wise can perhaps tell us wherein it was better for the country that we should have been thirty odd miles away from that battle than to have been in the fight itself. I presume no one of us is grieved to think he was not there, but the fact is worth noting, that we heard the guns and halted at 1 p. m., from which we have naturally concluded that Gen. Slocum's orders did not require us to be in the fight.

Dec. 16th, *Tuesday*. Rain awoke us at 3 o'clock and we marched at day light. If possible the country was more barren the farther we went. The sun came out at 10, and then a cold north wind blew us dry. We had mud and mired teams to contend with all day. We halted at noon near the shanty of a poor old union man, who said there were many unionists "about hyere," all poor like himself; not very complimentary to our cause we thought, as we looked at him. We camped about sunset on the north bank of the Naebsco (pronounced *Nap*-si-co by the union man), and were happy at finding a stack of straw near by. Our march was six miles and we heard Burnside's cannon all day. We did not hear the bad news this night, though we knew before bed-time that we were to return in the morning. To those alone who can explain the many wonderful movements of 1862, this march and countermarch of our corps will look clear.

Dec. 17th, we were ready at sunrise; but having to guard the

ordnance train of our divsion, we started later. Now mules and negroes are curiosities to Maine boys, and though we saw a great many of both, yet to the end of our service they never ceased to be interesting, and somewhat novel to us. I will not attempt to describe the pranks played by the mules of this ordnance train, but you can all remember that the misery of our existence was mitigated by the comical exhibition going on all around us. Mules kicking, rearing, plunging and braying—mules down in the mud—mules pulled up again by their tails and noses—mules two "off" and no "near," then vice versa immediately after—mules with hind legs up in the wagon—mules with front legs down out of sight in ruts—mules turned out to die, and finally, the dead mule himself—the genuine "mile post"—all these were the sights of this day of trouble and gloom. These roads had been used comparatively little; but each train had contributed its mite of labor in corduroying and duplicating, till there were two roads nearly all the distance, and one or both were corduroyed in very bad places. We re-crossed the Occoquan and camped a mile north, depressed in spirits by the sad news from our army at Fredericksburg. The day's march was nine miles, but the day's work, of course, was another thing. The next day, we finished the return movement by leisurely marching to the open plain that we had left on the morning of the 15th. Here we remained till the 20th, passing the time in grumbling and crying over smoky fires. Then on the 20th, the whole brigade began to bore (if this is a right word) into a very dense thicket of pines close by. This was easily done, but not quickly, for axes were scarce, and dull; but in the course of two or three days, we were in winter quarters again, this time, though, with the shelter tents over the huts, instead of the A-tents, which did not arrive till the 26th.

FAIRFAX STATION.

Our stay here at Fairfax Station was in every particular unpleasant. The depressing influence of the defeat at Fredericksburg was felt even by us. The rations were wretchedly poor and insufficient, though some of the food was prepared by the company cooks. Although we were only a mile from Fairfax Station, and

were reckoned in the army for defence of the capital, yet all attempts to remedy this evil proved futile. Those who used tobacco suffered for want of it—the dearth of the article during Pope's retreat was not more severe than it was during our first week here. We were constantly told that we should stay here only a few days. This came from good authority, and with a thousand rumors of orders to go here and there, no one felt disposed to do much to improve his lot.

Convalescents and paroled men continued to come in; among them on the 19th, Capt. (late Lieut.) Beardsley returned with twenty men, via Harper's Ferry and Acquia Creek. These, you see, went through the "regular channels," and their having been sent to Acquia Creek, looks as if Slocum's corps had been booked for that place.

On Christmas we had neither ceremony nor presents; perhaps our pork barrel and cob-work chimneys frightened Santa Claus, as well they might.

The next item of excitement was Stuart's raid around our army, though it amounted to but little gain to him or loss to our people. We heard cannonading in the direction of the main army on Dec. 27th, but this did not prevent a battalion drill in the afternoon. Then we received orders to march with sixty rounds, and to carry three days' rations and the blankets only. Nevertheless we slept in peace and woke up at the usual hour in perfect indifference.

At 10 o'clock of the 28th we followed Kane's brigade,—the 2d, composed of new troops entirely—on the familiar road to Wolf Run Shoals, which we reached at 2 P. M. The 3d brigade crossed the Occoquan, but we staid on the north bank, setting fire to grass and killing rabbits for amusement. By and by a cavalryman came from Fairfax Station, saying that the very rebels which we had come out to catch had dashed on our camp, captured and paroled all the stragglers and sick, ransacked the officers' baggage, set fire to the huts, and that he had escaped from his company which had been all cut up!

"The first brigade will return" was the next order, and it was executed promptly, but was afterward changed to "Send the

10th Me. and 46th Penn.!" This was done; Lieut. Col. Selfridge of the "46th" commanding. We threw out skirmishers, of course, to warn us of our approach to the enemy, and you may perhaps conceive the feelings of those who were left in camp, when after a day of great anxiety and constant fear, they discovered at dusk two regiments marching in line upon them with skirmishers in advance. However, the sight of the flag quieted them, and the sight of our camp quieted *us*. Our day's march was ten miles.

But all this did not end the "strategy;" for next morning we were ordered up at four o'clock, this being two hours before daylight, and were marched across the field to the Union Mills road and put behind or in front, I forgot which, of some rifle pits. Co. D felled a number of trees across the road behind us, but everything else was done in the greatest silence, and we were ordered to be careful about firing till we knew whether rebels or friends were attacking us, and then to wait till we could see the "whites of their eyes." This last part of the order we did not forget for some days. The fools of rebels actually refused to come into the trap, however. But after we had shivered till broad daylight in utmost quiet, a battery with four companies of new troops for support came along and had a sort of brigade drill in front of us, with all the shouting of superfluous orders peculiar to new troops. Then the Garibaldi Guard (39th N. Y.) came through the obstructions in our rear and passed to the front, and by nine o'clock we learned that all was quiet around Fairfax, whereupon we returned to camp. The division returned on the 30th from the Occoquan.

Dec. 31st, we had the usual bi-monthly muster, and there were many doleful faces when Lieut. Col. Fillebrown told the men they must pay for the knapsacks they had thrown away.

Good bye, 1862—another such year and the confederacy had been a fact.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAIRFAX STATION TO STAFFORD C. H.—THE MUD MARCH.

The new year (1863) came in without excitement. Officers and men returned from the hospitals and the prison every week. Company and battalion drills were frequent whenever the weather and ground permitted.

JANUARY 4th, *Sunday*. Gen. Slocum reviewed our division, after a preliminary one for practice on the day before. There were three brigades, composed of thirteen regiments of infantry, and ——— batteries, to say nothing of Col. Knipe's bob-tailed horse, and a dog that yapped at everything it saw; these last I mention, since they were the chief attractions to you and me. True, we had never been in so large a review before, and never were so proud of our soldierly bearing, and never were so pleased in seeing the superiority of our drum corps. But after a soldier has stood all the morning with a knapsack on, and held his musket steadily at "shoulder," fifteen or twenty minutes, he loses all love for "soldierly bearing," and comes to appreciate the ludicrous all the more.

After we had marched around and returned to our position, we watched the regiments of the other brigades with some interest, and saw no rivals except the 2d Mass. and 3d Wis. These regiments still adhered to the Scott manual, carrying their muskets, the butt in the left hand, and barrel to the front, so that the sun struck the polished barrels and gave an appearance perfectly indescribable.

The day following, the 2d division was reviewed on our

grounds, and we noticed our old 1st Maine friend, Col. Jackson, wearing a star and commanding one of the brigades.

Col. Beal went into Washington a number of times during our stay near Fairfax Station, and always brought the latest news about the future of the two-years and the nine-months regiments, and besides this we had two rumors constantly coming and going; the first that we could be surely sent home on or before May 3d; the second that "they" would hold us, as the rebel government had held its one-year men. Then about the middle of January we had rumors that we were to go back to Frederick, Md.! and another report sent us to Mount Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. These rumors were not silenced at all by the orders to keep the men properly clothed and ready for immediate service at all times, and to have eight days' rations in the wagons besides three in the haversacks.

As early as New Year's day we had a promise of the paymaster—it came through the regular channels and was therefore believed—and surely enough, on Friday, Jan. 16th, the paymaster's chest was seen by somebody at Gen. ———'s headquarters, and our rolls were returned to us for signature. Then, on that ever memorable January 17th, Maj. W. C. H. Sherman paid us on the October rolls for July, August, September and October, deducting sutler's bills to Dec. 31st, and settling the clothing account. This was our first payment since July 22d, when two months' pay had been given us. The entire army in the field had suffered this same delay, but it aggravated us beyond measure to hear that the men in the hospitals and convalescent camps, the clerks and the great army of detached men, loafers, pets and stragglers around Washington, had been paid while we suffered for want of it. Much of what we heard I believe was not true, but one of the minor causes of the demoralization of our army at that time was this unjust distinction made against "the front" in favor of "the rear." After pay the diary states that

Sutlers came from somewhere (we had hardly seen one before in four months) with tobacco and smuggled whiskey, and the squalid natives (we had not seen them before either) crawled out with sheet iron pies and doughnuts

with apple-sauce spread inside them. * * * I have not been more disgusted lately than to-night down at Gen. ———'s quarters, where I saw a dozen officers signing pay papers, drinking whiskey and damning the government.

We went to bed with orders to march in the morning, but at midnight the command was received postponing the move for twenty-four hours. Next day, Sunday, we passed uneasily in camp. Chaplain Knox addressed us previous to dress parade, and encouraged by the soberness of our officers and men, he spoke well, and did good.

Jan. 19th, *Monday.* We marched at 9 A.M. Col. Beal and Capt. Adams were still unable to endure the rigors of campaigning, and with Capt. Emerson, who was on the sick list, they were permitted by Gen. Slocum to go to Acquia Creek by rail and steamer. This gave Lt. Col. Fillebrown the command again. We marched once more down to Wolf Run Shoals, but as the ground was frozen we did it easily, and halted for the night in the same field as on the night of December 15th, having gone seven miles. On the second day (Jan. 20th), our brigade led and we had a pleasant march over the frozen ground, but this time we took the main or telegraph road, as the natives called it. It was none the less a poverty stricken country. Early in the afternoon we approached the much talked of village of Dumfries,* and saw salt water once more. A strange town was this Dumfries; old, ruined, abandoned, worthless, hopeless and filthy. We crossed Quantico Creek and camped in thick woods, pitching tents as best we could, and lying down quite happy after we had received our rations. We marched ten miles by the map, though our best authorities say they marched fourteen.

Late at night it rained, then thawed and blew, pulling up the tent pins which had not been forced far into the frozen earth. At length morning came, and with it the order for our regiment to guard Lieut. Augustine's fifty-seven wagons from capture by the guerrillas which infested this country. So we packed up and sent our baggage off on our own wagons, and remained to guard these

* Pronounced *Dum*-friz by the people of Loudon county, Dum*frees* by the natives themselves, and Damn-freeze by the soldiers.

of the ordnance department, while the troops moved on. It rained and drizzled alternately all day. The road was like pudding, and the wagons were continually being mired. Shortly after starting we came to a long reach, where all the rails, logs and brush that we could find failed to make a bottom for the wheels to rest on, and in this vicinity we staid the remainder of the day and the night. Wagon after wagon was helped along; some were unloaded and the boxes of musket and gun ammunition were carried by us through the slough. It was a great day for us; perhaps you may like to be reminded of the way we put that train through.

We were doing our best when an officer of Kane's brigade came along on the road, which led into ours, and began to order Lieut. Augustine's darkey to get out of his way, while he (the officer) took his train by. Our Col. "Jim" had evidently been waiting for somebody to vent his vexation upon, and gave this officer such a blessing that for the moment we forgot the rain and mud. But after the Kane man had shown himself adroit at back talk, and after each officer had threatened to put the other in arrest, and each had learned, to his surprise, that the other was a lieutenant-colonel, as well as himself, the battle of words subsided—a sort of drawn battle it was, and the only one, by the way, in which our Col. "Jim" failed to come out overwhelmingly victorious. Each of the two lieutenant colonels now resolved to push his own teams ahead—to take the road from the other—but we clearly had the lead in this game in the shape of a six-mule team stuck in the mud exactly in the middle of the road. The Kane man saw this and very wisely held his team and his tongue.

It is only a question of time to pull out a mired wagon. We brought rails, logs and boughs by the cord, but they floated in the salve-like mud and served only to trip the mules, till more were brought. This done, we formed a line all around the teams to push, pull, pry and lift the wagon, and to whip, club and swear at the mules. The darkey driver also spurred and jerked his one rein to perfection, singing out all the time, "Yea-wa-ha mule!" which is the command prescribed in mule tactics for "forward march!" But all this failed to move the team, so the men and

mules one by one ceased their labors; but the whippers and clubbers on the near side kept on with their pounding after those on the off side had stopped, therefore the mules countermarched by file right, and doubled up on the wagon, in a way which perhaps is laid down in those mule tactics, but is unknown in "Hardee." This squeezed the off pole-mule first up into the wagon-front and finally down into the mud, and here he kicked till the near mule went down, and the way that brush and rails and mud flew then was frightful. At this point the Kane man inquired of our commander in a bitterly sarcastic tone, "How do you like *mules?*"

More brush, and more mules from another team, and the wagon was pulled out and the next came on. The Kane man also pushed in one or two of his teams, remarking as they went quietly along, that there was nothing like horses. (His teams were mostly four-horse.) Presently though, one of the Kane wagons mired; the white horses went down in the mud and came up sorrel; chains broke, the horses kicked, the gallant chief of the opposition was bedaubed, the yell of the 10th Maniacs was deafening, and at the end of it all, our Col., "Jim," rode over to the Kane man, and O! so mildly inquired, "How do you like *horses?*"

Thus it was till 5 P. M., when Lieut. Augustine tried to encourage us by saying there were only twenty-one more wagons and that we should have some whiskey when we got the train in.

The officers thought they had done a very smart thing in the morning when they put their entire kits aboard the wagons, supposing of course that we should come up to them by night, but when night came they and a good number of the men were shelterless. Three Sibley tents had been thrown away by some wagoners; these sheltered a goodly number, but a good many more fared hardly, never much worse. We had thrown all the firewood to the mules, and so had to dispense with fires, and accept a greenwood smoke instead. We had rain in torrents, and wind from all quarters in the night; cramps seized us, and in fact we endured almost every misery which comes from such exposure. The diary ends thus:

If all this had happened during Pope's retreat, I should have felt very blue, but "glory and success are in the advance" you know. * * * * *

We threw out no pickets! the teamsters let their mules stand all night in the mud, for which they should be punished. We have moved ahead to-day one quarter of a mile.

Cos. G and H were detailed to go ahead and guard the wagons which had passed. They had a rich experience in paddling about in the mud, but not very unlike that of the other companies.

The next day we began in earnest, half unloading all the wagons and carrying the boxes of ammunition on our shoulders an eighth of a mile to "hard bottom," and then waded or slid along toward Stafford C. H. In places the road was sandy, but near Chopawamsic Creek for a mile there was no dodging the mud; every step was made into the pudding. Another regiment got mixed with ours somewhat, and Capt. Jonathan Blake (so tradition has it, though tradition is as unreliable in army stories as it is in theology) here made that famous harangue to his men,

"Steady! G!
I'll stick to you!!
You stick by me!!"

The parodies on this simple jingle would fill a chapter, but "Stiddy G" will never die till you and I have gone.

We had been relieved from further care of the ordnance train, and so marched to overtake the brigade. We found them at 4 P. M., halted and camped in a second growth thicket of pine.

The diary states that it rained—

Not so much as yesterday. Our boys and the 28th N. Y., have been singing out to each other "Only three months longer." * * * I want to see Gen. Halleck, the great advocate of winter campaigns, or rather I want him to see me. We have made seven miles to-day.

The fifth day out we sent back our wagons empty, to the supply train, to help it along, but at noon they returned unable to find even the leading wagon. We then marched on, wading through Acquia Creek, and just before arriving at Stafford C. H. we filed to the right around and over hills, and camped at last on top of a hill in the forest—an old growth of pine and hard wood, having marched four miles, and on the day following it was understood that we were to remain there awhile.

For a better understanding of the reason of this march you

must know that Gen. Burnside had determined upon attacking Lee at Fredericksburg once more, but the rain coming his efforts ended with the famous "mud march."

By comparing dates you will see that we left Fairfax in time to have reached Fredericksburg soon *after* the battle, the importance of which (to Gen. Lee) is obvious.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WINTER AT STAFFORD C. H.

We arrived at Stafford C. H. Jan. 23d, and left nine weeks afterward, on April 27th. We laid out camp, impressed with the idea that nine days, instead of nine weeks, would bring the order to march again. The grounds were well situated for health and comfort, but were poor enough otherwise. We abandoned at the outset all attempts to follow the regulations in laying out the camp, and went to work making huts for the third time.

For a few days, trees were falling on the top of our hill from daylight till dark, and some sharp dodging was occasionally needed, but at length Private Lapham of G was injured by a falling tree. Fortunately no bones were broken; in truth, he was little hurt, but his company took him for half dead and put him to bed under a shelter tent. Later in the day a huge pine fell upon the tent smashing it flat, and to all appearances flattening out poor Lapham too. We all rushed to help him and were astonished to learn that he was not even bruised. This led some bright philosopher to remark, "I tell you boys, falling trees on a man may not kill him outright, but 'twill wear him out in the long run!"

We were then in the "grand division of the reserves," Gen. Sigel commanding, but the grand divisions were abolished shortly after our arrival at Stafford.

JAN. 28th, Hooker relieved Burnside of the command of the army of the Potomac. Burnside was a very popular man in his

own corps, but failed every way as commander of the army. Hooker put life into everything—a very much needed life it was too—and his most important act, in a soldier's estimation, was the providing of an abundance of good rations. We never lived better than while under Joe Hooker. We will hurrah for him forever for the glorious reform he instituted in the commissary department.

Although we were miles from the main army, and out of its direct influence, yet from our first arrival in Stafford C. H., we began to improve in every way. We had drills and dress parades as often as the weather would permit. Inspections by general and staff officers were made more frequently than ever before; and when they saw anything worth complimenting they did it in writing.

It is out of our province and knowledge to write much of the extensive changes for the better which Hooker wrought. Much praise was due McClellan for his success with raw troops after Bull Run, but Hooker taught old soldiers, and made a hundred improvements upon an army which had come to believe that it knew everything.

Hooker fed his men. Hooker's broom swept clean.

We had many callers from the 1st Maine cavalry, the 17th Me., 5th Me. and other regiments, and were allowed to return them, though we were seven or eight miles apart.

Maj. Walker had been unable to recover his health, and at length, after winter had set in, he was compelled to apply for a leave of absence, and once home, his wife and friends wisely insisted that he should not go back to waste the little strength remaining and to die. So he handed in his resignation* and we saw him no more. His case gives me the occasion to remark, that many officers of our army and many men as well, like our Major, felt keenly the results of their physical inability to endure the hardships of soldier-life. In the fear that they should not accomplish all their duty they nerved themselves for efforts far beyond their strength. Many died in consequence, and as I write these lines, the Major lies on his bed, suffering from his plucky, but useless attempt

*Accepted January 26, 1863.

seven years ago to do duty when he should have been in the hospital.

Lieut. Perley was another example. He was weak in body, but strong in will. He refused to be sick as long as there were trials and dangers for him to suffer, but when we arrived at Berlin, and all excitement ceased, he was compelled to succumb and return to Maine where he died. Perhaps no officer was more loved by his men than Perley was. He was little known outside of his own company (E); but we who belonged there can testify that his faithfulness and gallantry were of no common kind.

Col. Beal's wound still troubled him so that he could not "take the field." In view of the near approach of May 3d, and the probability that the army would not be sent into battle before that day, the Colonel was anxious to have us taken to a locality more favorable for drill and discipline, and one where he could be with us. He tried hard while off duty in Washington to have the war department do this, and almost succeeded. Lt. Col. Fillebrown also tried his best, and was aided by Gens. Knipe, Williams and Slocum. The project was for us all to go to the rear, perfect our drill, dress and "style," and then go home with all the *éclat* possible, re-enlist the old men, furlough the three-years men for a few weeks, recruit to maximum and return to the brigade.

Feb. 11th. Lt. Col. Fillebrown left the regiment in charge of Capt. Knowlton, and started with Capt. Skeels of Gen. Williams's staff to visit Gen. Schenck and the war department. Gen. Hooker had signified his willingness to change regiments with Gen. Schenck, who also favored the propcsal. The regiment was designated which should change duty with us, and everything was arranged, and the promise to make out the order was obtained from the proper officer at the war department, and it would have been issued, but a number of other regiments, some of them having two years to serve, were trying at the same time to change with regiments in the rear.

The case of the 10th Me. was presented and argued well by Col. Beal and Lt. Col. Fillebrown, both doing their best, but, for the reasons stated, after the order was made for the exchange, it was

rescinded by the war department; for which we are more thankful now than we were then.

When I read this now, I confess to a fear, that some may think it was unbecoming in us to seek the rear so persistently. It was not done, as has been seen, except by the approval and the desire of the four general officers over us. Later in the war, this would have been a project for a huge shirk, but at this stage we thought that no good could come if the government should hold on to us up to the last moment, and without doubt, all of our generals thought so too. It happened that the battle of Chancellorsville was fought May 2d and 3d, so we might have been kept for service there; but during February it was supposed, by all with whom we conversed, that the roads would not be permanently dry enough to admit of a general movement till after the 3d of May.

In the "1st" and "29th," the prospect of going home very seriously demoralized us. But in the "10th," though the excitement was as intense, the efficiency and *morale* of the regiment increased up to the last moment, and this was so, probably, because the majority of the officers and men expected simply to go home on furlough, to re-organize and return.

As has been before stated, we learned a hundred things while at Stafford C. H. under Joe Hooker. Our camping ground was so irregular and the adjoining country so muddy, that it was the middle of February before we could have dress parade, and then we formed in the interval between the quarters of the officers and men. But a hundred little things were looked after, and we drilled a good deal in the manual, loadings and bayonet exercise.

It was a great time for inspections, too, and they were thorough ones. The most noted of all these was a general inspection of all the troops in Hooker's army, by officers, generally "regulars," designated for the purpose. It was the most searching inspection we ever had, and probably it was equally severe upon the other organizations of the army. Col. Ross, of the 20th Conn., a captain of regulars, was the officer who inspected us. He did not trouble us much with the usual forms, for which so much preparation is always made. But he visited our camp a number of times without notifying us that he was coming. On these

visits he rode through the streets, observed the appearance of the men and their good behavior, prompt salutes and ready reply to his questions. His formal inspection was February 2d, ten days after our arrival, at a time when our camp was not completed. The Colonel was not an acquaintance of ours; he belonged in the 2d brigade, and if he had any prejudices it is probable they were against us by reason of a controversy that he had had with a number of our officers, who appealed from his decision as mustering officer. He looked us all over, rear and front, officers and men, saw that we were making the very best of our means, and saw no drunkenness nor rowdyism. Whether he was instructed to inspect us in this way, I cannot say, but you all know that such an inspection is the most thorough and critical. We had not been as fast in cutting up stumps and leveling the grounds as we might, and did not know how important it was for us to do our best. Hence Col. Ross found us just as we were every day.

On the 5th of March, we received General Orders No. 8, of the army of the Potomac, giving the results of these inspections of Hooker's army, which was composed of perhaps three hundred regiments and batteries. The order reprimanded twenty-five regiments and eleven batteries by name for loose discipline, and ordered all officers on furlough from those commands to return immediately. There was but one New England regiment on this black list. The order then named eleven regiments and fourteen batteries that had "earned high commendation" &c. &c.

That was a genuine delight indeed, which we experienced when we found

Tenth Maine

among the honored eleven!!

That was a compliment which honored us.

If we say it ourselves it is no less true, we deserved it and had "earned" it as the order said. The 19th Maine and the 5th battery were the other Maine organizations named favorably, and our good neighbors, the 2d Mass. and 3d Wisconsin, were also of the eleven, as well as the 111th Penn. of the 2d division. Our corps thus had four regiments praised, which was doing well

in an army composed of seven corps. It is worthy of remark, too, that the three regiments in our division had suffered the most from killed and wounded, and the least from "missing"* of those engaged at Cedar Mountain, in which terrible slaughter Banks's corps was supposed by Gen. Pope to have been demoralized and rendered nearly useless. But in justice to the army of the Potomac, to which we were only lent, it must be stated that we (12th corps) had not fought and been demoralized at the battle of Fredericksburg. The order, besides praising us so highly, allowed us to have one more officer on leave, and one man more per hundred on furlough.

Our stay at Stafford was full of interest and life, yet I find comparatively few things in the diary worth mentioning. We had a great way of stopping up our neighbors' chimneys or throwing cartridges down them, but this "played out" after a while. We also dug laurel root and made pipes and rings of it.

Under date of March 11th, the diary has—

Lieut. Bicknell of K took the job of making the road† about ten days ago. He worked our boys two days at lugging logs and digging, but the Dutchmen in the 46th and 128th Penn. beat us at it, for they work more steadily and willingly. On the third day it came the 10th Maine's turn to use the axes, and they went at this with more heart. They cut down so many trees in one day that they were out of sight of the Dutchies by night, and the colonel, who has charge of the party, liked this so well that he told "Bick" to keep the axes.

This same day (March 11th) we heard cannonading; and learned that the rebel cavalry was making a raid again. That night Kane's brigade turned out to music of the long roll, and must have enjoyed it, I think, by the noise they made. Our brigade was required by previous order to turn out at dawn of day and form companies. We heard more cannonading on the 17th, but never knew nor cared what it was for.

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*I make this statement from memory—having noticed the fact, in looking over the returns of killed and wounded soon after the battle. I may be wrong in stating that these three suffered least in "missing," but if so have not gone far from the truth. Excepting the 7th Ohio, which lost 63 per cent. in killed and wounded, I think these remarks will also apply to the 2d division.

†This was a short cut corduroy road from Stafford C. H. to the railroad.

Next forenoon (18th) we were ordered in a great hurry to a review of the division, and marched a half mile to a field suitable for the purpose. Gen. Slocum reviewed us, or tried to, but his horse and Gen. Williams's became frightened at "Present arms," and went jumping all around the field, scattering the staffs and orderlies to the four winds. This made the review interesting to us, but we enjoyed it more when a small dog came running down to bite the heels of Slocum's horse. Lieut. Pittman drew his sabre and slashed at the cur, and then followed up with a charge, but the dog flanked him and ran back to Slocum, leaving the lieutenant to charge on. Gen. Slocum managed to ride around the lines though, and we were dismissed at 2 P. M. with fine appetites for dinner.

This was preliminary to a review of the division by Gen. Hooker, which came off next day at noon, (March 19th). We were ordered out in a hurry as before. By order we appeared in blouses, with the blanket rolled and hung over the shoulder, and thus the poverty of the division in knapsacks and overcoats was not shown. Somehow it is almost impossible to keep troops supplied with these things. Enough throw them away or lose them to break up the uniformity. Hence in the field few regiments can present a good appearance at inspection and review.

After long waiting we heard the bugle sound "Attention!" and saw Gen. Hooker coming on the field. It was an inspiriting sight. This was our first good look at the great "fighting man." His figure and his position in the saddle were matchless, and he dashed along the front on a great white horse, leaving staff and escort spread out like a comet's tail.

Gen. Hooker, after receiving the "Present," returned the salute and galloped to our right, then passing at a brisk trot through the prescribed route returned on the clean run to his post. This was cheering. Hooker stock went up.

We then marched in review, Maj. Greene's drums drowning all the other trash around us. The General eyed our drum corps sharply and made Greene and his "corpses" happy thereby, but those who had set their hearts on going home were not pleased at the compliment he paid Lieut. Col. Fillebrown (Col. Beal com-

manded the brigade a week about this time), "Can't spare such a regiment, Colonel! I'd rather have that regiment six weeks than a new one three years!" The most of us were too much delighted with our new chief and his compliments to feel this damper.

March 28th brought the circular of the war department, announcing that the regiments which had petitioned for a change in position could not have their request granted. This ended the matter. For consolation three clerks from division and brigade headquarters, all well corned, came over after taps* and serenaded our Lieutenant Colonel, to the great delight (?) of companies I and E, but I believe the Lieutenant Colonel did not enjoy it.

March went out with one of the cold storms of snow, sleet and rain for which it was noted. We that day (31st) sent our baggage to the rear, by order, under "Major" Greene, who was in fact a civilian at this time, and the only one of us who could obtain a furlough. That evening the 28th N. Y. and 5th Conn. had a snow ball fight, in which the 128th Penn. joined, supposing it was a free fight. The 28th and 5th then made friends and united against the 128th, and were speedily reinforced by the 46th Penn. Col. Matthews of the 128th tried to stop it and was hit by some stray (?) balls. He sent for Gen. Knipe, who suffered the same fate but quelled the disturbance. The "10th" had no part in the matter, but witnessed it with considerable interest.

April 1st. Cold and windy. An orderly rode into camp at 5 o'clock this morning with written orders to turn out the regiment, as the enemy was in large force in front of the 3d corps.

This was a poor joke we thought, and think so still. The order was obeyed of course.

We had some grand games of ball about this time, though the grounds were small, and on April 3d, the diary states:—

The right wing (Lieut. Col. Fillebrown, with F, D, C, B and A), challenged the left (Major Emerson, with I, G, A, E and K), to a game of ball, the losing

*I am warned by a good citizen friend that if I do not define this word, the unmilitary reader will conclude that "taps" *are some sort of a drink;* and as I should hate to convey so great an error as that, I write that at a stated time—usually a quarter of an hour—after tattoo has been beaten by the drummers, three *taps* are beaten as a signal to put out lights and to keep quiet.

party to pay for the apples. The left wing came out ahead, and at evening the officers assembled and ate the apples in Capt. Knowlton's quarters.

Dress parade in camp;—too windy outside.

The day after, the diary records, was the windiest in our remembrance, and we had the heaviest fall of snow of the season during the following night.

April 6th, we tried undress parade, copying from the 2d Mass.; it became an every day affair to us after a while, but was a novelty then.*

April 9th, we find the following in the diary:—

Col. Fillebrown thought it was time to have guard mounting once more, according to regulations. During the winter, by reason of the mud and cold weather, we have contented ourselves with inspection only, and so have got out of practice. We made blunders enough, as all the officers and half the non-commissioned officers have been promoted to their present grade since we had guard mounting last.

Hooker has organized the medical department so that every surgeon has a particular duty. Dr. Day is to go on the field during an engagement (not much use to order him to keep off, by the way), and Dr. Howard will establish the hospital in the rear.

An ambulance corps has been formed; there are drivers and stretcher bearers; all who are enlisted men, wear a green stripe on the left arm; and ten men to a regiment, each wearing a green badge on the breast, will be permitted to go to the rear with wounded, and they alone. This is an excellent idea, and if it can only be carried out, it will be better than reinforcements in time of battle.

* The object of undress parade was to furnish an exercise during inclement weather, which should keep up the discipline for which the dress parade was instituted. The companies were brought out under their 1st sergeants without arms or equipments; our line was formed in the interval between the officers' and men's quarters, and sometimes in front of the regiment; the companies then successively came to position of "parade-rest," and the drummers beat the "troop," standing on the right; the adjutant then commanded "Attention," read the orders and dismissed the parade. We sought to have the whole ceremony pass off with the utmost promptness and to publish the orders to the enlisted men. No other officer but the adjutant took part.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRING—STAFFORD C. H.

April 10, 1863, *Friday.* This was an eventful day. The diary records "DUSTY," in big letters, and adds "the mud has finally dried up." This probably did not apply to the clayey ground. We were mustered, and rolls sent to the Provost Marshal General, to show him how many men were needed to fill up the regiment to the standard. I believe this muster was general in the army, and was for the information of the war department, which was then preparing for the draft.*

After the muster the 12th corps was reviewed by the President—"Old Abe." We waited a long time, having arrived on the ground at 10.30, and not leaving till 4 P. M., so you may know there were about ten thousand hungry men, which is synonymous to saying there were ten thousand growlers.

The ground was very uneven; to tell the truth there are not many places in Virginia, or in Maine either, where an army corps can be deployed and be seen. We were formed in column of regimental divisions in mass on the center. After waiting five hours, consoling ourselves all the while with the reflection that it was only twenty-three days longer, we were glad to hear the cannon fire the salute announcing the arrival of the President.

We were so far to the right that we could not see him, but about 4 P. M., after the usual preliminaries, along came the venerable Abraham himself, with Gens. Hooker and Slocum, and a tail of brigadiers, colonels, majors, and many others of lower rank. The President wore an immense stove pipe hat, the first one we had seen in three months, and cut a very comical figure. We held our faces and laughed "to ourselves" as boys do in meeting, till somebody in one of the center divisions whispered aloud, "There's a deserter from a comic almanac," and this was too much for us. It really did seem to us as if he had been gotten up to imitate the cartoons we had seen in Harper's and

*The Conscription bill was passed by Congress March 3, 1863.

Frank Leslie's, rather than that they were made to represent him. He passed on smiling, and left a good impression behind. We have never been reviewed by a man who has a better right to the title of "honest" than he.

The corps next marched in review, our regiment leading, with the combined drum corps of the brigade under charge of our Maj. Greene. None marched better than we. As we passed the flag I cast my eyes along the front of the leading division. It was straight as a rule; every man was doing just right. When a few paces past we took full distance at double-quick, and marched for our camp at once.

On March 24th we had again changed the order of companies, Capt. Emerson's promotion* having affected the rank of the other nine commanders. The companies still kept their old quarters, however, so the change was observable only when the regimental line was formed. This new arrangement was retained till we left Stafford C. H.

Left. | K | E | H | G | I || A | B | C | D | F | Right.

April 11th we were furnished with an extract from the report of a recent inspection.

"TENTH MAINE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

EXCELLENT IN THE MANUAL OF ARMS AND THE PERFORMANCE OF GUARD DUTY."

Nearly every day, in this month of April, we had a new order about preparing to take the field. Among others we were told that we should carry eight days' rations in the knapsack and haversack, and a circular was issued from Hooker's headquarters, showing how it could be done. This circular also proposed that one or two pack mules should be allowed to each regiment, to carry their mess kettles to the number, I believe, of about twenty kettles to a mule.

I read this circular at dress parade, and why did you all laugh aloud and refuse to quit when I called "Steady!"? Did you picture the 10th Maine mule on the stampede with twenty sheet iron kettles rattling on his back? Or did you only laugh because Col. Fillebrown did?

We never drew our mule, and never heard of any regiment that did.

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* Capt. Emerson was promoted to the vacancy made by the discharge of Maj. Walker. His muster-in dated March 17th.

Chas. S. Emerson

LIEUT. COL. 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.

A. Trochaler & Co. Lith Boston

We had been expecting Gen. Crawford to return all the winter, with a guard of five or six men of our regiment, which he had taken with him to his home in Pennsylvania. The men came back at length with the news that the General was still suffering, and could not take the field. This squad told great stories of the hospitality of the Pennsylvanians and the pride the General had taken in them during their stay at his house, and the General has written me lately that the neighbors always remember and inquire about the 10th Maine men whenever he returns home, although both the union and rebel armies have passed there since to enlighten them in the ways of soldiers. We never met our old commander after Antietam.

April 13th, Paymaster W. C. H. Sherman arrived. He paid us off next day (April 14th), in a hurry, for Oct., Nov., Dec. and Jan., and we spent the day in preparing for the march. We were ordered to take sixty rounds of cartridges and eight days' rations on our persons. This was the greatest quantity of rations we had ever been ordered to carry about us. Gen. Hooker proposed to march against Lee in the morning, but the Lord disposed otherwise.

The diary sheet closes thus:—

The camp is alive [in the evening of April 14th]. Money enough and nobody knows what to do with it. Don't want to go into battle with it. Don't dare to put it in the mail, as it will surely be stolen.* We're off in the morning. Where? Some say "Fredericksburg," "Culpeper," "Valley," and "Not going at all." The sick remain. The extra clothing is to be stored as it was last fall, and lost eventually. We hear all sorts of rumors, among others that Gen. Foster is in a tight place down in North Carolina; and that we are to pounce on Lee, while part of his army is down there.

But about midnight there set in a furious gale with rain.

The shelter tents of the boys and the old worn tents of the officers leaked like sieves. The rain beat through the upright wall of the office-tent—I never saw this done before.

The rain has swollen the brooks into rivers; a little stream that yesterday had hardly water enough to water the horses in, is to-day swollen so that I had

*I took the money of the men (of Co. E mostly), who desired it and bought a check of the paymaster for $2,155.

to cross on a log—couldn't jump across! This beats all the rains we have had this winter.

April 16th. I sent home $1,464 more, mostly for C and B, and Capt. Nye sent $3,580 for Co. K. No orders to cook rations. Hence the go-home faction are jubilant and croaking over the fact that the "clock is running down."

More surplus baggage was boxed and sent to Acquia Landing to-day.

April 17th. Brigade drill; nothing indicates a move. Some of the 17th Maine officers visited us. The 8th N. Y., Blenker's old regiment, has received orders to return to New York for muster-out. They go home on U. S. time. They are in Howard's corps, late Sigel's.

This item has been run through with a pen and "Hoax" added; but we all believed it at the time.

April 18th. Orders for preparation to march come in every hour. We hear nothing positive from the cavalry which is "out," but we learn by way of rumor, that Jackson is in the Valley again and Milroy is fighting him. It would sound more like truth if it were not for the yarn "Jackson is surrounded."

Next day was Sunday, and so mild that our good Chaplain preached to us once more. His text was, "I have fought a good fight." This we liked and we listened attentively to his brief remarks wherein he compared us to St. Paul.

April 23d. The army is busy in putting badges on their caps. Our 12th corps badge is a five-pointed star, an inch and a half in diameter. Red indicates the first division, white the second and blue the third.

On the 24th of April, amid another heavy rainstorm, we sent over to Gen. Slocum, by order, a roll of all the recruits, and the next day he sent for the original muster-in rolls, which seemed to imply that all the three-years men were "stuck," and possibly every body but the old First Mainers. Therefore the fever ran high this day.

Besides this Gen. Slocum had called for the names of all the officers who wished to remain in the service, to which only the three officers of Co. D, Lieut. Haskell of F, and Dr. Howard responded. The officers of Co. A had decided to remain with their company whether it went home or staid, but as this inquiry was not qualified they did not respond. Gen. Slocum kept the rolls through the 25th, during which we received the same orders that we had received before, to keep eight days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition on hand and be ready to march at short

notice. The dry north-west wind did wonders, for by night, so the diary notes, there was "no mud even in the worst places." During these two days, therefore, we were in a state of mind not easily described, but certainly it was far from being pleasant.

During the 25th, also, the three-years recruits began to feel that their case was a hopeless one, and so siding with the A and D boys they began to gibe the two-years' recruits on the prospect of their staying till October. Every orderly was watched by us from the moment he left the brigade headquarters, till he scratched the Colonel's tent—instead of knocking, which you can't well do on canvas. A civility natural to well trained soldiers kept us from gathering too near headquarters, but we anxiously looked to see if Trudeau, the Sergt. Major, had a smile or a frown on his face as he came out of the Colonel's tent, carrying the order from the Colonel to the captains. Now this Frenchman Trudeau was the veriest go-home chap we had, and his expression was as changeable and sensitive as a thermometer. But his temper this day was kept within that safe limit where he could speak his mind in English—in other words we received no notice either one way or the other as to our destiny.

We saw the 9th N. Y. cavalry (dismounted) throwing up rifle pits west of us, but could learn nothing beyond the fact that it was a continuation of a line around the entire army. We learned, too, that the 2d Mass. was cooking rations, expecting to march to the front Monday, and we did not know whether this was good news or bad.

April 26th. Great excitement. Orders received this morning to be ready to move at daylight to-morrow. This set us all at work again preparing for the march. But the excitement increased when Special Order No. 100 of the 12th corps* was received, ordering A and D with the three-years men to march over to Gen. Slocum's, and to be a provost guard. This rather pleased the three-years men—at least it ended their suspense. They had the laugh on the rest of us now. They proposed that we should march and fight till midnight of May 2d, while they did guard

*See Chapter XXXII

duty over the corps train and stragglers. There was no hurrahing, but much forced laughing from both sides.

At 4 P. M., the mail brought a letter from Capt. Shaw—late Adjutant—who is in Washington on business, stating that the regiment was "booked" at the war department for service till October. This bad news went through the regiment like wildfire. The men flocked to their captains to learn the truth, but heard only the simple report as above. Then the three-years men were up, and the "old" men down. The order finally came for the three-years' men to leave. Col. Beal had gone down to Gen. Howard's to learn what he was doing with the two-years' troops in his corps, and Col. "Jim" made the parting speech, in which the dropping of brine from many eyes was the most noticeable event.

They moved off at length, and with them go a thousand good wishes and a thousand hopes that their future may be as pleasant and honorable as it now promises.

CHAPTER XXX.

GOING HOME—MUSTERED OUT.

April 27, 1863. I got abed late last evening, and as orders stated, reveille 3.30 A. M., I was considerably vexed at being waked at one this morning by hearing the Colonel, Lieut. Colonel and others laughing, shouting and disturbing the camp. They presently came to my "schbang," ripped off Greene's rubber (the door), kicked over the barrels (chimney) and tumbled in a heap upon three of the maddest men in camp. Trudeau, especially, who slept in the middle, was so exasperated that he could not even speak French; but on learning that it was orders to go home, and not whiskey, that caused all this commotion, Frenchy mollified and remarked, "Well, he is a gentleman—I always did say so—to come and tell us of it!" and became thenceforward the jolliest, happiest and softest little Frenchman that ever you saw.

As whiskey is here alluded to, I break in to remark that there was not a drop in camp* this night; had there been, it has been surmised, there would have been a spree the like of which was never seen nor heard of in our day.

The order was not carried around, but long before reveille the men were up, kicking over chimneys or throwing cartridges down them, rousing up the sleepers and playing pranks innumerable. The marching orders to the army forbade unusual noise and expressly prohibited all bonfires, but the boys couldn't be restrained and a few shanties were burned in spite of our efforts to prevent it or to put them out. The same was done in most of the other camps.

We were to march on the departure of the division, and started at 10 A. M. for Acquia Landing, having ransacked the neighboring camps and noticed the enormous quantities of rags, old clothing &c. We found the roads blocked with troops of the 2d division moving toward Stafford C. H., to follow our division which had

*Stated by three who ought to know.

gone toward Culpeper. The day was very warm; and being all out of practice we were fatigued somewhat from heat, dust and sore feet, though the distance was only seven miles. We were delayed in turning over the quartermaster stores and ordnance. But at 7.30 P. M. we marched aboard the steamer, each captain passing in his own men to prevent deserters going with us. When we found that we were going to Washington and not to New York, our eight days' rations were put overboard in a very short time.

The passage up Chesapeake Bay and the river was dark and uninteresting. We arrived in Washington at midnight, and marched at once to the Soldiers' Rest, near the Baltimore depot.

On Tuesday, the 28th of April, we were all up early and strolling around the city, though a cold rain storm had set in. Cols. Beal and Fillebrown went to the war department and learned that our term of service was out May 3d, and that the usual $100 bounty* was due us; and that the men were entitled to an extra issue of frock coats to replace those burned at Bristow Station.

By noon the boys were "numerously drunk," though few were "dead." It seemed as if half the regiment had been indulging in ale, punches and other light drinks, and were made jolly and uproarious by what they considered a small dose. However, only one man was dead drunk when the time came for moving.

Col. Bendix's famous Zouave regiment—10th N. Y.—was in the next barracks waiting like ourselves to go home. They were also one of the eleven commended in Hooker's General Order No. 8, and had likewise made the same error of judgment as to their capacity of carrying Washington grog, therefore we had a fine opinion of them on short acquaintance.

By 4 P. M. we had collected all the baggage which had been stored a few weeks before, and the convalescents from the hospitals, and were on our way home.

The officers presented Lieut. Col. Fillebrown with a beautiful sword, while in the city, as a token of their friendship and respect.

We arrived in Baltimore at 8 P. M., and marched across from the depot to the Soldiers' Rest, where after talking to the men in a sensible and fatherly way, the Colonel dismissed them, and off they went to see the sights.

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*I should have stated before that the 1st Maine men who returned in the Tenth did not receive a state bounty additional to the $22 paid them in the "1st," but all of the "original recruits," *i. e.*, those who enlisted in September and October 1861, received the $22 bounty from the state. Of the recruits who enlisted still later, some received the $22 bounty from the state,—the three-years men $55.

The officers met by previous arrangement at the house of our good friend E. A. Abbott, Esq., at 10 P. M., and presented him and Mrs. Abbott with a silver pitcher and goblet. So much over, Chaplain Knox brought out a sword, sash and belt which the officers had purchased to present to Col. Beal. The family and the Colonel were entirely taken by surprise at their presents, and the evening passed off in the happiest manner.

After we had reached our home in Maine we forwarded to the Hutchinson brothers a beautiful buggy, which we had ordered to be made expressly for them, in remembrance of their whole-souled generosity to us.

In the morning (April 29th) we formed line at the Washington depot and marched through the city to Mr. Abbott's house, where we received the two flags that we had kept there, and listened to some remarks from Rev. Dr. Rockwell.

We then took cars to Philadelphia. The day had passed in Baltimore when the movement of troops excited notice. Besides, it rained a little, and so the crowd which followed us bore no comparison to that in other cities. We arrived in Philadelphia about 2 P. M.; ate dinner in the Cooper Shop and Soldiers' Rest; crossed over in the ferry boat as we had done in the 1st Maine, left Camden about 6. P. M., and were landed, shortly after midnight, in New York, where we were quartered in the Park barracks. It rained or was misty all day, and there was nothing of interest transpiring aside from what one may see any day.

April 30th. We learned in the morning that the boat would not be ready till noon, and so looked around New York all the forenoon. We enjoyed this freedom, and a good many drank too much, but considering all the circumstances we were not badly off,—no worse, certainly, than other regiments. At noon we went aboard the Commodore and sailed at once. We arrived outside of Providence before daylight, waited for dawn of day, then steamed up to the city and quickly transferred our stuff into the cars and were off without delay. Arrived in Boston after 9 o'clock and marched to Faneuil Hall, where many of our military friends and citizens visited us. But the day for such enthusiasm as we

saw in the "1st" had passed. We left Boston about 1 P. M., and arrived in Portland at 6.30.

The diary says—

The crowd at the depot was immense. Here was something like a welcome in sober old Portland. Never during the term of the Tenth have we had such a hand-shaking and kissing. I can't describe the scenes that followed as we marched up State street and through the city. Wives and sweethearts rushed into the arms of the men (principally of the Portland companies), till the ranks were doubled up, or screened with petticoats. We formed regimental divisions at the City Hall and listened to a few words of welcome from Mayor McLellan and Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, after which a lunch was provided at various eating houses and hotels. We then broke ranks, and those who had neither home nor friends in town quartered in the Old City Hall.

MAY 2d, *Saturday*. The men were furloughed (verbal) till Tuesday by Col. Beal. We have no orders to be mustered out yet.

The officers enjoyed this liberty the least of all; they had muster rolls to make, and a dozen final accounts to render in duplicate or triplicate.

But on the 7th, Capt. Thomas J. C. Bailey, of the 17th U. S. infantry, mustered out B, F, I and K, and the next day C, E, G and H. Then Major James Mann paid us off, and that was the end of the Tenth Maine regiment.

The diary closes this eighth day of May 1863:

And here ends the Tenth Maine regiment of infantry volunteers. What a history we have made! What a school for a young man! What a noble thought that you have served your country and offered your life! But here it ends! Glory and success still remain for those who will strive for it.

THE TENTH; WHAT IT WAS, AND WAS NOT.

The Tenth regiment was unlike the majority of those which composed our army, in many particulars; its history, also, is an odd one, I think. I claim for it that it had in its ranks the greatest number of good soldiers and the fewest of poor ones of all the Maine regiments. In this respect it differed widely from the First and Twenty-ninth. In the ranks of the First there were many, who, by nature and education, thought themselves better fitted to command men than to be in the ranks themselves, and

there was also a strong rowdy element in it, and an old militia wisdom that the "10th" was remarkably free from.

In the "29th" we were burdened at first with a large number who had been attracted by the bounty. The "10th" had the minimum number of this class of men; but it is not correct to say that the men of the "10th" were picked.

We lived in the day of misfortune, and our duties in the field were therefore generally unpleasant and our efforts were almost fruitless, but we claim the more credit in that we kept up good discipline during adversity, and good spirits in hard times.

Considering the opportunities of the year of our active existence (1862), I think all will concede that we made a splendid record, —far above the average of regiments.

We were in but two battles where we could fire our muskets. Yet in these two we lost more men in killed and wounded than any other Maine regiment had lost up to the day we left the seat of war to return home. On the contrary, deaths by disease were few, but for want of statistics of other regiments, we can make no comparison. We lost seventy-three officers and men killed and died of wounds, and but forty-eight from disease,* completely reversing the usual results, which have become proverbial—that exposure kills more men than the bullet.

We always had the good will and confidence of the generals over us, but we fortunately escaped being the "pet" of any of them, and so kept the good will of the other troops of our brigade.

How well we stood at home may be inferred from the report of Gen. Hodsdon, the Adjutant General of our State. He paid us the highest compliment he could, by inserting the regimental (Col. Beal's) report in full, and adding the following tribute as a part of his report:

"Justice to the officers of the 10th regiment makes it imperative upon me to record, that in the regularity, fullness and accuracy of their monthly and quarterly returns, as well as the prompt, intelligent and concise form in which all requisitions upon them from this office for information, have been responded

*The deaths by disease are still further lessened, if we can be allowed to subtract the six who were starved to death in Southern prisons.

to, they are excelled by no regiment or corps in the service. Although making no allotments (with the exception of a few members of Co. E), [F], it is believed that they have sent home a comparatively greater amount of money than any regiment from this State."

Then follows a testimonial of the valuable services of Adjt. Shaw during the six months he was on duty in Augusta.

If you will glance through the Report for 1862, you will see no such praise for any other regiment. Undoubtedly the General's good opinion of us was largely due to the "prompt, intelligent and concise form" of our answers to his letters, but in 1862 it was no mean accomplishment to be thus able to answer all that he asked. So the General only did us justice when he said three and four times as much of us as of the other regiments. We kept up our good reputation in the "29th," but we had learned our duty then, and so had all the army; hence to the Tenth must stand the credit of having most deserved the praise. In this connection it must be remembered, that on Banks's retreat every company lost a part of its books, and some lost all of them. Added to this was the derangement resulting from the loss of six captains and eleven other officers in 1862, and the literal "wiping out" of the orderly sergeants, not one of whom went through the year at the head of his company. Adjutant Shaw also was absent six months, but he left his official desk in such good order that your historian, who took his place meanwhile, had no difficulty in following out the Adjutant's plans.

The faithful and efficient services in this office of Sergt. Maj. Trudeau, a gentleman of education and capacity far above what his grade calls for, must not be overlooked, nor the neat and beautiful penmanship of Private John O. Hayes, who copied the Colonel's report for Gen. Hodsdon's office.

We point also to that undeniable honor, the General Order No. 8, mentioned on page 294. We have purposely refrained from alluding to many other favorable mentions, which may be reckoned as cheap glory, but we wish to display this Order, for it is the *evidence* of our excellence as a body of soldiers. Per

haps some deserving commands were not mentioned in No. 8, but no undeserving one was noted; that is sure!

It is not doing justice to the Tenth to repeat the well known truism, that *officers* make or spoil a regiment. No other such a command as the Tenth could have been made without just such another fine body of enlisted men to have made it from.

As for the officers, if you will tolerate an opinion of my own, they succeeded so much better than those of other regiments, not because they were more intelligent, brave or honorable, but because of the harmony which prevailed in our midst. We have seen some regiments carried to a high state of discipline by the efforts of one man of genius; ours was not perfected thus; there was not on our roster the name of one who had risen much above the level of the "average American," not one "public man," nor one who showed great military genius. But all felt deep interest in and worked earnestly for the good of the regiment—for the good of all.

In very many regiments there was a constant and serious discord among the officers; there were parties or cliques which all but ruined them. We had almost nothing of this kind in our midst. Another great evil which we avoided was intemperance. Although a number of the officers drank occasionally, none were habitual and hard drinkers. It was not considered a virtue to be intemperate. Our camp was not overrun with profligate visitors, we were not often invited to drunken carousals, and we were not miserable when the "commissary" ran low. I never saw an officer of the "10th" intoxicated, and in looking over the roster I can count more than half who were strict tee-totallers. The regiment was largely benefited by this feature in the general character of the officers.

Of the religious character of the Tenth there is little that can be said. There was a little band of Christians who sometimes met with Mr. Knox for conference and prayer. Our Sunday service was, I think, more regularly ordered than in most regiments, and it received the encouragement of the field and line officers.

If but little can be said of the visible work of our Christian brothers, it is because they were so few. Chaplain Knox was a man wonderfully well fitted for his position—the most difficult, I should say, of any regimental office to fill. The war showed us that there are but *very* few men whose physical, moral and social qualities are so developed that they can succeed as Chaplains. But Mr. Knox was a rare good man, and was loved and respected by all from first to last. His daily life was consistent, his influence good, his judgment sound, and his advice was always given in such a way that none could take offence.

A good citizen friend who has read the proof sheets up to this page, says that the general reader will probably infer that the "10th" was famous for swearing and grumbling. We are compelled to admit that the army swore terribly, and that we did our part.

I do not want the task of defending profanity, but I will state that it did not seem to be the sin in the army that it is at home, and as it prevailed everywhere and formed an important feature of our own history, I have not hesitated to write of it. What would a soldier be if he could not swear and grumble? A better man and as good a soldier no doubt; but not such a soldier as those who went through the war of the rebellion.

Much can be said on this subject, but we will close with this. If we had not sworn so much I should not have written so much about it, and though you may think that we were more profane than the average of regiments, I am very sure that we were not.

And here I close the record of the glorious old Tenth. We lived in the "dark days," and we glory in that we were faithful in adversity. If to us it were given to bear the burden and the heat, but to eat none of the bread of our toil, still to us there is honor and gratitude from every heart that loved our cause.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Roll of the Tenth Maine Regiment.*

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONEL.

GEORGE L. BEAL,	Norway.

LIEUT. COLONEL.

JAMES S. FILLEBROWN,	Lewiston.

MAJORS.

CHARLES WALKER,	Portland.
CHARLES S. EMERSON,	Auburn.

ADJUTANT.

ELIJAH M. SHAW,	Lewiston.

QUARTERMASTERS.

WILLIAM S. DODGE,	Westbrook.
CHARLES THOMPSON,	Norway.

CHAPLAIN.

GEORGE KNOX,	Brunswick.

SURGEONS.

DANIEL O. PERRY,	Portland.
DANIEL S. TRACY,	
JOSIAH F. DAY, JR.,	Portland.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

HORATIO N. HOWARD,	Abbott.

*On these rolls every officer and man shows in the highest grade he ever attained in the organization where his name appears.

On mustering in and equalizing the companies, there were many transfers of enlisted men that are not noted here. These men are shown only in the company to which they were transferred.

But those individuals who served *any considerable length of time* in one organization, and were then transferred or promoted to another, are borne upon both rolls.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANTS MAJOR.

John M. Gould,	Portland.
Napoleon Trudeau,	Montreal, C. E.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS.

Charles F. King,	Portland.
Dana Hall,	"

COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.

William E. Davis,	Portland.
Robert M. Weeks,	"

HOSPITAL STEWARD.

George J. Northrup,	Portland.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

William Allen (Fife Major),	Gray.
Alpheus L. Greene (Drum Major),	Portland.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

LEADER.

Chandler, Daniel H. (2d Lieut.)	Portland.

Johnson, Horace N.	Auburn.	Bailey, Gilbert H.	Lewiston.
Hall, Rodney N.	Paris.	Blanchard, David L.	Cumberland.
Bailey, Richard T.	Bridgton.	Gott, Elisha	Lewiston.
Fitz, Andrew G.	Durham.	Crafts, Adoniram B.	Auburn.
Coleman, Charles E.	Lewiston.	Crafts, Moses	"
Davis, Daniel	Auburn.	Edgecomb, Thomas B.	Lewiston.
Webb, Osgood B.	Bridgton.	Farrar, Sidney A.	Paris.
Dow, Sewall L.	Biddeford.	Hall, Cyrus	Auburn.
Newell, Joshua B.	Lewiston.	Hill, Justin E.	"
Thomas, Walter H.	Portland.	Littlefield, Augustus L.	"
Warren, Charles O.	Lewiston.	Webb, John T.	Bridgton.
Webb, Edward C.	Bridgton.		

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Company A. (*Saco.*)

CAPTAIN.

Adams, John Q.	Saco.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Littlefield, Ephraim M.	Saco.
1st, Fowler, Edwin W.	"
2d, Pierce, Charles E.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Tarr, James F.	Biddeford.	Berry, Horace C.	Woodstock.
Walker, Nath'l K.	Portland.	Hanson, Samuel	Biddeford.
Davis, William S.	Biddeford.	Fernald, George P.	Saco.

CORPORALS.

Makepeace, Charles	Saco.	Kendrick, James L.	Saco.
Hunt, Frank	"	Keyes, Cincinnatus	Rumford.
Bragdon, Ed. P. M.	Biddeford.	Reardon, John	Biddeford.
Ayer, George S.	"	Dyer, Stephen H.	"
Shaw, Henry N.	"		

MUSICIANS.

Brackett, George H.	Saco.	Hickey, Patrick Jr.	Biddeford.

WAGONER.

Shapleigh, Henry H. Lebanon.

PRIVATES.

Benson, Henry	Biddeford.	Littlefield, Nahum	Kennebunk.
Berwin, Joseph	Eastport.	Littlehale, Alanson M.	Newry.
Brady, Joseph	Bidddeford.	Marshall, George	E. Machias.
Brady, Michael	"	Marshall, Richard	Saco.
Carlton, William H.	Haverhill, Ms.	McDougall, Archibald	P. E. Island.
Chandler, Moses S.	Saco.	McIntire, George E.	Dayton.
Chappell, Joseph H.	"	McKenney, Wilbur W.	Saco.
Cole, Edwin	"	Milliken, Ethan	Saco.
Cole, Henry F.	Westbrook.	Moody, John	Kennebunk.
Cullum, Alfred	Saco.	Moore, Moses T.	Biddeford.
Cullum, John Jr.	"	Nixon, Thomas	Liverpool.
Cross, Thaddeus	"	Peabody, William	Dixmont.
Davis, John D.	Milton Plant'n.	Phillips, Sewall	Hollis.
Deshon, John A.	Kennebunkport.	Rawson, Charles C.	Whitneyville.
Dobson, Wm.	Bridgewater, Mass.	Roberts, Charles F.	Biddeford.
Donovan, Jeremiah	Biddeford.	Roberts, Lewis	Saco.
Dunn, John	"	Ross, George H.	Biddeford.
Dyer, Thomas Jr.	Saco.	Rowe, Daniel M.	Saco.
Fletcher, Sidney W.	Biddeford.	Sargent, William O.	Hollis.
Gore, Alexander	Scarboro.	Skillings, Almon L.	Biddeford.
Gould, Joseph	Saco.	Smith, Emerson	Kennebunk.
Green, Lewis A.	Kennebunk.	Smith, John	Biddeford.
Hamlin, Zachariah L.	Saco.	Snowdale, Albion	Saco.
Hanson, Daniel	"	Spear, Christopher C.	"
Hanson, James B.	Biddeford.	Staples, James Jr.	Biddeford.
Hatch, George W.	Kennebunk.	Stevens, Frederick	Kennebunk.

Higginson, John	Biddeford.	Stevens, Thomas	Saco.
Hopping, William	"	Stevens, Osgood W.	"
Jeffers, Nicholas	"	Sutherland, Charles	Biddeford.
Jennings, James	"	Taylor, Lewis B.	N. Berwick.
Keighley, William	"	Towle, David B.	Saco.
Kendrick, George W.	Saco.	Towle, Samuel T.	Rockland.
Kenney, Dennis	Biddeford.	Walker, Freeman F.	Saco.
Knight, Josiah	"	Warren, Franklin	Weld.
Lee, Edward	Magaguadavic, N. B.	Wentworth, George F.	Dayton.
Leighton, Ivan	Biddeford.	Wormell, Elias O.	Saco.
Leighton, Moses	Saco.	Wormell, Hiram	"
Littlefield, Joseph	Kennebunk.		4—93

Company B. (*Portland Mechanic Blues.*)

CAPTAINS.

Black, James M.	Portland.
Turner, Alfred L.	Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Roberts, Charles W.	Portland.
1st, Whitney, Benjamin F.	Windham.
2d, Alexander, Reuben	Cape Elizabeth.
2d, Colley, Charles H.	Gray.
2d, DeLano, Marcus	Damariscotta.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Colley, Cha's H. Jr.	Portland.	Loveitt, Edward W.	Portland.
1st, Willey, John C.	"	Colley, William H.	Gray.
Cushman, Charles H.	"	Eustis, Leonard	Portland.
Noyes, Stephen Jr.	"		

CORPORALS.

Seed, Francis	Portland.	Carey, Peter W.	Portland.
Pennell, William H.	Gray.	Varney, Oliver F.	"
Davee, William G.	Buckfield.	Mahan, George T.	"
Hall, David N.	Portland.	Hoyt, Benjamin G.	"
Mountfort, Daniel E.	"	Wescott, Richmond T.	"
Glendenning, John G.	"	Blackwood, Benjamin L.	"
Davey, Samuel F.	"	Eustis, Frank F.	"
Jewett, Noah	Readfield.		

MUSICIANS.

Green, Henry N.	Portland.	Hersey, Henry A.	Paris.
Hersey, Charles A.	Paris.	Waterhouse, Peter B.	Portland.

WAGONER.

Meserve, Amos — Raymond.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Charles F.	Portland.	Kerrigan, Andrew	Portland.
Allen, Charles	Cornish.	Knight, Edward P.	Falmouth.
Bean, William H.	Wayne.	Knight, Storer S.	Portland.
Blake, Henry G.	Readfield.	Loring, William H. H.	"
Bodge, William	Portland.	Loveitt, Simon A.	"
Bond, Robert D.	Biddeford.	Mason, Edwin	Westbrook.
Brett, John F.	Portland.	Mayberry, Thomas L.	Biddeford.
Brine, William	"	McGinty, John	Portland.
Buckley, Michael	Saco.	McGuire, Terrence	"
Burnell, Edward A.	Portland.	McKenzie, William	"
Buzzell, George F.	"	Merrill, Moses P.	Turner.
Campbell, Robert H.	"	Miles, Benjamin C.	Portland.
Chipman, George W.	"	Milligan, James	"
Cobb, Marston L.	"	Moores, Samuel O.	Saco.
Colley, Albert F.	Gray.	Neal, Ansel	Portland.
Cushman, Benjamin S.	Portland.	Newell, James N.	"
Davee, Joseph E.	Buckfield.	O'Hara, William	"
Delano, Theodore V.	"	Parker, Nathaniel W.	"
Dinsmore, John	"	Penney, Augustus	"
Downes, Joseph S.	"	Pierce, Emery E.	Mt. Desert.
Drake, Luther H.	Biddeford.	Plummer, Arthur	Portland.
Emerson, Bradbury	"	Powers, James	"
Emerson, Stillman	"	Rand, George H.	"
Emery, Nahum	Hampden.	Roberts, Daniel S.	"
Emery, David	Portland.	Ryan, John	"
Farley, Alfred D. F.	"	Sawyer, Thorndike H.	"
Flanders, Daniel	"	Sawyer, Edward H.	"
Flinn, John	"	Shaw, Edward	Cape Elizabeth.
Fobes, Clinton	Buckfield.	Small, Alonzo R.	Biddeford.
Foss, David C.	Portland.	Smith, Almado R.	Portland.
Foster, Thomas	"	Smith, Charles G.	"
Gammon, Levi	Buckfield.	Spaulding, Albert S.	"
Gill, George H.	Portland.	Stewart, Hiram S.	"
Graffam, Edwin W.	"	Stone, John	"
Graffam, Francis A.	"	Sweetser, Richmond	"
Griffin, Thomas	"	Swett, James W.	"

Hall, George W.	Cumberland.	Swett, John Jr.	Portland.
Hall, Dana	Portland.	Tewksbury, James M.	"
Hanley, Thomas	Cumberland.	Trainer, James	"
Hanson, Ezekiel H.	Portland.	Trask, Charles H.	"
Harris, Charles	Saco.	Trask, George F.	"
Harris, Josh. Edwin	"	Trowbridge, John	"
Hiter, Oliver	Mt. Desert.	Verrill, Benjamin F.	"
Hoyt, George H.	Portland.	Verrill, Edward P.	Westbrook.
Ilsley, Enoch B.	"	Weeks, Joseph	Portland.
Johnson, Alexander	"	Wells, John F.	"
Jones, Oliver	"	Winslow, Hiram	"
Jordan, James E.	"		7—122

Company C. (*Portland Light Guard.*)

CAPTAIN.

Jordan, William P. — Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Redlon, Benjamin M. — Portland.
2d, Whitney, Benjamin F. — Windham.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Jordan, Charles E.	Portland.	Weeks, Robert M.	Portland.
Hurd, George H.	"	Smith, Henry M.	"
Burnham, Henry A.	"	Plummer, Henry A.	"
Mitchell, James E.	Yarmouth.	Riley, Reuben M.	Harrison.

CORPORALS.

Hamilton, William P.	Portland.	Irish, Nathan F.	Bridgton.
Coffin, William H.	Westbrook.	Boody, Francis G.	Portland.
Sargent, Henry	Mt. Vernon.	Knight, George E.	"
Merrill, Edward B.	Winslow.	Smellage, Charles E.	"
Jackson, Valentine R.	Portland.	Taylor, William H.	Winslow.
Knight, William W.	"	Briggs, Luther	Woodstock.
Rider, Mark	"	Atcherson, John	Portland.

MUSICIANS.

Stone, Frederick W.	Portland.	Chapman, Joseph T.	Bethel.
Warner, David Greely	"		

WAGONER.

Wiley, John N. — Bridgton.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Calmon H.	Auburn.	Mayberry, Lorenzo	Minot.
Annas, John G.	"	Mayberry, William R.	Windham.
Atkinson, Nathaniel	Limington.	McFaden, Gorham P.	Lewiston.
Baker, James	Lewiston.	Moore, Edward K.	Portland.
Ballou, Adin	Portland.	Morse, William	"
Bonney, Edward W.	"	Morton, Levi Q.	Westbrook.
Boody, Leonard G.	"	Mullen, Ozias	Embden.
Buck, Daniel F.	"	Murch, Elbridge F.	Paris.
Buckman, Amos	"	Nado, John	Albion.
Burnham, Charles	"	Nutter, Alonzo	Biddeford.
Campbell, Daniel E.	Boston, Mass.	Newbold, Andrew D.	Portland.
Carver, George B.	Freeport.	Palmer, Charles F.	Fayette.
Chickering, Sabine C.	Portland.	Pennell, Edwin W.	Portland.
Cobb, Benjamin F.	"	Plaisted, Byron G.	Limington.
Cobb, Barzilla S.		Rider, Albert S.	Portland.
Conway, John	Portland.	Robbins, Charles S.	Norway.
Coy, Oliver B.	Welchville.	Ross, William B.	Portland.
Cummings, Wallace E.	Poland.	Russell, William O.	"
Curney, Joseph	New Gloucester.	Sheridan, James	"
Dammon, George W.	Paris.	Simpson, Josiah	York.
Dearborn, Thomas	Biddeford.	Small, Joseph W.	Upton.
Devine, Anthony	Portland.	Small, Joseph B.	Portland.
Doody, John H.	"	Soule, George A.	"
Downes, John W. C.	"	Spring, Frederick A.	"
Elbridge, Louis	Canaan.	Spring, William G. J.	"
Farr, David M.	Portland.	Stackpole, Daniel W.	"
Ferrell, William E.	"	Stanorth, John A.	"
Garey, Mezerve	Eaton, N. H.	Stevens, Charles W.	"
Glendenning, Thos. M.	Portland.	Stevens, David H.	Auburn.
Goodhue, John	"	Stevens, George L.	Westbrook.
Goodwin, Josh. Bailey	Auburn.	Sturtevant, Thomas D.	Lewiston.
Green, Charles A.	Portland.	Thayer, Charles H.	Turner.
Gurney, Dexter		Tighe, Dennis	Portland.
Hamilton, William A.	Kittery.	Weymouth, George	Bridgton.
Hanson, Nils A.	"	Weymouth, Samuel	"
Hayes, William	Scarboro.	Wiggin, George M.	China.
Irish, William H.	Fayette.	Wight, D. Webster	Portland.
Jordan, Arthur T.	Denmark.	Williams, Charles H.	Readfield.
Jordan, Leonard G.	Portland.	Williams, John A.	Portland.
Keyes, William T.		Wilson, Alanson L.	Anson.
Lancaster, Charles	Lewiston.	Winslow, William A.	Portland.
Libby, William S.	Bridgton.	Wright, James M.	Mt. Vernon
Love, William H.	Portland.		

Company D. (*Aroostook Co.*)

CAPTAINS.

West, George W.	Somerville, Mass.
Beardsley, John D.	Grand Falls, N. B.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Binney, Henry M.	Somerville, Mass.
1st, King, Charles F.	Portland.
2d, Brackett, Edward	Boston, Mass.
2d, Libby, Chandler A.	Limestone.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Kallock, Henry H.	Ashland.	Stinson, James	English Army.
Miller, John C.	Fort Kent.	Gillespie, James	Fort Kent.
Randall, Ezra	"	Anderson, Charles	Limestone Plant'n.

CORPORALS.

McDonald, George	Ashland.	Barker, Albert E.	Frederickton, N. B.
McManus, Hugh F.	G. Falls, N. B.	Hayes, Maurice	Houlton.
Pheasant, William	English Army.	Campbell, Geo. J.	Limestone Plant'n.
Hamilton, Geo. A.	G. Falls, N. B.	Brown, Joseph G.	Portage Lake.
O'Connor, John W.	Fort Kent.	Corson, Charles H.	Houlton.
Clarke, George E.	Ashland.		

MUSICIANS.

Erwin, John	English Army.	Kehoe, Charles	Portland.

WAGONER.

Canney, Charles B. Bangor.

PRIVATES.

Albert,* Francis	Ashland.	McKenzie, John	Fort Kent.
Baker, Joseph C.	Masardis.	McNally, Patrick	Portland.
Bean, Charles B.	Maysville.	McNeil, Nelson	Fort Fairfield.
Bean, Silas H.	"	McNulty, John	Portland.
Bean, Oscar F.	"	Messer, Levi D.	Lincoln.
Brawn, John	"	Michaud (or Missou), Peter	
Bryant, Charles F.	Presque Isle.	Miller, John	Fort Kent.
Buck, Thomas J. Jr.	Enfield.	Milliken, Wallace	Castle Hill.
Bugbee, Thomas S.	Washburn.	Montreuil, Firman	
Campbell, Henry	English Army.	Moran, Allan	Maysville.
Casey, Wm.	Castle Hill Plant'n.	Moran, Garrett	Castle Hill.
Crane, Joseph	English Army.	Murphy, Hugh	Fort Kent.
Day, Vinal J.	Ashland.	Plummer, Daniel	Portland.

*Also written Herbert.

Donnelly, Edward	Washburn.
Dow, Alexander	Ashland.
Duran, Benjamin	Westbrook.
Emerson, Henry C.	Limestone Pl.
Esty, George W.	Ashland.
Fernald, Hercules S.	Lowell.
Giberson, Simon	Sarsfield.
Grady, John	Eaton Grant.
Hammond, Charles W.	Sarsfield.
Hanson, Edward H.	Ft. Fairfield.
Hutchinson, Albert H.	Tremont.
Johnson, Freeman W.	Limestone.
Kelley, Amos	Lyndon.
Kendall, Henry E.	Ashland.
Knowlan, John N.	Masardis.
Law, Thomas	English Army.
Legassie, Jos.	Limestone Plant'n.
Legassie, Paul	"
Libby, Elias T.	Ashland.
Marshall, John D.	Castle Hill.
Marston, Henry M.	Limestone Pl.
McBrien, Dundas	Fort Kent.
McDonald, Daniel	"
McDonald, William D.	"
McGowan, Michael	Portland.
McKenney, Daniel B.	Lincoln.
McLarren, John	Washburn.
Pratt, Daniel	Fort Kent.
Randall, James	Castle Hill Plant'n.
Ross, Edward	Eaton Grant Plant'n.
Sears, Hiram	Fort Kent.
Sebastian, Alexander	"
Shehan, James R.	Ashland.
Shorey, Joshua R.	Enfield.
Sibley, William	Lowell.
Smith, James	Portland.
Smith, Jefferson	Ashland.
Smith, Joseph	English Army.
Somers, Nicholas	Presque Isle.
Souci, Jerry	Ashland.
Spencer, Benjamin P.	Lincoln.
Stanley, George	English Army.
Taggart, Howard	Portage Lake.
Theriault, William	Presque Isle.
Thompson, Edwin	Fort Kent.
Twist, Joseph	Mapleton.
Waddell, William	"
Wait, Thomas	English Army.
Wallace, William	Ashland.
Ward, David	Fort Kent.
Wescott, John	Masardis.
White, John	Fort Kent.
Weitzler, Ephraim	Peru.

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Company E. (*Portland Rifle Guard.*)

CAPTAINS.

Estes, Albert H.	Portland.
Latham, Cyrus	"
Cloudman, Andrew C.	"
Sargent, Herbert R.	"

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Gould, John M.	Portland.
2d, Perley, Joseph H. Jr.	"
2d, Smith, Henry F.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Smith, George A.	Portland.	Linscott, Joseph P.	Saco.
Trowbridge, Cha's S.	"	Cook, Hiram T.	Portland.
Lombard, Theodore H.	"	Douglass, Jeremiah S.	"
Oakes, Benj. F.	Kennebunk.		

CORPORALS.

Cox, Asa S.	Portland.	Smith, Harrison W.	Portland.
Noyes, W'm S.	No. Yarmouth.	Porter, Nehemiah	No. Yarmouth.
Morton, James H.	Buxton.	Milliken, Charles O.	Saco.
Hodgdon, Amos K.	Windham.	Trefethen, Clifford J.	Portland.
Mackin, Joseph F.	Portland.	Libby, Henry	Limington.
Warren, Edward B.	Standish.		

MUSICIANS.

Cary, Turner	Portland.	Green, Mellen	Naples.

WAGONER.

King, Joshua R. Portland

PRIVATES.

Abbott, Abijah U.	Buxton.	Huff, William A.	Buxton.
Aldrich, William C.	Paris.	Hyde, William A.	Livermore.
Anderson, Charles H.	Limington.	Johnson, Thomas	Portland.
Andrew, William	Rumford.	Keene, William H.	Otisfield.
Barbour, Joseph H.	Portland.	Knight, George H.	"
Barstow, Samuel R.	"	Latham, Porter	Gray.
Bartlett, Lysander	Hartford.	Libby, John	Limington.
Benson, Joseph	Rockland.	Lowry, William	Portland.
Bragdon, Cha's W. M.	Portland.	Manson, Charles H.	Buxton.
Brown, Frank E.	Limington.	Maxfield, Josiah C.	Naples.
Bryant, Rufus	Hartford.	Merrow, Lorenzo D.	Harrison.
Burnham, Charles H.	Bridgton.	Morse, Benjamin F.	Norway.
Burnham, James H.	"	Noyes, Clinton	No. Yarmouth.
Caldwell, Charles B.	Otisfield.	Paine, Junius D.	Pownal.
Caldwell, Isaiah A.	"	Parsons, Albert L.	No. Yarmouth.
Cash, Nathaniel	Naples.	Porter, Charles C.	" "
Chaplin, John	"	Putnam, John A.	Franklin Plant'n.
Chase, Edward E.	Portland.	Rider, Moses A.	Pownal.
Chase, Samuel R.	"	Roach, Edward E.	Portland.
Chase, Wilbur F.	"	Robbins, Amosia B.	Paris.
Cook, David W.	"	Sally, Elisha F.	Saco.
Coolbroth, William	"	Sanborn, William H.	Bridgton.
Damren, Dusten	"	Sanborn, Jerome O.	Bethel.
Davis, William E.	"	Simpson, George W.	Portland.

Day, William	Westbrook.	Skillin, James P.	Westbrook.
Garcelon, Levi M.	Livermore.	Slowman, Charles A.	Saco.
Gilbert, James M.	Pownal.	Snell, John E.	Pownal.
Goold, Josiah	Portland	Snow, Israel T.	Jackson
Green, Charles R.	"	Stevens, James E.	Naples.
Gurney, Michael	Hartford.	St. John, William E.	Portland.
Gurney, Stillman	"	Stone, Charles H.	Saco.
Harmon, Benjamin F.	Buxton.	Stone, Shirley M.	"
Hartshorne, Frederick A.	Portl'd.	Thurston, George H.	Portland.
Haskell, William T.	"	Tibbets, Charles A.	C. Elizabeth.
Hayes, John O.	"	Tibbets, Ira Frank.	" "
Hefron, Thomas	"	Walls, Franklin	" "
Higgins, Charles E.	Buxton.	Walton, Andrew J.	E. Livermore.
Higgins, Sumner C.	"	Ward, William H.	Standish.
Hill, Ivory L.	"	Wedge, Louis	Augusta.
Hodsdon, David T.	Bethel.	Whitney, Henry C.	Naples.
Hone, James R.	Portland.	Whitney, Nathan F.	Standish.
Howard, Simeon	Westbrook.	Whittemore, Eben C.	E. Livermore.
Hoyt, John L.	E. Livermore.	Wing, Samuel F.	Rumford.

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Company F. (*Lewiston Light Infantry.*)

CAPTAIN.

Knowlton, William	Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st,	Butler, Edward S.	Lewiston.
2d,	Rankin, Abel G.	"
2d,	Haskell, Charles H.	Pownal.

SERGEANTS.

1st,	Merrill, Joseph S.	Readfield.	Marston, Charles W.	Lewiston.
	Stevens, Isaiah S.	Yarmouth.	Pratt, Reuben D.	Mercer.
	Cushing, Samuel E.	Pownal.	Fitzgerald, Daniel S.	Lewiston.
	Baker, Hardy N.	Lewiston.	Gould, George H.	"

CORPORALS.

Roberts, Alfred	Durham.	Morse, Joseph W.	Andover.
Lovell, Samuel W.	Yarmouth.	Thing, Everard	Mt. Vernon.
Savage, Frank J.	Anson.	Gray, Wesley	Embden.
Winter, Harrison B.	Dixfield.	Williams, Charles B.	Mt. Vernon.
Low, James	Lewiston.	Pearson, Lewis E.	Portland.
Heney, Charles W.	Lewiston.	Davis, Isaac P.	Auburn.

MUSICIANS.

Sewell, William W.	Portland.	Given, William H.	Lewiston.

WAGONER.

Knowlton, Isaac K.	Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Nicholas I.	Lewiston.	Lane, Sullivan	Anson.
Atkinson, Charles A.	Mercer.	Lapham, Joseph	Rumford.
Beal, Thomas R.	Durham.	Libby, Elijah	Greenwood.
Beals, Jonathan	Anson.	Libby, Lewis F.	Pownal.
Buck, John A.	Greenwood.	Lovejoy, Charles	Saco.
Burke, William	Lewiston.	McDonald, Roderick	Thomaston.
Burr, Charles F.	Pownal.	McGlinchy, Hugh	Lewiston.
Butler, Thomas M.	Hancock.	McGoverin, Dennis	Portland.
Cleaveland, Benjamin F.	Anson.	Nichols, Alva E.	Lewiston.
Cole, Consider	Greenwood.	O'Neil, Lanty	Portland.
Corbett, George A.	Weld.	Pearson, William H.	Greenwood.
Covell, James E.	Durham.	Plummer, Alpheus	Bridgton.
Daggett, Obed W.	Anson.	Pote, Isaac I.	Portland.
Davis, Lorenzo T.	Carmel.	Prindall, Edward L.	"
Dockham, George A.	Poland.	Prindall, William	Brunswick.
Dwelly, Gustavus A.	Lewiston.	Pullen, Omar	Anson.
Eames, Martin	Embden.	Pyor, William A.	Lewiston.
Eastman, Thomas A.	Lewiston.	Record, Edwin	Turner.
Elliott, Edward F.	Rumford.	Robbins, Samuel S.	Anson,
Ellsworth, Isaac	Salem.	Savage, Henry A.	"
Foster, Nicholas L.	Lewiston.	Sawyer, Joseph W.	Pownal.
Frost, Isaac C.	Weld.	Sidney, Phillip	Portland.
Gage, George W.	Otisfield.	Smellage, George W.	"
Gaitley, Martin	Portland.	Smith, Josiah H.	Lewiston.
Gordon, John H.	Mt. Vernon.	Smith, Kennedy	Salem.
Grant, Amaziah	Durham.	Stevens, Enos H.	Auburn.
Grant, Samuel R.	"	Stirk, Henry	Turner.
Hall, Daniel E.	Naples.	Thompson, Andrew J.	Farmington.
Hall, Enoch L.	Lewiston.	Townsend, John W.	Auburn.
Hodsdon, Sam. R.	Milton Plant'n.	Tripp, Harrison A.	Sedgwick.
Howard, Frederick A.	Anson.	True, Rueben E.	Freeport.
Hutchinson, Benj. F.	Rockland.	Trufant, John A.	Augusta.
Jackson, Andrew	Lewiston.	Turner, John F.	Portland.
Jewell, Levi D.	Woodstock.	Tuttle, Albion	Pownal.
Johnson, George W.	Freeport.	Veazie, Edwin B.	Portland.
Jones, Henry H.	Yarmouth.	Walker, Frederick L.	Woolwich.

Jordan, Henry F.	Andover.	Welch, Benjamin A.	Minot.
Kennison, Charles H.	Lewiston.	West, Lewis F.	Pownal.
Kincaid, John A.	"	Whitney, James H.	Chesterville.
Knight, Abel J.	Kennebunkport.	Young, Eleazer K.	Yarmouth.
Knights, Freeman J.	Pownal.		4—104

Company G. (*Norway Light Infantry.*)

CAPTAINS.

Rust, Henry Jr.	Norway.
Blake, Jonathan	"

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Whitmarsh, William W.	Norway.
2d, Millett, Henry R.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Raynes, J. Franklin	Auburn.	McKeen, Henry H.	Stoneham.
Fitz, John F.	Norway.	Hale, William F.	Norway.
Jordan, John F.	Paris.	Cushman, Zebedee M.	Oxford.

CORPORALS.

Farris, Rufus E.	Hebron.	Goddard, Edward	Bethel.
Goodenow, Jason S.	Newry.	Dempsey, Jere	Norway.
Matthews, Augustus W.	Paris.	Thayer, Edmund P.	Oxford.
Mansfield, James H.	Lovell.	Bartlett, Lucius J.	Norway.

MUSICIANS.

Murphy, Robert H.	Portland.	Burke, Edward	Albany.
Noble, Harrison G.	Norway.		

WAGONER.

Yates, Samuel S.	Norway.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Henry H.	Waterford.	Knight, George M.	Waterford.
Andrews, William W.	Otisfield.	Knight, Joseph	Otisfield.
Barker, Ebenezer H.	Newry.	Knox, Samuel Jr.	Chatham, N. H.
Bartlett, Kenneth S.	Norway.	Lapham, Charles L.	Bethel.
Bartlett, Marcus C.	"	Lapham, Isaac F.	Woodstock.
Black, Josiah S.	Hanover.	Littlefield, Albert	Stoneham.
Bradbury, Frank J.	Norway.	Littlefield, John S.	"
Bridges, John C.	Porter.	Mains, Solomon	Gorham.

Briggs, Alfred H.	Woodstock.
Brown, George H.	Mason.
Brown, Josiah A.	Bethel.
Bryant, Amos S.	Woodstock.
Chandler, William P.	Stowe.
Charles, Daniel E.	Lovell.
Charles, Selo F.	Stowe.
Chase, Charles	Milton Plant'n.
Cook, Joseph B.	Porter.
Crockett, James 2d	Norway.
Cummings, Jos. W.	Woodstock.
Cushman, Freeland A.	Oxford.
Davis, George H.	Perry.
Dinsmore, Charles M.	Norway.
Dresser, Horace	Lovell.
Eastman, John C.	Stowe.
Ela, Charles C.	Brownfield.
Ela, John C.	"
Ellis, Charles A.	Sweden.
Emery, Sewall B.	Poland.
Estes, Nathan C.	Bethel.
Farrington, Henry L.	Sweden.
Floyd, Osgood F.	Porter.
Fox, George H.	"
Fox, William W.	"
Fuller, Alpheus	Woodstock.
Fuller, William H.	"
Gordon, William H.	Franklin Pl.
Gray, Elden B.	Lovell.
Greenleaf, Charles F.	Norway.
Greenleaf, Solomon	"
Hall, Charles	"
Harriden, James	Chatham, N. H.
Henley, John S.	Otisfield.
Henley, Pliny B.	"
Hicks, Alfred C.	Oxford.
Hill, Leonard C.	Sweden.
Hill, Willard B.	"
Johnson, William	Stowe.
Jordan, James	Bridgton.
Kenney, Solomon S.	Paris.
Kierstead, Luke	Portland.
Kimball, Eben A.	Hamlin Grant Pl.
Mason, Vincent	Albany.
Matthews, Charles	Norway.
Meader, Calvin	Chatham, N. H.
Merrill, James L.	Norway.
Merrill, William B.	"
Merrill, William H. H.	Hebron.
Millett, Charles F.	Norway.
Morse, David	Paris.
Morse, Seward P.	Andover.
Nichols, John A.	Chatham, N. H.
Nutting, Jason S.	Andover.
Perham, James L.	Woodstock.
Pike, Darius T.	Norway.
Pike, William H.	Harrison.
Pingree, Hezekiah S.	Norway.
Powers, Thomas	Newry.
Prescott, John B.	Lovell.
Pressey, Charles M.	Norway.
Ripley, George K.	Paris.
Russell, Benjamin Jr.	Greenwood.
Russell, Nelson R.	"
Sargent, George W.	Oxford.
Seavey, Lafayette	Waterford.
Small, Farnham H.	Boston, Mass.
Smith, Jonathan	Otisfield.
Smith, Lowell B.	Peru.
Smith, Nathan	Otisfield.
Stanley, William S.	Porter.
Stevens, Elmer L.	Chatham, N. H.
Stowell, Edward N.	
Swan, Fessenden	Woodstock.
Towle, Ezra	Porter.
Upton, John A.	Otisfield.
Warren, Nathaniel E.	Weld.
Wentworth, Ephraim	Porter.
Whitney, Theodore	Harrison.
Widber, James S.	Newry.
Wilbur, Henry	Albany.
Wilkinson, John W.	Portland.
Wilkinson, William W.	"
Witham, Charles W.	Minot.
Wood, William E.	Oxford.

Company H. (*Auburn Artillery.*)

CAPTAINS.

Emerson, Charles S.	Auburn.
Shaw, Elijah M.	Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Folsom, James C.	Auburn.
1st, True, George W.	"
1st, Blake, Granville	"
2d, Dill, Phineas W.	"
2d, Bradbury, Benjamin M.	"
2d, Freeman, Albert W.	Minot.
2d, Wright, Horace	Auburn.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Conant, Alexand'r B.	Auburn.	Jumper, David A.	Lewiston.
Anderson, Charles R.	Lew'n.	Coburn, George B.	"
Emerson, Ivory W.	Auburn.	Richardson, Oliver B.	Hebron.
Lamarche, Alfred F.	Hebron.		

CORPORALS.

Harradon, George W.	Auburn.	Irish, Samuel F.	Peru.
Given, Benjamin L.	"	Pratt, Henry C.	Carthage.
White, Augustus	"	Wood, Cyrus D.	Auburn.
Estes, Stephen R.	Lewiston.	Kidder, Roscoe J.	Sumner.
French, Nathaniel F.	Bradford.	Stevens, Samuel L.	Auburn.
Green, George A.	N. Gloucester.	Wright, Winfield S.	Greene.
Webber, Samuel	Lewiston.		

MUSICIANS.

Harmon, William S.	Harrison.	Townsend, Cyrus B.	Auburn.
Perry, Isaac J.	Auburn.		

WAGONER.

Green, Harrison B. Weld.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Francis M.	Auburn.	Lunt, M. William	New Gloucester.
Badger, John	Canaan.	Magill, Andrew J.	Carthage.
Bailey, George H.	Bridgton.	Marden, Charles F.	Danville.
Bailey, Marshall	"	Marston, James H.	Minot.
Bates, Lewis	Auburn.	Martin, Xaveri	Peru.
Benson, Ephraim C.	Peru.	Metcalf, Charles A.	Lisbon.
Berry, Albion K. P.	Carthage.	Mitchell, Arthur S.	Carthage.
Berry, Elbridge G.	"	Mitchell, Winslow	"

Bishop, Jesse	Peru.
Bonney, Gladden	Turner.
Brackett, William H.	Chesterville.
Bradbury, Hugh M.	Auburn.
Bradeen, William H.	Waterboro.
Brooks, Joseph	Lewiston.
Cobb, Edwin A.	Bridgton.
Coburn, Jefferson L.	Carthage.
Coburn, John G.	"
Davis, Charles H.	Auburn.
Dawes, Alvin	N. Gloucester.
Dearth, William	Auburn.
Dillingham, Isaac R.	"
Donihue, George L.	Freeport.
Estes, Silas	Lewiston.
Fargo, Charles O.	Turner.
Field, Alvin	Portland.
Foster, Ambrose A.	Bristol.
Fuller, George J.	Minot.
Galusha, Joseph	Richmond.
Gillis, Edward	Calais.
Griffin, Howard S.	N. Gloucester.
Green, Nathaniel	Carthage.
Grover, Mark	Lewiston.
Harris, Robert B.	Auburn.
Herrick, Oliver	"
Hibbard, Azro C.	Lewiston.
Holman, Emery A.	N. Gloucester.
Howard, David	Weld.
Irish, Benjamin R.	Peru.
Judkins, Asaph	Carthage.
Judkins, Eastman	Weld.
Judkins, Orville	"
Judkins, Willard W.	Carthage.
Keen, Charles M.	Turner.
Kimball, Isaiah	Lisbon.
Kneeland, Ira A.	Harrison.
Knowles, John	Greene.
Lane, Edwin A.	Peru.
Lane, Solomon	Bristol.
Libby, Greenfield T.	Danville.
Lowell, Gideon P.	Greene.
Morrill, Alonzo F.	Auburn.
Nutting, James	Bethel.
Oldham, John	Peru.
Parker, George H.	Durham.
Perkins, Orren	Carthage.
Perry, Nelson C.	Minot.
Pinkham, George L.	Freeport.
Plant, Charles F.	N. Gloucester.
Reed, Adolphus S.	Auburn.
Rice, Gilman	Minot.
Richardson, Charles	Greene.
Ricker, Henry J.	Auburn.
Sanborn, Dudley F.	Lewiston.
Sawyer, Greenlief	Danville.
Smith, Albert P.	New Gloucester.
Smith, Louville	" "
Stephens, Ezra F.	Turner.
Stetson, David L.	Auburn.
Stinchfield, Samuel E.	N. Gloucester.
Taber, George W.	Vassalboro.
Thorn, Israel	New Gloucester.
Trask, William H.	Peru.
Trudeau, Napoleon	Montreal, C. E.
True, Virgil	Auburn.
Usher, Joshua	Sebago.
Verrill, Edward K.	Minot.
Verrill, Edward P.	"
Verrill, Daniel L.	Auburn.
Vickery, Augustus M.	Danville.
Vickery, Isaiah H.	Auburn.
Warren, George W.	Peru.
Warren, Lewis	Auburn.
Warren, John	"
Webb, Isaac	Bridgton.
Wentworth, Charles H.	Lewiston.
Wentworth, William H.	Auburn.
Whitman, George E.	N. Gloucester.
Wilson, Stillman	Freeport.
Witham, Asaph H.	Lisbon.
Wright, Lyman H.	Auburn.
Wyman, Thomas	Peru.
Young, Henry	Byron.

Co. I. (*2d Co. Portland Rifle Guard.*)

CAPTAINS.

Furbish, Nehemiah T.	Portland.
Mayhew, Hebron	Westbrook.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Johnson, Albert H.	Westbrook.
2d, Simpson, John T.	Portland.
2d, Wade, William	Westbrook.
2d, Graham, Charles C.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Atwood, Hezekiah	Portland.	Babb, Henry S.	Westbrook.
Witham, Benjamin T.	"	Fitch, Edwin	Bridgton.
Mariner, Thomas B.	Sebago.	Quimby, William A.	Westbrook.

CORPORALS.

Fellows, James L.	Westbrook.	Cluskey, Peter	Portland.
Ripley, Nathaniel D.	Portland.	Roberts, Cassius C.	Gray.
Greeley, John W.	Westbrook.	Murphy, William H.	Portland.
Simpson, William R.	Gray.	Keen, Seth M.	Harrison.
Lord, Cyrus J.	Naples.	Burbank, Samuel M.	Newfield.

MUSICIANS.

Hammond, Jacob J.	Ossipee, N. H.	Towle, Andrew J.	Westbrook.

WAGONER.

Bodge, Erastus	Parsonsfield.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Irving D.	Westbrook.	Kerrigan, Edward	Fall River, Mass.
Arnold, William	Portland.	Lakin, Benjamin C.	Naples.
Ballard, Samuel F.	Naples.	Little, Moses	Windham.
Baston, Ephraim K.	Albany.	Littlefield, Charles	Portland.
Batchelder, Henry A.	Lewiston.	Littlefield, Horace P.	Wells.
Bisbee, Elisha T.	Sumner.	Mariner, William	Boston, Mass.
Bisbee, Robert	Bridgton.	Mariner, Greenleaf T.	Sebago.
Chute, Edward P.	Naples.	Merrill, Loren L.	Dover.
Cobb, Charles	Portland.	Moulton, Matthias	Portland.
Cook, Benjamin F.	Sebago.	Murch, Albert W.	Bridgton.
Cotton, Aaron D.	Woodstock.	Murphy, James	Portland.
Davis, Benjamin F.	C. Elizabeth.	Murphy, Thomas	"
Deland, Daniel Jr.	Portland.	Northrup, Charles E.	Steubenville, O.
Dunn, Charles F.	"	Paine, Frank O.	Windham.
Elwell, Hezekiah	Westbrook.	Pennell, John W.	Westbrook.
Fitch, Ansel S.	Bridgton.	Pitts, Charles H.	Naples.

Fletcher, George C.	Falmouth.	Quimby, Alonzo H.	Portland.
Follett, William	Bridgton.	Quimby, Charles H.	Casco.
Foss, Ambrose	Sebago.	Quimby, Orrin	Naples.
Foster, Samuel H.	Portland.	Roach, Jeremiah P. W.	Windham.
Gammon, Mark	Falmouth.	Roberts, Charles H.	Falmouth.
Gearey, Patrick	C. Elizabeth.	Rolfe, Benjamin F.	Portland.
Gilbert, George	Gray.	Scammon, Isaac W.	"
Golden, William P.	Portland.	Shaw, John F.	Naples.
Goodridge, Lewis E.	Naples.	Shorey, Henry P.	Wells.
Harkin, John	Scarboro.	Simpson, Samuel F.	Gray.
Haskell, Foster M.	Westbrook.	Smith, George W.	Scarboro.
Higgins, Rufus N.	C. Elizabeth.	Strout, George A.	Raymond.
Hill, Appleton D.	Naples.	Swett, Alonzo F.	Falmouth.
Hill, Francis J.	"	Terhune, Stephen	Portland.
Hill, George B. A.	Harrison.	Thorn, John O.	Bridgton.
Hodgdon, Andrew J.	Westbrook.	Turner, Moses	Portland.
Hodsdon, Charles A.	"	Walker, Ferdinand F.	"
Jewett, William Willis	"	Warren, William H.	Boston, Mass.
Johnson, Alvah	Bridgton.	Webb, Eli	Westbrook.
Johnson, Andrew J.	Portland.	Welch, Alvin F.*	"
Johnson, Daniel C.	Bridgton.	Welch, James	Biddeford.
Jones, Edwin W.	Westbrook.	Wentworth, Henry L.	Denmark.
Jordan, George A.	Andover.	Wetherby, William	Naples.
Jordan, Pascal M.	Naples.	Wheeler, William H. H.	Gorham.
Jordan, Peter	Harrison.		6—100

Company K. (*Lewiston Zouaves.*)

CAPTAIN.

Nye, George H.	Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Witherell, John F.	Monmouth.
1st, Bicknell, Fayette	Oxford.
2d, Kingsley, Albert E.	Lewiston.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Pratt, Francis H.	Lewiston.	Rockwood, James M.	Belgrade.
1st, Goss, Almon L.	Danville.	Jumper, Charles H.	Lewiston.
Layden, James	Lewiston.	Nash, Jonathan	Auburn.
Donnell, Samuel	Bath.		

*The same as Welch, Albion F., page 77.

CORPORALS.

Osgood, James E.	Lewiston.	Logan, James M.	Waldo.
Fox, Martin	Auburn.	Bicknell, Delphinus B.	Oxford.
Viele, Reuben	Farmington.	Willard, John A.	Lewiston.
Thorn, Thomas A.	Lewiston.	Morrill, John R.	"
Ashton, Henry H.	"		

MUSICIANS.

Hanson, Albert E.	Lewiston.	Thing, Chester H.	Lewiston.

WAGONER.

Woodcock, Melvin Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Frank C.	Lewiston.	Larrabee, Emery E.	Lewiston.
Allen, Ethan	Turner.	Lee, John	"
Bailey, Hewitt C.	Minot.	Magner, James E.	Auburn.
Bickford, Merrill W.	Parsonsfield.	Martin, Irvin G.	Rumford.
Blackstone, Stephen C.	Auburn.	Merchant, Franklin A.	N. Gloucester.
Bond, Houghton	Lewiston.	Merrill, John H.	Lewiston.
Bond, Stillman	Greene.	Morrill, George B.	"
Chipman, Elmer	Poland.	Morse, Stillman	Andover.
Clark, Erasmus D.	Lewiston.	McLaughlin, Tyler H.	Weld.
Coburn, Horace J.	Turner.	Nash, David J.	Auburn.
Coburn, Charles F.	Weld.	Newman, Albert A.	Weld.
Colley, Joseph O.	Vienna.	Penney, Henry J.	Lewiston.
Coombs, Artemas	Parsonsfield.	Pio, James H.	Portland.
Dodge, William T.	Westbrook.	Pray, Benjamin F.	Lewiston.
Doughty, Alvin S.	Topsham.	Preble, James G.	"
Dunn, Albert N.	Andover.	Quimby, John F.	Turner.
Duston, William H.	Westbrook.	Ranco, Joseph	Waterville.
Eaton, James D.	Portland.	Raymond, Charles S.	Auburn.
Edwards, Abial H.	Casco.	Reed, Asa	Danville.
Ellery, David H.	Hallowell.	Reynolds, George W.	Portland.
Eveleth, Edwin	New Gloucester.	Robertson, Ephraim T.	Weld.
Frost, Alonzo G.	Lisbon.	Royal, Augustus	Danville.
Frost, Henry T.	Greene.	Royal, Samuel N.	Wales.
Getchell, Andrew J.	Augusta.	Russell, James A.	Weld.
Getchell, Edwin A.	"	Russell, William M.	"
Getchell, Otis H.	Monmouth.	Ryerson, Charles H.	Paris.
Getchell, William T.	Augusta.	Simonds, Aaron A.	Turner.
Getchell, Edwin F.	Vassalboro.	Smith, Charles W.	Roxbury, Mass.
Gould, Elijah G.	New Gloucester.	Smith, Charles	Grandell, Vt.

Guiney, James	Lewiston.	Smith, David B.	Avon.
Hall, William M.	"	Smith, Henry H.	Lewiston.
Hammond, Ambrose E.	"	Smith, James	"
Herrick, Greenlief C.	Gray.	Smith, Joseph B.	"
Herrick, Nathan	Poland.	Stevens, Alonzo	"
Hodges, Thomas B.	Lewiston.	Stiles, Merritt W.	Westbrook.
Hodsdon, Albert P.	Wales.	Stockbridge, Cornelius D.	Byron.
Hodsdon, Isaac W.	Byron.	Tarr, David D.	Lewiston.
Holt, William	Weld.	Taylor, Thomas	"
Hutchinson, Benjamin	Auburn.	Thurston, James H.	Danville.
Jepson, Leonard	Lewiston.	Tobie, Leroy H.	Lewiston.
Johnson, Levi B.	"	Webber, Elias S.	"
Jones, Albert N.	Weld.	Welch, Stephen E.	Sanford.
Jones, Gustavus W.	"	Whittum, George D.	Lewiston.
Joy, Marquis F.	Lewiston.	Williams, Randall B.	Athens.
Jumper, Samuel H.	N. Gloucester.	Witham, Phineas C.	Sanford.
King, William H.	Oxford.	Wyman, George P.	Auburn.

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UNASSIGNED.

NOTE. These names appear on page 872 of the Adjutant General's Report for 1862 as belonging to our regiment.

Hodsdon Charles C.	Saco.	Wilson, Samuel (Deserter,)	Rockland.
Hays, William (Deserter.)		Waterhouse,* Cyrus T.	Portland.
Serles, Henry "			

*Was kept in Maine on general recruiting service during the entire term of service of the "10th."

NOTE. 67 officers and 1,127 men appear on these rolls, making 1,194 aggregate, but after deducting nine names which show twice, and the five unassigned that were never really connected with the regiment, we have 64 officers and 1,116 men, making 1,180 aggregate, as the actual number of men in our regiment.

The number stated as the aggregate of our regiment, in Vol. 1, page 35, Adjt. Gen. Report of 1864-5, is 1,324. This large difference probably arises from the Adjt. Gen. having counted the transferred and promoted twice.

Roll of the Dead,---Tenth Maine Regiment.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
E.	Andrew C. Cloudman,	Captain,	Aug. 9, 1862,	Killed in Battle,	Cedar Mountain, Va.
H.	James C. Folsom,	1st Lieutenant,	" " "	" "	" "
H.	Albert W. Freeman,	2d "	" 25, "	Wounded in Battle,	" "
I.	Nehemiah T. Furbish,	Captain,	Sept. 17, "	Killed "	Antietam, Md.
I.	William Wade,	2d Lieutenant,	" " "	" "	"
D.	Edward Brackett,	"	" 18, "	Wounded "	"
H.	George W. True,	"	" 20, "	" "	"
B.	Charles H. Colley,	"	" " "	" "	Cedar, Mountain, Va.
E.	Joseph H. Perley Jr.,	"	Dec. 18, "	Consumption,	Portland, Me.
H.	Howard S. Griffin,	Private,	Oct. 7, 1861,	Drowned,	Long Island Sound.
G.	William H. Fuller,	"	Nov. 24, "	Pneumonia,	Relay House, Md.
G.	William H. H. Merrill,	"	" 29, "	Measles,	" "
G.	Eben A. Kimball,	"	Dec. 3, "	"	" "
G.	John S. Henley,	"	" 7, "	"	" "
K.	Greenlief C. Herrick,	"	" 22, "	"	" "
A.	John Moody,	"	Jan'y 3, 1862.	Typhoid Fever,	" "
D.	Ezra Randall,	"	" 5, "	Gastric Ulcer,	" "
I.	Henry L. Wentworth,	"	" 12, "		" "
C.	Alanson L. Wilson,	"	Feb. 19, "	Consumption,	Baltimore General Hospital.
A.	Ether S. Milliken,	"	" 20, "	Heart Disease,	Jessup's Cut, Md.
D.	Hercules S. Fernald,	"	" 22, "	Typhoid Fever,	Relay House, Md.
F.	Frederick L. Walker,	"	" " "		" "
K.	Charles S. Raymond.	"	Mar. 13, "	Quick Consumption,	
D.	Joseph C. Baker,	"	" 28, "	Railroad Accident.	Elysville, Md.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
B.	Daniel E. Mountfort,	Private,	April 7, 1862,	Typhoid Fever,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
D.	George A. Hamilton,	Sergeant,	Mar. 25, "	Diphtheria,	
E.	George W. Simpson,	Private,	May 3, "	Drowned,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
D.	Daniel McDonald,	"	" 6, "	Typhoid Pneumonia,	" "
E.	Edward E. Roach,	"	" 13, "	Chronic Rheumatism,	" "
D.	Oscar F. Bean,	"	June 11, "	Unknown,	
G.	Solomon S. Kenney,	"	May 25, "	Killed,	Frederick, Md.
E.	Andrew J. Walton,	"	" " "	"	Darksville, Va., Banks's Retreat.
C.	William A. Hamilton,	"	" " "	"	On Banks's Retreat.
C.	John Goodhue,	"	June 10, "		" "
K.	Francis H. Pratt,	1st Sergeant,	" 30, "	Typhoid Fever,	Winchester, Va.
B.	Benjamin S. Cushman,	Corporal,	July 10, "	Accidental,	Luray, Va.
K.	James Logan,	"	Aug. 8, "	Typhoid Fever,	Cedarville, Va.
A.	Cincinnatus Keyes,	"	" 13, "	Unknown,	Frederick, Md.
A.	James L. Kendrick,	"	" 16, "	Wounded Cedar Mount.,	Alexandria, Va.
A.	Zachariah L. Hamlin,	Private,	Aug. 9, "	Wounds " "	
A.	Sewall Phillips,	"	" " "	Killed,	Cedar Mountain, Va.
B.	Oliver Hiter,	"	" " "	"	" "
B.	Emery E. Pierce,	"	" " "	"	" "
C.	George H. Hurd,	Sergeant,	" " "	"	" "
D.	Daniel Plummer,	Private,	" " "	"	" "
D.	John N. Knowlan,	"	" " "	"	" "
D.	Patrick McNally,	"	" " "	"	" "
D.	Paul Legassie,	"	" " "	"	" "
D.	Henry C. Emerson,	"	" " "	"	" "
D.	Silas H. Bean,	"	" " "	"	" "
E.	Nathan F. Whitney,	"	" " "	"	" "
E.	Charles H. Anderson,	"	" 12, "	Wounds,	" "
E.	Lorenzo D. Merrow,	"	" 9, "	Killed,	" "
F.	Charles W. Marston,	Sergeant,	" " "	"	" "
G.	James H. Mansfield,	Corporal,	Aug. 11, "	Wounds,	" "
G.	Selo F. Charles,	Private,	" 9, "	Killed,	" "
H.	John Badger,	"	" " "	"	" "
H.	Greenfield T. Libby,	"	" " "	"	" "

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
H.	Alvin Field,	Private,	Aug. 9, 1862,	Killed,	Cedar Mountain, Va.
H.	Edward P. Verrill,	"	" " "	"	" "
K.	Charles H. Ryerson,	"	" " "	"	" "
H.	Henry J. Ricker,	"	" 17, "	Wounds, Cedar Mt.,	Alexandria General Hospital.
C.	Thomas D. Sturtevant,	"	" 25, "	" "	" "
C.	Charles Lancaster,	"	" 30, "	" "	" "
C.	George Weymouth,	"	" 19, "	" "	Culpeper C. H., Va.
G.	Kenneth S. Bartlett,	"	" 20, "	" Sec. Hemorrhage,	" "
D.	Thomas Law,	Acting Corporal,	" 18, "	"	" "
B.	William Brine,	Private,	Sept. 17, "	Killed,	Antietam, Md.
B.	John McGinty,	"	" " "	"	"
B.	John Trowbridge,	"	" " "	"	"
B.	James E. Jordan,	"	" 18, "	Wounds,	"
C.	Edward W. Bonney,	"	" 17, "	Killed,	"
D.	Henry Campbell,	"	" " "	"	"
D.	George Stanley,	"	" " "	"	"
F.	James E. Covell,	"	" " "	"	"
G.	Solomon S. Mains,	"	" " "	"	"
G.	Charles M. Pressey,	"	" " "	"	"
G.	Vincent Mason,	"	" " "	"	"
G.	William W. Wilkinson,	"	" " "	"	" See page 259.
H.	Charles H. Wentworth,	"	" " "	"	"
H.	George J. Fuller,	"	" " "	"	"
H.	Hugh M. Bradbury,	"	" " "	"	"
K.	Asa Reed,	"	" " "	"	"
K.	James D. Eaton,	"	" " "	"	"
I.	Benjamin C. Lakin,	"	" 18, "	Wounds,	"
G.	Ezra Towle,	"	" 27, "	"	"
D.	Edwin Thompson,	"	Sept. 21 "	Wounded, Cedar Mount.,	Alexandria, Va.
G.	Rufus E. Farris,	Corporal,	Sept. 5, "	" "	Culpeper C. H., Va.
H.	Marshall Bailey,	Private,	" 28, "	"	Antietam, Md.
G.	Luke Kierstead,	"	" 18, "	"	"
H.	George L. Pinkham,	"	Oct. 14, "	Typhoid Fever,	Berlin, Md.
D.	Albert E. Barker,	Corporal,	" 8, "	Wounds Antietam,	Frederick, Md.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
D.	James R. Shehan,	Private,	Oct. 1, 1862,	Typhoid Fever,	Alexandria, Va.
G.	Elden B. Gray,	"	" 12, "	Wounds Cedar Mount.,	Alexandria, Va.
H.	Solomon Lane,	"	" 21, "	Typhoid Fever,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
K.	John Lee,	"	" 9, "	Wounds at Antietam,	Washington, D. C.
D.	George W. Esty,	"	" 21, "	" "	Frederick, Md., General Hospital.
G.	William W. Fox,	"	" 30, "	Typhoid Fever,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
G.	Marcus C. Bartlett,	"	Nov. 6, "	Wounds, Antietam,	Smoketown, Md.
G.	Charles Matthews,	"	" 12, "	Consumption,	Berlin, Md.
E.	Michael Gurney,	"	" "	"	"
C.	Nathan F. Irish,	Corporal,	" 13, "	Chronic Diarrhea,	"
F.	Isaac Ellsworth,	Private,	July 20, "	Prisoner,	Lynchburg, Va.
D.	George E. Clark,	Corporal,	Aug. — "	"	Richmond, Va.
B.	Daniel S. Roberts,	Private,	" 3, "	"	Lynchburg, Va.
B.	Joseph Weeks,	"	" 2, "	"	"
F.	George A. Corbett,	"	Nov. 23, "	Heart Disease,	Berlin, Md.
D.	George J. Campbell,	Corporal,	Oct. 1, "	Wounds Cedar Mount.,	Culpeper C. H.
G.	John C. Bridges,	Private,	Dec. 1, "	Diphtheria,	Knoxville, Md.
G.	Charles A. Ellis,	"	" 2, "	Chronic Diarrhea,	Berlin, Md.
C.	Elbridge F. Murch,	"	" 3, "	Heart Disease,	"
C.	Arthur T. Jordan,	"	Oct. 30, "	Wounds, Cedar Mt.,	Washington, D. C.
G.	Charles W. Witham,	"	July 24, "	Captured May 25,	Lynchburg, Va.
G.	William H. Pike,	"	" 15, "	" "	"
D.	John Grady,	"	Dec. 19, "	Pneumonia,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
B.	Clinton Fobes,	"	Oct. 25, "	Wounds, Antietam,	Washington, D. C.
F.	Alva E. Nichols,	"	Nov. 19, "	Disease,	New York.
K.	William Holt,	"	Dec. 31, "	Pneumonia,	Harper's Ferry, Va.
E.	Joseph H. Barber,	"	Jan. 9, 1863,	Disease,	Washington, D. C.
K.	Irvin G. Martin,	"	" 23, "	Wounds, Antietam,	Frederick, Md.
B.	Francis A. Graffam,	"	Feb. 17, "	Congestion of Brain,	Washington, D. C.
H.	Roscoe J. Kidder,	Corporal,	Mar. 14, "	Fatty degen. Kidneys,	Stafford, C. H., Va.
C.	George B. Carver,	Private,	April 12, "	Typhoid Fever,	" "
K.	Alonzo G. Frost,	"	" 17, "	Pneumonia,	" "
E.	Charles C. Porter.	"	Dec. 7, 1862.	Insane—Drowned,	Philadelphia.

Killed and died of wounds, 73; Died of disease, 42; Starved in prisons, 6; Accidental, 4. Aggregate, 125.

Andrew C. Cloudman.

CAPT. CO. E. 10TH ME. REGT.

A. Trochsler & Co. Lith. Boston

HISTORY

OF THE

Tenth Maine Battalion,

BY THE REV. LEONARD G. JORDAN,

(LATE A PRIVATE OF CO. D.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

ORGANIZATION—BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Early on Sunday morning April 26, 1863, there was received at the headquarters of the 10th Me. Vols., the following order:

(COPY.)

HEADQUARTERS 12TH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Stafford Court House, Va., April 26, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 100.

[Extract.]

* * * * * * * * * *

The enlisted men of the Tenth Maine Volunteers, whose term of service extends to three years or during the war, will be marched to these headquarters in charge of the following named officers: Capt. J. D. Beardsley, Lieut. Charles F. King, Lieut. Chandler Libby, Lieut. Charles H. Haskell and Assistant Surgeon H. N. Howard.

These men will be constituted a provost guard, relieving the three companies of the Second Massachusetts Volunteers, now on duty at these headquarters. They will be allowed to retain their full proportion of camp and garrison equipage. By command of

MAJOR GENERAL SLOCUM.

(Signed,) H. C. RODGERS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Great disappointment and almost consternation were felt by many of the regiment on the promulgation of this order. The enlisted men referred to in it had for the most part, even up to this time, indulged the hope that they would either be discharged with the regiment, or granted a furlough, which would enable them to visit Maine with the returning regiment.

These men constituted Cos. A and D, which were mustered in with the regiment in 1861, but for three years instead

of two, they having been raised for other organizations, and many recruits scattered through the regiment. No representations were made to the officers or men of the two companies that they would be discharged with the regiment; though in view of later occurrences, many of them had come to expect it. But the recruits were distinctly told by enlisting officers, and in some cases by U. S. mustering officers, that they would be allowed to return with their regiment, in consideration of their enlistment into commands already in the field, they thereby foregoing the chances of promotion possible in new organizations. It was declared that the Secretary of War had given this assurance; a statement which was confirmed by General Slocum's remarks to the battalion on parting with it in 1864.

The want of good faith on the part of the general government, herein manifested, though in itself a matter of regret, resulted in happy experience for those most nearly concerned. It is generally admitted that the pleasantest part of the service of most of the battalion was experienced while connected with it. But at first the disappointment was hard to bear. In soldier fashion, many harsh things were said of the government at Washington, and of all the officers supposed to have any influence in the matter (except General Slocum), even to the colonel and others of the regiment. There is official evidence, however, that Col. Beal tried hard to secure the discharge of the men, and failing in that, to obtain for them a furlough of thirty days. But soldiers were too much needed in the army of the Potomac at that time to permit the discharge, and the furlough was not given because Gen. Hooker feared the men would desert.

From official reports we learn that upon the date of the order quoted above, the aggregate of Co. A was fifty-five (55) men; of Co. D fifty-four (54) men. There were also one hundred thirty-seven (137) of the "recruits" who had joined the Tenth mostly within a twelve-month. The total number retained in service was therefore two hundred and forty-six (246).* All of these who were present, under command of the officers named in

*Some time afterward there were also assigned to the battalion ten (10) three-years men from the 28th N. Y. Inf., which regiment, like the 10th Me., was a two-years organization.

the order, reported for duty at corps headquarters Sunday forenoon.

The detachment was organized into a battalion of three companies. Companies A and D retained their original form, with the addition to Co. A of the recruits from K, and a part of those from H of the old regiment, and to Co. D those late of F and C. The remainder of the recruits, namely, those late of companies B, E, G and I, and the rest from H were constituted the third company, B, of the battalion, and Lieut. C. H. Haskell, formerly of Co. F, was assigned to its command.

Later in the day Lieut. E. W. Fowler, of Co. A, reported for duty.

The following is the

Roster of the Battalion Tenth Maine Infantry.

April 26, 1863.

COMMANDING OFFICER AND STAFF OFFICERS.

John D. Beardsley,	*Capt. Co. D, Commanding Battalion.*
Horatio N. Howard,	*Assistant Surgeon.*
Samuel Hanson,	*Sergeant Major.*
Thomas S. Bugbee,	*Quartermaster Sergeant.*
John McLarren,	*Hospital Steward.*

COMPANY OFFICERS.

John Q. Adams,	*Capt. Co. A.* (Absent.)
Edwin W. Fowler,	*1st. Lieut. Co. A, Commanding Co.*
Charles E. Pierce,	*2d Lieut. Co. A.* (Absent.)
Charles H. Haskell,	*2d Lieut. Co. B, Commanding Co.*
John D. Beardsley,	*Capt. Co. D.*
Charles F. King,	*1st Lieut. " Acting Quartermaster.*
Chandler Libby,	*2d Lieut. " Commanding Co.*

The battalion was assigned to the quarters vacated by the detachment of the Second Massachusetts Infantry.

Early next morning, Monday, April 27th, many visits were interchanged between the members of the battalion and those of the regiment. Little time was afforded for this, however, as the

regiment soon started for Maine, and the battalion, in company with the rest of the corps, began the march to Chancellorsville.

The spirit with which Gen. Hooker had assumed command of the army had filled the soldiers with enthusiasm, in which those of the battalion participated. The latter set out from Stafford Court House with far greater cheerfulness than might have been expected of them, in view of their recent disappointment. All felt that a master hand was guiding them. Two or three circumstances evidently contributed to cause this. In the first place, the cavalry of the army of the Potomac had lately shown much pluck, and hereafter we were no more to hear the taunt, "Who ever saw a dead cavalry-man?" Nor was a squad of cavalry galloping to the rear past infantry on the march to be assailed with the cry, "Look out for fun ahead boys, cavalry to the rear!" Secondly, orders had been issued to distribute eight days' rations, whereas, five days' had been the extent of previous issues; and, besides, the articles of clothing which each man was to carry were minutely specified. It was evident that in the move about to be made wagon trains were to be kept out of the way of capture. The soldiers likewise gained the impression that more attention was being paid to the details of their necessities, and that their commanders knew just how much ought to be expected of them.

On the morning of April 29th, the battalion crossed the Rappahannock river at Kelley's Ford (the scene of the recent conflict between the union and rebel cavalry), and in the evening of the same day reached Germania Ford, on the Rapidan river, having in charge about eighty prisoners captured by the corps during the march. There was a fine bridge in process of construction at this point. The workmen were fallen upon so suddenly that they had no time to escape or even to destroy their work. The bridge was not so near completion as to admit of crossing upon it; hence the river, though nearly breast deep, was forded by the advance of the corps. By the time the battalion reached the place, a temporary foot bridge had been laid at the base of the main structure, upon which it crossed in the light of bonfires on the bank, and encamped for the night on the south side.

On the morrow, April 30th, we pressed on and soon struck the

famous plank road to Fredericksburg, *via* Chancellorsville. We reached the latter place on the afternoon of that day, and found it, like many southern villages with imposing names, to consist of but two or three houses. One of brick, owned and occupied by the Chancellor family, at the intersection of two or three pikes, and a few of wood within the circuit of a mile. We encamped for the night in an open field just across the road from the front of the brick house.

During the day Gen. Hooker issued an address congratulating the army upon having gained so important a position without a struggle, which address, however, was not read to the battalion.

The next day, Friday, May 1st, at noon precisely, we heard the first guns of the battle, and saw in the distance, over the tops of the trees, the smoke of the bursting shells. Soon, troops in our immediate vicinity were ordered to load and advance. Before long they fell back again, and the ambulances came in bearing the wounded. In the field where we were encamped, and at some distance from us, herdsmen (including some of our own number) were busy slaying and dressing beeves for our corps. But while in the midst of their work, rebel shells began to drop and explode about them, and they were obliged to abandon the carcasses of the beasts as they lay.

Union batteries to the south (or front) and east of the brick house, opened fire, and then came the order for the battalion to retreat. There was nothing to guard at the time, hence our place was at the rear. We fell back a mile or so north, towards United States Ford, on the Rappahannock, and waited anxiously for news from the front. At dusk, however, as we were about to select a camping ground, and while in the midst of a wagon train, the rebels, no doubt attracted by the camp fires, threw a few shells into an adjoining field, which caused the battalion hurriedly to seek another resting place.

We awoke next morning, May 2d, to find ourselves but a few rods in the rear of a union battery of 32 pounders. Capt. Beardsley left us quite early in company with his brother, a civilian, visiting the army, to reconnoitre. Our arms were stacked and we were strolling about at will, or lying under the trees,

enjoying the delightful air and sunshine, when the battery before us was furiously assailed by a rebel battery opposite, and as vigorously replied. The battalion was at once assembled, arms were seized and a retreat effected on the double quick, through the woods behind our camp. One of our number, Asaph Judkins, of Co. B, while sitting on a bank at the edge of the woods, was severely wounded in the foot by a fragment of one of the shells that were bursting over head and around us. Two men remained with him until he was taken in charge by some surgeon.*

We had rushed along but a short distance when a cry came, "Halt that battalion!" The voice few recognized at first. Some feared it was that of a rebel officer demanding a surrender. A stand was made, and Capt. Beardsley came up with us. We then continued the retreat in a somewhat less precipitate manner.

During the day twelve men were detailed from the battalion for duty at the brick house, which had now become the head-quarters of Gen. Hooker and several corps commanders. Towards night a squad of like number, in charge of Sergt. Bragdon, of Co. A, was ordered up to relieve them. Orders had been given to the Sergeant to remain at the post as long as Hooker did, unless sooner relieved. Two or three men had been posted, and the remainder were lounging about the yard at the rear of the house, when a lively cannonade was opened from the extreme right of the rebel line. The shells and solid shot flew thickly about the house and some entered the building. Attention was soon called to a still more vigorous artillery fire on our right, where lay the 11th corps and our own, the 12th. Soon the continuous rattle of musketry was heard, and it became evident that the attack upon the union left was only a feint to divert attention from this new movement. Fiercer and fiercer grew the fight, until it seemed as if the whole line was to be engaged. But after a time there came a lull in the murderous storm, with only an occasional volley. Then a movement in the troops at the rear of the brick house was noticed, and suddenly

* From some cause, Judkins did not receive sufficiently prompt or careful treatment, and he died in consequence in the hospital at Acquia Creek, after the corps had taken up its old position at Stafford C. H.

Gen. Berry's division of the Third corps was seen advancing on the double quick. Passing along for some distance on a line parallel with the road to United States Ford, it suddenly filed to the right, and with loud cheers rushed into the breach. Then the battle raged again with redoubled fury. Volley after volley of musketry poured in, and then again came the heavier booming of the cannon. Nothing like this had yet occurred in the fight. Meanwhile the battalion took an active part in the affair. The assault was that of Stonewall Jackson upon the 11th corps, and as is known to every one, it resulted in the complete rout of that body. The battalion was ordered up to assist in stopping the fugitives and in forming the line of battle anew. All its energies were called into play, for officers and men alike of the 11th corps seemed to be seized with an irresistible panic. Away they rushed pell-mell, throwing off arms and clothing; nor did some of them, who succeeded in evading the guard, stop until they had crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, four miles distant, having done their best to spread the news of a terrible disaster.

After no more service was required of the battalion at this point, it withdrew about half a mile to the rear and encamped.

Firing was kept up at intervals nearly all night. Every one felt that to-morrow was to witness a great conflict, and there was little sleep at the brick house. Besides, there were prisoners to guard, and a post in front of the house to occupy. Some of the prisoners were sick, many wounded, and all hungry and out of food. The little squad of the battalion gladly shared its rations with the prisoners. Coffee and tea were especially grateful to the latter, as they had not even seen any for months.

About four o'clock Sunday morning, May 3d, the battle began in earnest. The brick house became the centre of a furious cannonade, for battery after battery, union and rebel, from right to left, opened fire. Soon, too, the musketry joined in. The principal fire was concentrated on the union right. The battalion was placed on guard at the rear to prevent the escape of stragglers. It was not then under fire. The little handful at the brick house, however, was exposed to a most awful storm of solid

shot and shell, and even canister and musket balls. Many a missile pierced the walls; some stuck in the brick work; shells exploded in the upper rooms; the chimneys were demolished and their fragments rained down upon the wounded, who had crawled as if for shelter near to the walls of the building. All this time the women and children (including some slaves) of the Chancellor family were in the cellar, which seemed to afford the only escape from the battle's fury.

Few private soldiers have such an opportunity to witness the details of a battle, as was afforded those who were stationed at headquarters. Their position was but a little to the rear of the scene of the fiercest fighting. Many an awful spectacle presented itself to their sight.

More pitiable than the state of any of the multitudes of wounded men, was that of a young surgeon, or hospital steward, half dead with fright. He was binding up the wounds of the men who lay in the yard behind the house as well as his intense fear would allow; but his hands trembled so violently, and his eyes were so constantly directed to the front that he made little progress, and very imperfect work. He appealed to Private Emerson, of Co. B, who was on guard at the door, to be allowed to come into the building. But Emerson refused him admittance, and in no very gentle terms bade him attend to his duty.

What a refreshing contrast to this was afforded by the bravery of some of the men and officers about the house, and especially of Gen. Hooker himself, who was now on horseback, riding down into the very heaviest of the leaden rain; now on foot, coolly walking about from point to point, constantly under fire!

The union line was gradually beaten back until at one time it was very near to the house. The danger of capture by the rebels seemed so imminent that the surgeons in the building gave orders not to resist if any appeared armed and determined to enter. But just then fair range was afforded for the union batteries, which went hotly to work and soon drove back the rebel forces.

Not long after this in the afternoon (the writer has no means

of knowing precisely when), a man belonging to a battery stationed on a line with the house and not far from the east side of it, was seen to make frantic motions as if some terrible calamity threatened the building and its occupants. The roar of the battle was so loud and constant that what he said at a distance of only a few yards could not be distinguished. At last he ran nearer and gave us to understand that the house was in flames! A partial effort was made to ascertain if this were so, and it was decided that the alarm was false. But in the course of a half hour it was found that it was certainly true, for the smoke poured down the stairways and out of the windows in heavy volumes. Active preparations were at once begun to remove the wounded and prisoners. But while the guard was engaged in this work, a staff officer entered, and in a most excited manner ordered the building to be cleared at once! As fast as he came to a man, out he sent him, without allowing him more time than to pick up his musket and accoutrements. Thus many helpless sufferers were left to perish. Perhaps this could not have been prevented, but the guard would have made an attempt at a rescue, had it been permitted.

The only avenue of escape that presented itself was the road leading to United States Ford. For a considerable distance (to those who had to travel it, almost interminable), the path extended through a large open field, and then entered the woods. Across this field the deadly missiles of the rebels were sweeping. One by one, those who had been at the house, and who were able to do so, including the women and children, ran the gauntlet of this fire and reached the forest beyond. Not all, however, unharmed. Private David Emery, of Co. B, was mortally wounded in the knee by a Minié ball. Privates Joseph B. Cook and Charles W. Dinsmore became in some degree bewildered, ran into the rebel lines and were captured. Cook, however, soon escaped and rejoined the battalion. Dinsmore was exchanged some time afterward.

Just at the edge of the woods a corps of union troops lay on the ground, awaiting the order to advance to the battle. Among them some of the battalion as they hurried by recognized the

Seventeenth Maine Infantry. The battalion was found at last deployed in guard line half a mile to the rear. Comparatively little of the fight could be known at this point, and glad enough were those who had been at the front to find such a place of rest and safety. It was like *home* to the traveler just returned from dangers of shipwreck or worse calamity.

The following incident of this day's battle may interest some.

Early in the morning, say about six or seven o'clock, the writer was on guard in front of the main door of the house, at the foot of some steps leading up to a piazza. Some of Gen. Hooker's staff were watching the progress of the fight from the verandah, and the General himself frequently passed in and out. After a time he mounted his magnificent gray and remained near a fence enclosing the small front yard. While here there came a shell from the rebel right in direct range with the house, and in a few moments another, both which buried themselves harmlessly in the ground not far from the west end of the house. A third shell passed directly over Gen. Hooker's head and burst scarcely twenty feet from him. Some small fragments, or perhaps the noise of the explosion, caused his horse violently to rear and plunge; but Hooker reined him in, and then galloped off to the front. At Gettysburg, the writer met with a captured lieutenant of a North Carolina rebel regiment, who in the course of conversation avowed that he knew the shots above mentioned to have been fired by the rebel cavalry general, Stuart. The lieutenant's regiment was at the time supporting the battery from which the shells were thrown, and many members of it saw General Hooker's horse and knew that its rider must be an officer of rank. Gen. Stuart dismounted and aimed a gun with the express intention to dislodge the officer, with what result has been shown. So that Gen. Hooker, if he never knew before, when he reads this, if he does, (?) will learn to whom he is indebted for the compliment of at least *three* shells, one of which pretty nearly put an end to his military career.

During this day's campaign Lieuts. King and Libby were at Fredericksburg, having been sent off, the former Thursday night,

the latter Saturday afternoon previous, in charge of prisoners. Lieut. King witnessed the grand charge of the Sixth corps (in which the Sixth Maine took such a noble part) at the storming and capture of the heights of Fredericksburg.

The fighting of Sunday, which resulted in a lamentable defeat of the union army, virtually ended the battle. There were skirmishes and a few severe encounters with the enemy for two days longer, but no general engagement. Strange enough it is that heavy as the fight had been, there was nearly a third of the union army which had not been to any extent engaged.

The battalion remained until Tuesday afternoon, May 5th, where it had been on guard. Meanwhile Lieuts. King and Libby rejoined it. On the afternoon just mentioned, a move was made in a heavy rain towards United States Ford. We did not proceed very far before we encamped, expecting, however, soon to resume the march. We lay down to catch such snatches of sleep as we could, and at nine o'clock P. M. were ordered to "fall in." This having been accomplished, we wended our way in the pitchy darkness and the wet to the Ford, which we reached at ten o'clock. Here we found a large mass of troops crossing or waiting to cross the Rappahannock. Most of the battalion and of the army then believed that we were retreating, whipped; a fact which did not greatly cheer and encourage us. Some, however, persisted in regarding this as a flank movement of great importance, even until we took up our old quarters at Stafford C. H.!

At first there had been three pontoon bridges across the river, but the heavy rain so swelled the stream that the third was broken up to lengthen out the other two. At about 2 o'clock A. M., May 6th, the battalion crossed the river, and found on the opposite shore a steep and muddy, slippery hill to climb by a narrow wagon road, which was blockaded by ambulances and other teams. By scrambling and crawling and dragging, holding on to trees and bushes for support, we managed to reach the summit. Here with skill and energy characteristic of soldiers, and in spite of the pouring rain, a good fire was soon kindled, and by means of it blankets were warmed and partially dried so that they afforded very comfortable beds. We got a few hours sleep

under the trees, and in it forgot how tired and hungry, and rain-soaked we were.

Supplies for the army had been brought up on the backs of mules, but there was no great abundance of food in our haversacks, when, at daybreak we resumed the march. However, we managed before we fell in to get a dish of coffee and to eat some hard-tack, and then, discouraged, exhausted and straggling, made a forced march of twenty-five miles to our old quarters at Stafford C. H.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GETTYSBURG AND AFTERWARD.

The fine weather of spring in Virginia soon restored our spirits, aided as it was by our comfortable quarters, and the wholesome rations we received. Our time was spent in drill, and in gaining strength for the rest of the season's campaign.

About the 20th of May the location of headquarters was changed to Brook's Station.

On May 30th, Capt. Adams and Lieut. Pierce returned to duty, and Capt. Adams, by virtue of seniority of rank, took command of the battalion.

Affairs were very quiet in the battalion for nearly a month. On the 5th of June, Lieut. King received leave of absence for thirty days, and at once proceeded homeward. He had hardly started, however, when an order was issued by General Hooker, revoking the leaves which had been granted, in every case but one, in which the officer had not already gone beyond the lines. Many a disappointed man turned back to his command. The Lieutenant kept on, and as he stepped on board the steamer at Acquia Creek, was told that he was the only man who could go, his name having been expressly excepted in the order of detention. The reason for this proved to be that he had volunteered to remain with the battalion when the Tenth regiment went home —a fact which had been mentioned by Gen. Slocum in his approval of the Lieutenant's application for a leave of absence.*

June 10th Capt. Adams was appointed provost marshal of

*Lieut. Haskell also volunteered to remain with the battalion.

the corps, on Gen. Slocum's staff. The command of the battalion, therefore, again devolved upon Capt. Beardsley.

On Saturday, June 13th, orders suddenly came to be in readiness to move at an hour's notice. At seven P. M. we were ready, and at nine started. We marched all night and halted in the morning at Dumfries. The battalion remained at this point for some hours, and having resumed the march, passed the night of the 14th on the road, but not in motion. The next day, June 15th, we had a hard march of twenty-five miles to Fairfax, which we reached before sunset. Here we got one day's rest.

On the 17th, at seven A. M., we again set out, and crossed the Leesburg and Alexandria R. R. at noon. We continued two or three days on the road, and arrived at Leesburg in a heavy storm of rain during the afternoon of the 21st. The headquarters tents were immediately pitched in the spacious court yard. The battalion found quarters in a church, and the corps in general made itself comfortable in the public and private buildings, or in usual camp fashion.

The following anecdote may amuse the members of the battalion, if no others.

On the morning of the departure from Brook's Station, some kettles of beans had been buried in the ovens of the battalion to bake. The order to march left no time to unearth them. But two years afterward, Private William T. Dodge, of Co. A, then promoted to a lieutenancy in the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers, was on the spot and remembered the circumstance. He seized a shovel and soon brought to light the long neglected kettles, but their contents were rather *over done!*

JUNE 22d, the day after the battalion reached Leesburg, Lieut. King rejoined it, bringing with him many letters and other packets from friends in Maine.

Leesburg was filled with rebel families, nearly every one of which was represented in the rebel army. Yet the people were glad to dispose of bread, milk and so forth, for our "green-backs." The soldiers quartered in town would walk into the parlors at evening, where young ladies were gathered, and join in the conversation

Henry H Pallock,

CAPTAIN 29 TH ME. VET. VOLS.

with the greatest freedom. Yet scarcely a case was reported in which there was otherwise disrespectful behavior, if this could be so called. The ladies mildly avenged these acts by singing in the ears of passers-by various rebel airs, as "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Maryland, My Maryland."

JUNE 26th, after a rest of five days, we turned our backs upon Leesburg and crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry. The next day's march was a hard one. We started at eight o'clock in the morning and continued till ten at night, when we camped at Knoxville, Md. We were off again on the 28th, and at night halted near Frederick, Md. On the morrow, June 29th, we passed through the latter city, and saw on the outskirts of the town the bodies of two rebel spies, suspended from a branch of a huge tree.

It was at this time that we learned that Gen. Hooker had been superseded in command of the army of the Potomac by Gen. Meade of the 5th corps. The tidings produced but little sensation, except that many were somewhat disappointed that Hooker should be denied the chance to redeem himself in another battle. Gen. Meade was comparatively unknown to the rank and file of the army. But all were ready and willing to follow him.

It now began to be generally believed that a heavy engagement would soon take place. But the fact that it was to be on our own soil inspired the army with great enthusiasm. Most of the battles of the army of the Potomac had been fought, to the disadvantage of the union arms, in the enemy's country.

The few hours spent in Frederick sufficed to pour out whiskey in great abundance, and the army of the Potomac was probably never more generally *drunk* than at that time. It is well that the disgusting scene was never repeated.

About four o'clock P. M. of June 30th the battalion encamped at Littletown, Pa., and at eight A. M. next morning, July 1st, moved to a point not far distant from Gettysburg.

The battalion was not under fire during this great battle, except from shells which occasionally flew overhead. Its princi-

pal duty was to guard prisoners as they came in. Singular to relate, some of those who fell into its hands were a part of those captured by the 12th corps at Chancellorsville, and carried to Falmouth by Lieut. King of the battalion. They had in the meantime been exchanged, and were now recaptured by the very men who took them before. They had been kindly treated by the battalion, and had shown themselves to be good fellows. The regret was mutual when they were turned over to the Provost Marshal General of the army.

The battalion was near enough to the line of battle to witness a good deal of the conflict, but was rather passive on the whole. The men knew of the fall of Gen. Reynolds of the 1st corps, very soon after it occurred. Some of them saw Gen. Sickles, after his leg was shot off, lying in an ambulance coolly smoking a cigar.

But though the battle itself was not taken part in by the battalion, the latter shared all the hardships of the long march of the army. It is stated in the official report to the Adjutant General of the State of Maine, that between June 13th and July 27th, the battalion had marched in heavy marching order over five hundred miles, at an average for each day actually spent on the road, of more than twenty miles.

The members of the battalion have good reason to remember the heavy shower that came up on the afternoon of July 4th, while they were roaming about the battlefield, for most of them got a thorough soaking in it. Such a down-pouring is seldom witnessed in the Northern States. Whether it was caused by the heavy cannonade, it remains for the *savants* to determine.

On the 5th of July the battalion returned to Littletown, where it remained for two days. Meanwhile many of the men had been detailed for fatigue duty, or to act as nurses and in other capacities at the field hospitals. Some of them did not rejoin the battalion for several months.

The rain was very heavy on the 5th and 6th of July, but on the 7th a move was made in all the mud. The summer sun soon dried the roads, and before long they were even dusty again.

The battalion passed through Rohersville and Fairplay, Md., on to Pleasant Valley, where it lay encamped several days.

While on the way thither, Capt. Beardsley and Lieut. King narrowly escaped capture. They had left the command to seek breakfast at a private house, and as they were seated at the table saw a squad of rebel cavalry dismount at a house but a short distance away. They had just time to mount and ride off before they were discovered. On the way back they met an officer of a New York regiment accompanied by an orderly or two riding to the house they had but just left. They warned him of the danger, but he was determined to get a breakfast, and was accordingly captured and sent to Richmond and Andersonville before his exchange.

On the 14th of July the rebel army re-crossed the Potomac. For several days previous an engagement had been almost hourly expected by most of the troops, and they would have been as glad to enter one then as at any time since the first days of the war. It would be folly to say that the soldiers *desired* a battle. They had been in too many fights for that, but the victory at Gettysburg had given them great courage, amounting almost to enthusiasm.

July 17th, Lieut. Chandler Libby, of Co. D, resigned his commission, was mustered out of service and at once left for home.

July 19th, the battalion crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and proceeded *via* Fairfax to Warrenton Junction, where it halted after a march of four days. There was at this point a fine large summer mansion, which was occupied by many of the battalion. Two months later, as we passed through the place by rail, there was nothing of the house to be seen but a few blackened timbers and a ruined chimney.

While resting here, on the 26th of July, Captain Adams, Lieutenants Fowler and King, with Sergeants Horace C. Berry, of Co. A, James Gillespie and Henry H. Kalloch, of Co. D, and Jeremiah P. W. Roach, of Co. B, Corporal Stephen H. Dyer, of Co. A, and Private George W. Sargent, of Co. B, were detailed

for special service and ordered to Maine to raise recruits or secure conscripts to carry the battalion up to the full size of a regiment.

It will be proper here to state that this project failed of accomplishment. The officers and men above mentioned returned to the battalion at various times in charge of recruits and conscripts for the army in general, or on other duty, or as soon as they were relieved from duty assigned them in Maine subsequent to the failure of their original mission. A goodly proportion of the men of the battalion would at this time have rejoiced in the organization of a new regiment about the nucleus of the battalion. But there were also some who preferred to be assigned to the reorganized Tenth regiment, to secure which object an effort was then being made in Maine. This latter movement defeated the former plan.

The weather at this time was very fine indeed, and in consequence the health of the battalion became very good. During the campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania, the men had fared well upon home-made bread, milk, fresh beef and pies, which could be begged, bought or stolen (as in a few instances) in considerable quantities. The Pennsylvanians were not by any means as liberal as they might justly have been expected to be, but there were some notable instances of generosity. In Taneytown, many of the inhabitants (principally females, as the men had joined the militia) came out and supplied the troops as they marched through with substantial and wholesome food. It seemed more natural to be upon Virginian soil again, though by no means as pleasant, on account of the terrible desolation.

On the 2d of August the march was resumed and continued to Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock, a place with which all were familiar.

Here fine summer quarters were erected, so comfortable and enjoyable that they merit a word of description. The "cottages" were arranged to accommodate a mess of four each, and there were two rows of them bordering each company street. They were thus constructed: Four stout corner posts were driven into the ground a foot or eighteen inches, and allowed to project above ground nearly two feet. Near the tops of these a hori-

zontal framework of poles, about six feet square, was fastened. Upon this a floor of slender poles was laid, the poles being secured by nails or twigs at each end. In some cases long flexible rods or twigs were interwoven with the poles in such a manner as to form a very close and elastic plane. Branches and boughs were strewn upon this basework, and over them was spread a woolen blanket. This made a very comfortable bed. The roof was constructed of the four shelter tents of the mess, buttoned together, stretched over the ridge-pole and fastened at the sides. The ridge pole was supported at each end, either by a peaked frame or by a crotched stake. Rubber blankets stopped up the ends of this cottage in rainy weather, and made it as snug and comfortable as could be desired by soldiers in the field.

The space beneath the floor afforded a convenient storeroom for such "traps" as were not useful in the "bed-chamber." The muskets were kept at the foot of the bed.

Pretty arbors were constructed in front of some of the cottages, and at the officers' quarters. Thus the camp possessed a very picturesque and attractive appearance.

In consequence of the inactivity and the regular payments which gave the men a plenty of money, gambling became fearfully common. The summer days were not long enough for the sport, but if candles could be procured, the night was often spent by some in this dangerous occupation. Nor were the enlisted men alone guilty in this matter. Some of the officers, if possible, exceeded them in the zeal with which they entered into the exciting games, and in the persistency with which they kept them up.

With this exception, the conduct of the battalion was without reproach. It should also be remarked that there were many who did not yield to the fascinations of the games of chance. Nor are all those who did succumb wholly without excuse. The incident is mentioned only to illustrate a phase of army life,—to show that many temptations beset a man there,—a certain license is experienced—which induce him sometimes to do what he would scorn at home. Many were no worse there than in civil life;

although they often committed acts of which they would not have been guilty at home; acts of wanton waste and often cruelty; thefts, drunkenness and worse things. But "no one is strong until he is tried." Let none, therefore, of those who remained at home; let not the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of those who seemed to grow worse from their experience in the army suppose that they actually became so in every case. On the contrary they may have acquired strength; so that, if they were called upon to pass through similar scenes and encounter similar trials again, they would be far better able to resist their evil allurements.

During the stay at Kelley's Ford a paper was signed by seventy-three men, in which it was agreed that the signers would re-enlist for three years if they could have thirty days' furlough in which to visit Maine. Later in the war the government at Washington held out just such an inducement to secure re-enlistments in the field, but had not yet come to see the expediency of the arrangement, and so refused to enter into it with the members of the battalion.

It was on the 10th of August that notice was received from Lieut. King of the failure of the project before mentioned,* to raise the battalion up to the full size of a regiment.

From about this time for two months there were many executions for desertion in the corps. The men of the battalion witnessed a large number of them. Then came the pardons of the kind-hearted President, and there was an end to what had seemed a necessary, though terrible remedy for a dangerous evil.

About the middle of September the battalion broke camp and moved to the Rapidan river near Raccoon Ford. While on this march an incident occurred which afforded much merriment for the officers and men attached to headquarters. Gen. Slocum and staff had halted at a certain spot for lunch, when Lieut. —— of the —th U. S. Artillery, slightly intoxicated, rode up to Gen. Slocum, dismounted, threw his arms about the General's neck and exclaimed, "O! Sloky! You're a hunky boy!" Such a

* On pages 355 and 356.

breach of military discipline would not have been very remarkable in some of the armies, but was an almost unheard of affair for the army of the Potomac. It is needless to say that it was promptly punished, by keeping the offending officer in arrest until he amply apologized. The Lieutenant furnished the battalion with a phrase which the men delighted to repeat, not so much for the fun of the thing as for the completeness with which it expressed their feeling towards the General, though at a little distance.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SERVICE IN TENNESSEE.

The defeat of the union arms at Chickamauga occurred on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. It was decided to reinforce the army of the Cumberland from the army of the Potomac. The Eleventh and Twelfth corps were detached for this purpose and at once ordered to Tennessee, under command of Gen. Hooker.

On the 24th of September, the battalion received marching orders and proceeded to Brandy Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. After spending about a day at this point, during which the Eleventh and a part of the Twelfth corps embarked on the cars, the battalion went aboard the same and proceeded to Washington, D. C. As was usual in moving large bodies of troops by rail, the cars furnished were ordinary baggage or freight cars, fitted up for the most part with rough pine benches; and into them were packed as many men as could lie on the floor, and in some cases a few over. Though treated for the most part like cattle in the stowing, there was one relief which the poor cattle thus transported do not experience, namely, we could and did ride on *top* with great comfort and enjoyment. Ordinary travelers, or these same soldiers journeying as such, would not have dared to do this, but soldiers develop a wonderful recklessness with a very little experience in the field. A private soldier generally feels that he belongs, body and almost soul, to the government; that he is but little else than a machine. It is interesting to note that the feeling of self-responsibility returns, in great degree, at the moment of discharge from service.

After a halt of a few hours in Washington, on Sept. 27th, and a change of cars, we hurried on, *via* the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., to a point on the Ohio about four miles above Wheeling, Va., where that beautiful river was crossed to Bellaire, Ohio.

The trip thus far was as pleasant as could be conceived of under such circumstances. The scenery along the course of the railroad is of the finest. It consists of a constant succession of hills and valleys; and the trains speeded on, now around the hills in serpent-like path, and now straight through the heart of them. Occasionally we would rush over some slender trestle, higher than the tops of the tallest trees, at the foot of which, far, far below, a mountain stream could be seen dashing and foaming on its hurried course to the sea. Again the train would wind along the side of a mountain on a narrow ledge just wide enough for the track, and we could look down a steep and awful precipice on one side, and straight up the other to the sky, along a rocky height which raised its head more than a hundred feet above us.

At convenient points the road bed suddenly widened and afforded room for the humble dwelling of some switch-tender or other employé of the railroad company. And even the towns and villages through which we passed seemed but enlargements of such places, so shut in were they by the lofty hills and mountains.

We could never tire while daylight lasted with viewing the grand, picturesque and romantic scenery; nor did our interest in the long tunnels abate until we had passed through over twenty, which comprise nearly all. There was much to feed the soldier's love of excitement in these tunnels, so long were they, so abruptly come upon as a curve was rounded, and so close to their ceiling we lay. Yet in spite of all the dangers of the passage (and in some places we were obliged suddenly to throw ourselves flat on the car tops, to avoid being swept away by a tunnel lower than common) we journeyed the entire distance with no serious mishap. When it is known that most of the battalion had considerable money on hand, and that whiskey could easily be procured at the various stopping places, this will be considered highly creditable. It is true that one, somewhat intoxicated,

rolled out of a car near Washington, D. C., but soon after rejoined the battalion unhurt by his fall, and that several others lay for some time in drunken sleep on the car roofs. These latter, however, were generally watched by their sober and more careful comrades.

One man had a narrow escape from a serious accident. He was perhaps the tallest member of the battalion, and a queer fellow indeed as the story will demonstrate. He one day desired to enjoy a nap in the warm sun on top of his car, but was thoughtful enough to attempt to secure himself from rolling off. He buckled one blanket strap around the center-board laid along the roof of the car for the brakeman to walk upon, and attached to it his other strap which he had previously fastened about his *neck!* (or at least it was found there when he was discovered by some of his company.) How long he lay so is not known, but at last he was espied by some comrades fast asleep, the strap around his neck drawn tight, and his long legs from the knees downward dangling over the edge of the car, every jolt serving to settle him a little lower on the sloping roof at the imminent risk of strangling him.

There was a short delay at Bellaire, and then we moved on again *via* Zanesville, Xenia and Dayton, Ohio, and Richmond, Indianapolis and Jeffersonville, Indiana. Most of us reached the latter place on Sunday, yet were not hindered by this fact from "seeing the elephant." He was confined in a circus tent near by and we had the privilege of viewing him without cost, as also of inspecting a cage of monkeys and some other interesting natural curiosities, a part of a menagerie attached to the circus; all of which excited profound admiration!

That afternoon we again crossed the Ohio to Louisville, Kentucky, and re-embarked on the cars for Nashville, Tenn. The latter place was reached without noteworthy incident, on the 5th of October, thus making the entire journey of about ten days duration.

Many circumstances combined to render this a very pleasant trip for most of the men. Besides those already referred to, it

is important to mention the abundant kindness and hospitality of the citizens of Ohio and Indiana, whose sons we were on the way to reinforce. They met us at many points where the trains were detained for wood and water, or other necessity, and supplied us most bountifully with coffee and tea, well sugared and milked, cold corned beef, tongue, chicken and turkey, and home-made bread with sweet butter, and pies and cakes without number. The provisions were brought literally by the cart-load. One enthusiastic old gentleman stood, with a young girl, at a cross road where the train slowed but did not stop, and alternated between swinging his hat and cheering, and tossing apples at us by the handful from barrels at his side. At Centerville, Indiana, where there was a young ladies' seminary, a bevy of the fair pupils stood on the platform of the station, and gave many songs, or cheered us by pleasant words, and even in some cases by much warmer testimonials of their affection, (perhaps for their brothers' sakes!)

Such demonstrations greatly encouraged us and revived our patriotism. The people of Ohio and Indiana will ever be remembered with gratitude and affection by every member of the battalion. All honor to them for their generous treatment of the troops of the Eleventh and Twelfth army corps.

On the 8th of October we moved by rail thirty (30) miles, from Nashville to Murfreesboro, and camped not far distant from the scene of Rosecrans's plucky engagement at Stone river. Abundant evidence was afforded at the latter point of the severity of the conflict, in bullet holes in the trees and similar marks.

About October 15th, the battalion marched to Shelbyville, situated twenty-five miles from Murfreesboro, on a branch of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. After a short stay at that place, we proceeded to Wartrace, a small town on the main road, fifty-three (53) miles from Nashville. Here good quarters were erected, and it was supposed they would be occupied by us the greater part of the season, but in about a month we were obliged to give them up. Not long before this there was a considerable "scare" one night at the rumored approach of the rebel cavalry general,

Forest, with 10,000 men. But nothing more alarming occurred than the hooting of owls. This was dismal enough to many who were expecting a night attack.

On the 11th of November the battalion returned to Murfreesboro, and after a stay of a week, on the 18th proceeded to Tullahoma, another devastated village on the main road, sixty-seven (67) miles from Nashville. Here Co. A of the battalion went into winter quarters. Companies B and D were ordered to Shelbyville, whither they went November 25th, Capt. Beardsley accompanying them.

A small detachment had been selected from the battalion, to be constantly at corps headquarters, and placed under command of Corporal Maurice Hayes of Co. D. The duties devolving upon it were various. On the march it accompanied the headquarters baggage and had charge of the officers' tents. At Tullahoma its principal work was to provide fuel for the general and his staff; a duty which the sturdy lumbermen of D were especially well able to fulfill.

Company A performed guard duty when required, especially over prisoners. (The battalion never had a camp guard; a fact which will indicate to many who read this, how little the men felt the usual restraints of the army.) Companies B and D, in addition to such work, occasionally went out into the surrounding country to forage or in search of guerrillas. Some fame was secured to Lieut. Haskell of Co. B, and a squad under his command, by the arrest by them of one Capt. Mosely, a bushwhacker of notoriety in the vicinity of headquarters. It is somewhat to the discredit of the battalion, however, that Mosely subsequently escaped. He had kindly been permitted by Capt. Beardsley on giving his parole of honor not to attempt to escape, to sleep at the house of a friend in Shelbyville, rather than in prisoners' quarters. A man from Co. D (whose name we forbear to mention) was detailed to sleep in the same room, and ordered to shoot him if any effort should be made to get him off. The man most effectually carried out his instructions to *sleep*, for one night Mosely arose took the revolver from his guard's pillow, found his way to the

door and mounting a horse provided there rode off! When the guard awoke in the morning he for the first time knew of the occurrence. It should be added that this was the only loss of a prisoner that ever happened to the battalion.

It may properly be mentioned that three enlisted men of the battalion served on special duty at corps headquarters for a large part of the time of its connection with the same.

Privates Charles F. Coburn, of Co. A, and Storer S. Knight, of Co. B, were special orderlies of Gen. Slocum, they alternating in daily attendance. Their duty was to convey despatches to greater or less distances. The prompt and faithful manner in which these men performed the work assigned them contributed not a little to the good reputation of the battalion.

The writer of this record was detailed as a clerk for one of the staff officers.

The markets of Tullahoma and Shelbyville were tolerably well supplied for towns through which two large and opposing armies had recently passed. There were also several sutlers whose prices were quite reasonable. Butter cost only about eighty cents per pound; cheese fifty to seventy-five cents. The payments to the troops were then quite regular and very good rations were issued, which, in part at least, could be exchanged with the marketwomen for meats. On these accounts the men fared very well indeed. More than one mess dined occasionally on roast pork, beef and even turkey.

Very little of importance occurred in either of the towns mentioned. There was, however, at one time a prospect of a serious difficulty at Shelbyville.

There was also attached to headquarters a guard of the 4th Tennessee cavalry volunteers. A more undisciplined or pugnacious set of men could seldom be found in the union ranks. Two sergeants of Co. D of the battalion were one night at a dance where some of these Tennesseans were also present. Some harsh words were exchanged, and then, as is graphically if not elegantly related by one knowing the facts, one of the sergeants "pitched in and cleaned out the company." As the sergeants were leaving

the place two shots were fired at them, but without taking effect. They returned to camp and related their experience, the news of which quickly spread from tent to tent, and though most of the men had lain down, an excited crowd soon gathered, armed with their muskets and determined to avenge the shots. But Lieut. King hearing the disturbance went out and soon restored quiet.

From all the evidence obtained it seems pretty clear that the sergeants alluded to were not much to blame. At least that they did not originate the quarrel, and that they bore many insults before making any reply.

At Tullahoma an agent of the Christian Commission, by name S. Fletcher, established a soldiers' reading room and organized a debating society, which included among its members several of the battalion. Many pleasant evenings were passed at the room.

On the 24th of November Lieut. King returned from Maine, and on the 12th of December Capt. Adams and Lieut. Fowler made their appearance.

The habits of the battalion and the manner in which it performed the duties assigned it, gave great and continually increasing satisfaction to Gen. Slocum and his staff. On the other hand, much soldierly affection was felt by the members of the battalion for the General and some of his officers. The desire was to a great extent mutual that the battalion might remain at headquarters as long as its term of service would permit. The Tenth Maine was re-organizing and had assumed the number "29." Just previous to the failure of the scheme to make a regiment of the battalion, the war department had promised to assign the latter to the 29th Maine whenever it should take the field.*

It seemed inevitable that the battalion would go into the regiment as ordered, unless a total change should be made in its

* In justice to Col. Beal, of the 29th Me., it should be stated that he represents, with evident truth, that when he learned that the battalion was so pleasantly situated, he requested the Adjt. Gen. at Washington to permit him to raise a full regiment in Maine, instead of having the battalion assigned to his command. His application was strongly approved by the Governor and Adjt. Gen. of Maine, also by prominent Washington officials, but was refused. All this was previous to Capt. Adams's effort to obtain conscripts or recruits, and fully explains why that effort failed.

character. Accordingly Gen. Slocum inquired how many of the battalion would like to be mounted and become his body-guard. A large majority was so disposed. He then petitioned the war department to grant this, but his request was refused because of the order which had already been promulgated, assigning the battalion to the 29th Maine.*

On the 27th of December, 1863, Co's B and D returned from Shelbyville. It was on the 30th of the same month that an answer was received to Gen. Slocum's proposition.

Through the month of December re-enlistments in the field became quite prevalent. Those who thus renewed their term of service were styled "Veterans," and were granted a furlough of thirty days. They were also transported home and back at government expense. Whole regiments entered into this arrangement. Some of the battalion caught the infection. Out of ninety-four (94) eligible to re-enlistment, thirty-seven (37) availed themselves of the honor. February 16th, 1864, their furloughs were received, but they did not immediately leave for Maine.

About two weeks after this the following order was received at the battalion headquarters.

(COPY.)

HEADQUARTERS 12TH CORPS, ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Tullahoma, Tenn., Feb. 29, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 46.

[Extract.]

* * * * * * * * *

The Tenth Maine Battalion is hereby relieved from duty with this corps, and will proceed at once to New Orleans, and join the 29th Maine Volunteers, to which it has been assigned. Co. D, on the expiration of the furlough to which it is entitled by Special Orders No. 45, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland, will proceed direct to New Orleans.

The enlisted men of this battalion joined the 10th Maine Volunteers, after the organization of that regiment. They were, however, retained in service, and entered upon their duties at these headquarters on the day their old companies left for their homes. The disappointment which they experienced has not induced one of them to falter in the faithful discharge of his duty. The

* See Special Order, War Dept., No. 375, Par. 20, Aug 22, 1863.

uniform good conduct and soldierly bearing of the officers and men of this battalion, is worthy of the highest praise, and the Major General commanding parts with them with deep regret, but with the hope that the new field upon which they are about to enter will be one of usefulness to the government and honor to themselves. By command of

MAJOR GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

(Signed,) H. C. RODGERS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

In pursuance of this order, on the 2d of March the battalion packed up and marched to the front of Gen. Slocum's quarters to hear his parting words. The General said in substance that when the men came to his headquarters he knew how they had been enlisted and expected nothing but trouble. But instead of this he had found uniformly good behavior and soldierly bearing. It was unparalleled that he had had such a body at his headquarters for nearly a year without being obliged to put a single man under arrest. He had himself, as colonel, enlisted men under an oral promise from the Secretary of War that they should be discharged with the rest of his regiment, and they like the members of the battalion had been detained in service. He expressed a kind interest in our welfare and said that it was with much regret that he parted from us.

The men then gave three rousing cheers for the General, after which they marched to the cars and embarked. As the train moved off they loudly cheered Col. Rodgers, Gen. Slocum's Asst. Adjt. Gen., who, with other members of the staff, had come down to see them off.

No officer of the whole army was or is regarded by those who served in the battalion with greater affection and esteem than Gen. Slocum. By his accessibility and his gentlemanly treatment of them he secured that faithfulness and good behavior which he so commended.*

*It is proper to state that Capt. (afterward Col.) Beardsley has in his possession an autograph letter from Gen. Slocum, addressed to the Secretary of War, asking as a special favor that Capt. B. be authorized to recruit a mounted battalion to be armed with Spencer rifles and attached to his (the General's) headquarters. The letter was written while Gen. S. was at Savannah commanding the left wing of Sherman's army.

MAJ. GEN. H. W. SLOCUM

CHAPTER XXXV.

NEW ORLEANS AND THE END.

March 3d was spent in Nashville. Most of the men improved the opportunity here presented to attend the theaters, an unusual enjoyment for soldiers in the field. Next morning (the 4th) at six o'clock we were *en route* for Louisville, Ky., at which point we arrived at dusk. Here we remained until Tuesday the 8th, being quartered in a large warehouse.

On the Sabbath some agents of the Christian Commission came in and held pleasant conversation with many of the battalion.

At this place, also, the theaters were well patronized. At one of them some of us had the pleasure of seeing Gen. Grant for the first time. He was on his way to assume command of all the armies with headquarters at the Potomac. He was enthusiastically cheered and called for by the assemblage, none joining more heartily in the demonstration than the soldiers present, of whom there were many. With accustomed modesty the General failed to respond. When the noise became too great, he quietly withdrew.

Some of us remember with peculiar enjoyment the impression made upon us by the ladies of this city, and in some degree by those of Nashville. They seemed a superior race, almost angelic. Not that they are really more remarkable for personal beauty or winning grace of manner than those of many American cities. But for some months we had seen only sallow, slab-sided, snuff-chewing and whiskey-drinking country women of

Tennessee, and had almost forgotten the appearance of the truly refined.

March 7th the "Veterans" of the battalion left for Maine on their furloughs, under the command of Lieut. King.

On the 8th the battalion marched three miles, crossed the Ohio at New Albany, and proceeded thence by rail over the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago road to Mitchell Station; thence *via* the Ohio and Miss. railroad to Sandoval Junction, and from that point over the Illinois Central to Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, where we arrived about midnight of March 9th.

We slept in the cars till morning. At seven A. M. we got a very good breakfast at the rooms of the Christian Commission, after which we proceeded to some barracks situated just outside the town near the Mississippi levee. These were our quarters as long as we remained in the city

Much space need not be devoted to a description of Cairo. Those who have never seen it may be told that it was originally a swamp, over which the Ohio and Mississippi rivers flowed at every freshet. A landing was needed at that point for the steamboats that ply the rivers, and it became necessary to protect the inland country from the floods of springtime. Accordingly high embankments or levees were constructed along the margins of the streams, which levees meet at an angle. Upon and between these levees the city is built, its streets like railway embankments generally raised above the original level. Where they are not, the sidewalks are elevated on trestle work fifteen feet above the road in some cases. After every rain a steam pump is required to remove the accumulated water, which otherwise would become a small lake, and perhaps finally overflow the levees. The principal business is transacted upon the Ohio levee, where there are some fine buildings. As a terminus of the great railway artery of Illinois, Cairo has some importance, which is enhanced by the tribute of the two great rivers which flow by its doors. Yet its importance by no means equaled the reasonable expectations founded upon a knowledge of those circumstances. The mass of

the buildings indicated anything but wealth or business prosperity. But it must be remembered that it was near to the seat of war.

The Swiss Bell Ringers were at a public hall, and some of the battalion heard them. The only other entertainment was that of a local theater. The building occupied as such, however, more resembled a second rate stable than anything else; with its whitewashed walls, the latter of nine feet stud, though the room was considerably higher in the center. A very simple comedy was enacted. The heroine was a tall, round-shouldered, plain-featured girl, and the hero very short, with a weak voice and an obscure articulation. The scenery was of a most inexpensive character, and the stage small and not over brilliantly illuminated by the foot-lights of tallow candles. The affair afforded more amusement than was contemplated in the bills. Patrons of the establishment were taxed fifty cents per head for admittance.

The battalion here distinguished itself by the consumption of inordinate quantities of "pop," a species of bottled soda water. It was a favorite diversion to sit in the third tier of bunks at the barracks, and suddenly removing the wires from the stoppers to shoot the latter across the room with a pop! by the force of the released gas; and then to guzzle down the liquid contents of the bottle without a gasp.

On the 12th of March there came along the steamer Luminary, bound for New Orleans. The battalion embarked on board of her, and in the evening started down the river.

The weather became so severe in wind and rain that it was necessary to lie by all night not far below Cairo.

The situation of most of the men was uncomfortable in the extreme. The boat was sufficiently loaded with freight and passengers before we went aboard. We were therefore obliged to sleep on the hurricane deck or in a few odd corners below. On the deck we were exposed to the full fury of the wind and rain. Or, if the latter ceased to fall, our clothing was burnt with sparks from the tall smoke-stacks. Some of the blankets were riddled through and through in this way.

To add to the discomfort of the trip it was very difficult to cook any food. The stokers or firemen were negroes and very kindly disposed; they would pull out burning coals from the furnaces to enable us to boil our pint of coffee or fry our bit of bacon. But the number of those who could be accommodated at one time was very small. Accordingly the process of cooking was continually going on, and meals were being served on the European plan at all hours. Though even then many were obliged to content themselves with but one a day. Then too, the furnaces required such constant replenishing that our vessels were almost sure to receive besides their proper contents, a handful or so of coals, which if they did not hinder the cooking certainly did not improve the food.

With the exceptions just enumerated, and the fact that the cold increased as we neared New Orleans, the incidents of the sail down the river were very pleasant. The scenery was not particularly beautiful until we had almost reached New Orleans. On the contrary it was monotonous, yet it possessed an interest by virtue of association with certain events of the war, which rendered it far from tiresome. There were many points which excited lively emotions, as island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Vicksburg, "Natchez under the hill" and Baton Rouge. At most of these places we stopped long enough for some to step ashore and view them well. At Vicksburg we inspected the fortifications, rebel and union, went into some of the caves occupied by the inhabitants during the siege, viewed the marks of the bombardment in many houses, and as we returned to the boat witnessed the burning of a large freight depot. We were also greatly interested in the famous canal projected by Grant to cut off the river from flowing by Vicksburg, but into which the water would not run.

We also took advantage of every "wooding up" to go ashore and stretch our legs. The operation of wooding up was of itself a novelty and a source of interest, especially when performed at night. A wide platform was laid from the boat to the shore, and on one side of it the long file of negro boat-hands would march empty handed to the wood-pile, and come back on the other side to the boat, with from three to five four-feet sticks of very light

wood; and so on, until, in some cases, more than fifty cords had been taken in. At night the scene was made most picturesque, by the ruddy glare shed abroad upon the landscape by the burning of huge lumps of bituminous coal or splinters and knots of pitch-wood, in iron cage-like vessels suspended over the water.

At nine A. M. of March 18th, we caught the first glimpse of the Crescent City. At three in the afternoon we landed there, having been on ship board six days and six nights. The battalion marched two miles to the Louisiana Cotton Press, where there was established a Camp of Distribution, to await transportation to the Twenty-ninth Maine. There proved to be some delay in this, and the camp above mentioned became the home of the battalion for two months.

Gen. Banks was then concentrating his troops at Alexandria, preparatory to the disastrous Red River campaign. The 29th Me. had left New Orleans only a short time before our own arrival there, but we were too late to be forwarded.

The camp of distribution was a general rendezvous for small bodies of troops or individual soldiers from furlough, special duty, hospital or the prisons of the enemy. The officer in charge was Maj. B. F. Schermerhorn, of the —— Indiana infantry; a gentleman of pleasant manners and respected by all who dealt with him. It was his duty to obtain a knowledge of the situation of the various commands, and to forward men to them by such conveyances as he could find. He also had power to detail for his aid any whom he chose of those who came into camp, whether officers or enlisted men. Major Schermerhorn was pleased with the appearance of the battalion and soon detailed it for the guard duty of the camp. This the men liked very well, as it secured them comfortable quarters, good rations and considerable liberty.

Before referring more particularly to the duty performed by the battalion, it will be well to describe the camp.

The latter consisted of two cotton presses, "Louisiana," mentioned before, and situated upon Terpsichore and Robin streets; and "Factors," located a block or so away on Tchoupitoulas street.

These "Presses" were simply brick sheds enclosing a hollow square, a hundred feet long each way, open inwards, but closed towards the street on each side. There were on one side apartments containing the machinery for pressing and baling cotton, and the necessary offices of the press. The remainder of the space in each press was formerly appropriated to the storing of the cotton. The soldiers were there provided with bunks. There were large doors cut in the walls at various points, through which cotton had been received and delivered; but for camp use only one was left open.

The officers of the camp consisted of the major commanding, his adjutant, a captain commanding in each press, a quartermaster, surgeon and an ordnance officer.

The number of men in camp was constantly changing. There were sometimes as many as twelve hundred in the two presses.

The battalion furnished sentinels at the entrances, and conducted squads of men returning to their commands to the cars or boats, and even much farther at times.

The duty was very light indeed. The weather was too hot for drills, and the calls in other directions were by no means numerous. Passes about town were freely granted and much enjoyed.

The rations issued were of an excellent character. Flour, fresh fish, vegetables and dried fruit were common. On at least one occasion oysters were provided. The men were paid while here, and their frequent visits to town enabled them to procure many additional goodies. In Louisiana Press, for a part of the time there was a sutler; a man formerly of Portland, Me., but for a long time then a resident of New Orleans. His name was William M. Hyde. From him many articles of food could be obtained at reasonable rates.

Sergt. George P. Fernald, of Co. A, was sent to Vicksburg in charge of some men to be delivered to their regiments. There he found a board of officers examining candidates for commissions in colored regiments. He presented himself as a candidate, was examined, passed, and commissioned as 2d lieutenant.

About the first week in April Capt. Beardsley received a leave of absence for thirty days, and at once went home to Maine.

On the 14th of the same month came news of the fight at Red River, and the report that Lieut. Col. Emerson of the Twenty-ninth was wounded.*

April 20th the band of the Twenty-ninth, under the leadership of D. H. Chandler, arrived from Portland in the steamer DeMolay. There were also along some recruits for the regiment.

On the 30th, news was received of the retreat of Gen. Banks to Alexandria, a circumstance which greatly dampened our enthusiasm.

On the 14th of May we were gratified to see again the "veterans" of the battalion, returned under command of Lieut. King. Capt. Beardsley accompanied them from his leave of absence.

May 20th Co. D of the battalion moved up river under charge of Lieut. King, and accompanied by some recruits and conscripts. No incidents of note occurred, with one trifling exception. While the steamboat was wooding up at a certain point, a conscript jumped into the water and hid himself under a wharf, with the intention to come out after the boat had gone and desert. Lieut. King in some way learned of the affair, and quietly asked the captain of the steamer to give him notice when the boat should be about ready to leave. This was done. Then, after the man had been in the water twenty minutes or more, Lieut. King procured a boat and sent it for him with the message that it was *now time to come aboard again.* The fellow appeared, wet and chopfallen.

Some of those who remained in New Orleans, had an opportunity to witness a most disastrous conflagration, which occurred on the night of the 27th of May. Eight fine large river steamboats were burned to the water's edge as they lay at the levee, and two schooners also. Several of the steamers were loaded with government supplies of all kinds, and exclusive of their

*This proved to be a mistake. It was a Col. Emerson of the 13th army corps that was meant.

contents were worth from 150,000 to 200,000 dollars each. An immense crowd of civilians gathered to the scene. The greatest panic arose among them on the explosion of some ammunition in one of the vessels. The manner in which they rushed over molasses hogsheads and other obstacles with which the levee was strewn, afforded much amusement to the soldiers present.

May 28, 1864, the remainder of the battalion (with the exception of one or two in hospital, and the writer, who was detailed as clerk in Maj. Schermerhorn's office) embarked for "up river." On the evening of the 29th, they reached Morganzia Bend, where the Twenty-ninth Maine was stationed; which regiment they immediately joined and thereby terminated the existence of the

TENTH MAINE BATTALION.

Roll of the Tenth Maine Battalion.*

(No field officers.)

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

Horatio N. Howard,	Abbott

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Samuel Hanson,	*Sergeant Major*,	Biddeford.
Thomas S. Bugbee,	*Q. M. Sergeant*,	Washburn.
John McLarren,	*Hospital Steward*,	"

Company A.

CAPTAIN.

Adams, John Q.	Saco.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Fowler, Edwin W.	Saco.
2d, Pierce, Charles E.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Tarr, James F.	Biddeford.	Bragdon, Edward P. M.	Biddeford.
Berry, Horace C.	Woodstock.	Reardon, John	"
Fernald, George P.	Saco.		

* See first paragraph of note on page 313.

CORPORALS.

Dyer, Stephen H.	Biddeford.	Jennings, James	Biddeford.
Cole, Henry F.	Woodstock.	Littlefield, Joseph	Kennebunk.
Fletcher, Sydney W.	Saco.	Kenney, Dennis	Biddeford.
Collum, John Jr.	"	Leighton, Ivan	"
Cross, Thaddeus	"	Gould, Joseph	Saco.
Hopping, William	Biddeford.	Benson, Ephraim C.	Peru.
Jeffers, Nicholas	Biddeford.		

MUSICIANS.

Brackett, George H.	Saco.	Hickey, Patrick Jr.	Biddeford.

WAGONER.

Shapleigh, Henry H. Lebanon.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, George H.	Bridgton.	Keighley, William	Biddeford.
Berry, Elbridge G.	Carthage.	Kendrick, George W.	Saco.
Berwin, Joseph	Eastport.	Larrabee, Emery E.	Lewiston.
Brady, Joseph	Biddeford.	Lee, Edward	Magaguadavic, N. B.
Brady, Michael	"	Leighton, Moses	Saco.
Burnell, Frank (28)*	Lockp't, N.Y.	Littlehale, Alanson M.	Newry.
Carlton, Wm. H.	Haverhill, Ms.	Makepiece, Charles	Saco.
Chappell, Joseph H.	Saco.	McDougall, Archibald	P. E. Island.
Cobb, Edwin A.	Bridgton.	McIntire, George E.	Dayton.
Coburn, Charles F.	Weld.	McLaughlin, Tyler H.	Weld.
Cole, Edwin	Saco.	Moore, Moses T.	Biddeford.
Davis, John D.	Milton Plant'n.	Newman, Albert A.	Weld.
Davis, William S.	Biddeford.	Nixon, Thomas	Liverpool.
Dobson, Wm.	Bridgewater, Mass.	Preble, James G.	Lewiston.
Dodge, William T.	Westbrook.	Rawson, Charles C.	Whitneyville.
Donihue, George L.	Freeport.	Roberts, Charles F.	Biddeford.
Donovan, Jeremiah	Biddeford.	Rowe, Daniel M.	Saco.
Dunn, John	"	Royal, Samuel N.	Wales.
Gaffeney, John (28)	Lockp't, N. Y.	Russell, James A.	Weld.
Galusha, Joseph	Richmond.	Russell, Willard M.	"
Gero,† Alexander	Scarboro.	Smith, David B.	"
Gillis, Edward	Miramichi, N. B.	Staples, James Jr.	Biddeford.
Guiney, James	Lewiston.	Stevens, Frederick	Kennebunk.
Hanson, Daniel	Saco.	Stockbridge, Cornelius D.	Byron.

* The figures (28) indicate the men who were transferred from the 28th N. Y. See page 340.

† Erroneously written Gore on page 315.

Hatch, George W.	Kennebunk.	Taylor, Lewis B.	North Berwick.
Higginson, John	Biddeford.	Taylor, Leonard B. (28)	N. Y.
Hodsdon, Isaac W.	Byron.	Thurston, James H.	Danville.
Holman, Emery A.	N. Gloucester.	Towle, Samuel T.	Rockland.
Irving, Robert (28)	Lockp't, N. Y.	Warren, Franklin	Weld.
Jepson, Leonard	Lewiston.	Welch, Stephen E.	Sanford.
Jones, Albert N.	Weld.	Witham, Phineas C.	Weld.
Jones, Gustavus W.	Weld.	Young, Oliver B. (28)	Lockport, N. Y.

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Company B.

SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Haskell, Charles H. Pownal.

SERGEANTS.

1st, McKenney, Wilbur W.	Saco.	Smith, Albert P.	New Gloucester.
Jones, Oliver B.	Portland.	Burnell, Edward A.	Portland.
Roach, Jeremiah P. W.	"		

CORPORALS.

Wells, John F.	Portland.	Allen, Charles	Biddeford.
Wilson, Stillman	Freeport.	Judkins, Willard W.	Carthage.
Foster, Thomas	Bristol.	Verrill, Edward P.	Raymond.*
Colley, Albert F.	Gray.	Vickery, Isaiah H.	Auburn.

MUSICIANS.

Hersey, Charles A.	South Paris.	Hersey, Henry A.	South Paris.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, William W.	Otisfield.	Judkins, Orville	Weld.
Ballard, Samuel F.	Fryeburg.	Kidder, William (28)	Lockport, N. Y.
Bodge, William	Windham.	Knight, Storer S.	Portland.
Brett, John F.	Portland.	Mariner, Greenleaf T.	Sebago.
Brown, George H.	Mason.	Mayberry, Thomas L.	Biddeford.
Brown, Josiah A.	Bethel.	McGuire, Terrence	Portland.
Caldwell, Isaiah A.	Otisfield.	Mitchell, Arthur S.	Carthage.
Cash, Nathaniel	Naples.	Moulton, Mathias	Portland.
Charles, Daniel E.	Lovell.	Neal, Ansel	"

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*Residence Westbrook on page 318.

Cobb, Marston L.	Portland.
Cook, Joseph B.	Porter.
Davis, George H.	Perry.
Dinsmore, Charles W.	Norway.
Dinsmore, John	Buckfield.
Ela, Charles C.	Brownfield.
Emerson, Stillman H.	Biddeford.
Emery, David	Portland.
Flanders, Daniel	"
Flinn, John	"
Floyd, Osgood F.	Porter.
Foss, David C.	Portland.
Fox, George H.	Porter.
Gilbert James M.	Pownal.
Goodridge, Lewis E.	Naples.
Gordon, William H.	Livermore.
Greenleaf, Solomon	Norway.
Hall, Alanson A. (28)	Lockp't, N.Y.
Hanson, Ezekiel H.	Portland.
Howard, David	Weld.
Howard, Simeon	Westbrook.
Hoyt, George H.	Portland.
Irish, Benjamin R.	Sumner.
Judkins, Asaph	Carthage.
Judkins, Eastman	"
Nutting, James	Bethel.
O'Hara, William	Portland.
Paine, Frank O.	Windham.
Perkins, Orren	Carthage.
Pingree, Hezekiah S.	Norway.
Plant, Charles F.	New Gloucester.
Putnam, John A.	Franklin Plant'n.
Ripley, George K.	Paris.
Sanborn, Dudley F.	Lewiston.
Sargent, George W.	Oxford.
Sawyer, Edward H.	Portland.
Shaw, John F.	Naples.
Smith, George W.	Scarboro.
Smith, Louville	New Gloucester.
Snow, Israel T.	Jackson.
Stanley, William S.	Porter.
Stinchfield, Samuel E.	New Gloucester.
Taber, George W.	Vassalboro.
Thurston, George H.	Portland.
Usher, Joshua L.	Sebago.
Wentworth, Ephraim	Porter.
Wetherby, William	Naples.
Wilkinson, John W.	Portland.
Wilkinson,* William W.	"
Wing, Samuel F.	Rumford.

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Company D.

CAPTAIN.

Beardsley, John D.	Grand Falls, N. B.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, King, Charles F.	Portland.
2d, Libby, Chandler A.	Limestone Plantation.

*See note to page 259.

The name of Isaac Webb, formerly of Co. H, 10th Me., was for a while borne on the roll of Co. B, though it does not show on any of the Adjutant General's yearly reports. Webb was wounded at Antietam and discharged from general hospital April 20, 1863, before Co. B was organized, but the notice of his discharge did not reach the regiment in season to strike his name off the rolls of Co. H.

The name of Joseph Camp appears in the record of monthly changes, as "discharged expiration term of service," June 9, 1863.

Neither of these two men are included in the aggregate stated on page 382.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Kallock, Henry H.	Ashland.	Anderson, Charles H.	Smyrna.
Stinson, James	Fort Kent.	McDonald, George	Ashland.
Gillespie, James	"	Brown, Joseph G.	Portage Lake Pl'n.

CORPORALS.

Pheasant, William	Woodst'k, N. B.	Taggart, Howard	Portage Lake.
O'Connor, John W.	Fort Kent.	Coy, Oliver B.	Welchville.
Hayes, Maurice	Houlton.	Prindall, Edward L.	Portland.
Corson, Charles H.	Bangor.		

WAGONER.

Canney, Charles B. Bangor.

PRIVATES.

Albert, Francis	Ashland.	Moore, Edward K.	Portland.
Ballou, Adin	Portland.	Montreuil, Firman	
Boody, Leonard G.	"	Moran, Garrett	Castle Hill Plantation.
Brady, W'm H. (28)	Batavia, N. Y.	Nearst, Augustus (28)	Lockport, N. Y.
Bryant, Charles F.	Presque Isle.	Nutter, Alonzo	Freeport.
Buck, Daniel F.		Pratt, Daniel	Fort Kent.
Bucknam, Amos	Portland.	Prindall, William	Brunswick.
Butler, Thomas M.	Hancock.	Randall, James L.	Castle Hill Plant'n.
Cammett, George H.	Portland.	Roach, William (28)	Lockport, N. Y.
Casey, William	Castle Hill Pl'n.	Savage, Henry A.	Anson.
Chapman, Joseph T.	Bethel.	Sears, Hiram	Fort Kent.
Day, Vinal J.	Ashland.	Sheridan, James	Portland.
Donnelly, Edward	Washburn.	Shorey, Joshua R.	Enfield.
Doody, John H.	Portland.	Sibley, William	Lowell.
Dow, Alexander	Ashland.	Simpson, Josiah	York.
Duran, Benjamin	Westbrook.	Small, Joseph B.*	Portland.
Ferrell, William E.	Portland.	Small, Joseph W.	Upton.
Gaitley, Martin	"	Smith, Jefferson	Ashland.
Giberson, Simon	Sarsfield.	Smith, Joseph	Fort Kent.
Green, Charles A.	Portland.	Smith, Josiah H.	Biddeford.
Johnson, Freeman W.	Limest'e Pl.	Souci, Jerry	Ashland.
Jordan, Leonard G.	Portland.	Spencer, Benjamin P.	Lincoln.
Kehoe, Charles	"	Spring, William G. J.	Portland.
Kelley, Amos	Lyndon.	Stackpole, Daniel W.	"
Keyes, William T.		Stanorth, John A.	"

*Joseph B. Small was discharged for disability from Co. C, 10th Me. regiment, April 27, 1863, the day after the organization of the 10th battalion. After bearing him on the rolls of Co. D for more than a year, without knowing of his discharge, Capt. Beardsley dropped him as a deserter.

Legassie, Joseph	Limestone Pl'n.	True, Reuben E.	Freeport.
Libby, Elias T.	Ashland.	Turner, John F.	Portland.
Marston, Henry M.	Limestone Pl.	Twist, Joseph	Mapleton.
McGoverin, Dennis	Portland.	Wait, Thomas	Fort Kent.
McGowan, Michael	"	Wallace, William	Ashland.
McKenney, Daniel B.	Lincoln.	Ward, David	Fort Kent.
McNeil, Nelson	Fort Fairfield.	Wescott, John	Masardis.
Michaud, Peter		White, John	Fort Kent.
Miller, John	Fort Kent.	Wight, Daniel W.	Portland.
Millikin, Wallace	Castle Hill Pl'n.		3—83

Roll of the Dead, Tenth Maine Battalion.

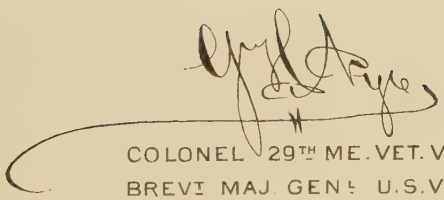
B. Emery, David	Wounds,	June 2, 1863.
B. Perkins, Orren	Disease,	July 10, "
B. Judkins, Asaph	Wounds,	July 14, "
B. Gordon, William H.	Typhoid fever,	July 27, "
D. Donnelly, Edward	Disease and wounds,	Sept. "

NOTE. There are no "repeaters" on the battalion rolls, for there were no promotions or transfers from one company to another after the battalion was once organized.

The aggregate number of names here shown is 8 officers and 254 enlisted men.

The figures given by Mr. Jordan on page 340 are those of the "official" statement on the first day of the battalion's existence. After a very careful comparison of all the rolls I find that from first to last the battalion received

From the old company A,	3 officers,	55 men.
" " " " D,	3 "	51 "
" "other companies and staff,	2 "	138 "
	8	244
" "28th N. Y. regiment,		10 "
Aggregate (including J. B. Small),		—262 J. M. G.



COLONEL 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.
BREVT MAJ. GEN'L U.S. VOLS.

HISTORY

OF THE

Twenty-ninth Maine

REGIMENT.

BY JOHN M. GOULD,

(LATE AN OFFICER OF THE REGIMENT.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ORGANIZATION AND DEPARTURE OF THE TWENTY-NINTH.

We were barely out of the service* before we wished ourselves back again. It would be stretching the truth to say we wished to "be carried back to old Virginny," for the disastrous and unexpected news of Chancellorsville was not of the kind to invite us there.

Early in June Colonel Beal went to Washington and visited the officials at the war department. They proposed to offer a bounty of $50, and have us re-enlist for three years with no promises as to where we should be sent. They blamed the Colonel, too, for working so hard to have the men of the "10th" who were not 1st Mainers discharged in May instead of October.

The Colonel returned after a week of futile endeavors and went to Augusta to see Governor Coburn, and this done he went home in disgust.

He succeeded, while in Washington, in having the order issued for the payment of a bounty of $100 to all of the Tenth Maine men who had just been mustered out. Consequently, on the 18th of June, 1863, nearly all who had been mustered out of the "10th" assembled at Portland to receive it.

This was while Lee was raiding through Pennsylvania, and these days were among the darkest our country experienced. We read the army news with feelings that no civilian can understand; and as the majority of those of us who finally went back were ready to go from the first, we read of the movements of the 12th corps, in which our battalion was provost guard, with the keenest

* The reader will please understand that the narrative is resumed from page 308.

interest. Letters from the battalion were received by many of us, and contributed so much the more to our uneasiness.

The officers made pilgrimages to Augusta to see Gen. Hodsdon and the Governor. The General was powerless to help us to reorganize, and the Governor, though he received us well and told us some little story, seemed to be waiting for orders from Washington.

On June 25, 1863, the war department issued General Order No. 191, authorizing the raising of "veteran" regiments. This was followed July 10th, by General Order No. 10, from the Adjutant General's office of the State of Maine, announcing the conditions under which the Maine veterans could enlist, and on the 29th of July, General Order No. 13 of the State authorized Col. Beal to raise one of these veteran regiments forthwith.

War Department, Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, June 25, 1863.

General Orders, No. 191.

In order to increase the armies now in the field, volunteer infantry, cavalry and artillery may be enlisted at any time within ninety days from this date in the respective States, under regulations hereinafter mentioned. The volunteers so enlisted, and such of the three-years' troops now in the field as may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order will constitute a force to be designated "Veteran Volunteers." The regulations for enlisting this force are as follows:

I. The period of service for enlistments or re-enlistments above mentioned, shall be for three years or during the war.

II. All able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years, who have heretofore been enlisted and have served for not less than nine months and can pass the examination required by the mustering regulations of the U. S., may be enlisted under this order as veteran volunteers in accordance with the provisions hereinafter set forth.

III. Every volunteer enlisted and mustered into service as a veteran, under this order, shall be entitled to receive from the U. S. one month's pay in advance, and a bounty and premium of $402, to be paid as follows:

1st, Upon being mustered into service he shall be paid one month's pay in advance, $13; first installment of bounty, $25; premium of $2; total payment on muster $40. 2d, at the first regular pay day, or two months after muster-in, an additional installment of bounty will be paid of $50. 3d, at the first regular pay day after six months' service, he shall be paid an additional installment of bounty $50. 4th, at the first regular pay day after the end of the first year's service, an additional installment of bounty will be paid $50. 5th, at the first regular pay day after eighteen months' service, an additional installment of bounty will be paid, $50. 6th, at the first regular pay day after two years' service, an additional installment of bounty will be paid $50. 7th, at the first regular pay day after 2½ year's service, an additional installment of bounty will be paid, $50. 8th, at the expiration of three years' service, the remainder of the bounty will be paid $75.

IV. If the government shall not require these troops for the full period of three years, and they shall be mustered honorably out of service before the expiration of their term of enlistment, they shall receive upon being

mustered out the whole amount of bounty remaining unpaid, the same as if the full term had been served. The legal heirs of volunteers who die in service shall be entitled to receive the whole bounty remaining unpaid at the time of the soldier's death.

V. Veteran Volunteers enlisted under this order will be permitted at their option to enter old regiments now in the field; but their service will continue for the full term of their own enlistment, notwithstanding the expiration of the term for which the regiment was originally enlisted. New organizations will be officered only by persons who have been in service and have shown themselves properly qualified for command. As a badge of honorable distinction "service chevrons" will be furnished by the war department, to be worn by the veteran volunteers.*

VI. Officers of regiments whose terms have expired will be authorized, on proper application and approval of their respective Governors, to raise companies and regiments within the period of sixty days, and if the company or regiment authorized to be raised shall be filled up and mustered into service within the said period of sixty days, the officers may be re-commissioned of the date of their original commissions, and for the time engaged in recruiting they will be entitled to receive the pay belonging to their rank.

VII. Volunteers or militia now in the service, whose term of service will expire within ninety days, and who shall then have been in service at least nine months, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402, provided they re-enlist before the expiration of their present term, for three years or the war, and said bounty and premium shall be paid in the manner herein provided for other troops re-entering the service. The new term will commence from date of re-enlistment.

VIII. After the expiration of ninety days from this date, volunteers serving in three years' organizations, who may re-enlist for three years or the war, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402, to be paid in the manner herein provided for other troops re-entering the service. The new term will commence from date of re enlistment.

IX. Officers in service whose regiments or companies may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order before the expiration of their present term, shall have their commissions continued so as to preserve their date of rank, as fixed by their original muster into U. S. service.

X. As soon after the expiration of their original term of enlistment as the exigencies of the service will permit, a furlough of thirty days will be granted to men who may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this order.

XI. Volunteers enlisted under this order will be credited as three-years men in the quotas of their respective States. Instructions for the appointment of recruiting officers and for enlisting veteran volunteers will be immediately issued to the Governors of States.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't Adj't Gen."

The title "Veteran," as conferred by the general order, did not properly belong to us, by reason of our non-fulfillment of its conditions, but we were designated as "Beal's Veteran Regiment" for the first two months, after which the number TWENTY-NINE was given to us, and "Veteran" retained. We implored our good friend Gen. Hodsdon to allow us to keep our old number —TENTH— but he wisely refused, and we can see now that it was best that he did.

*These chevrons were never furnished to us and were little worn in the army.

Under the commission before noted, Col. Beal gave written and verbal authority to many of the old Tenth's officers to recruit, and on the 16th of September, the Colonel, with Thompson and the writer, whom he had determined to keep for his quartermaster and adjutant respectively, went down to Augusta, to arrange for the companies which had been ordered to report next day.

Camp Keyes was on a high hill behind the city of Augusta and just beyond its outskirts, nearly a mile from the Kennebec. There were barracks for three regiments and a camp commander. These had been built and occupied in 1862. The Colonel chose those nearest the city for us. Captains Knowlton, Nye and Jordan reported in the afternoon of Sept. 17th, with the larger part of the men they had recruited, numbering "about one hundred." Capt. Jordan brought his own and Capt. Beal's recruits.

I may as well confess what will be evident enough if I do not, that the first six weeks after this date brought little order out of the vast confusion which prevailed. The diary, which is meagre and dry, states under date of Sept. 19th, that—

> Thompson and I received our commissions and were mustered in by Lieut. Crosman of the 17th Regulars; they date back to the time of our commissions in the old regiment. [These were the first two cases of muster into the 29th.] The regiment is a grand disorganization. The hundred men here have neither uniforms, arms or equipments. They have the liberty of the town and keep their own hours. Only four non-commissioned officers pretend to be here, and there is no attempt made to do anything more than to feed and keep the men warm.

The officers were continually coming with recruits, and returning immediately for more. Camp Keyes was considered as a boarding place. The nucleus of Co. H came into camp about a week after this with that of Co. G: and Capt. Pray brought in the first squad of Co. I at a still later date.

Oct. 13th, Gen. Hodsdon sent up a note, the opening sentence of which is too important to be lost.

"Adjutant Gould. Your men are behaving the worst of any men that have ever yet entered the State's service." The General proceeded to authorize Capt. Jordan to command Camp Keyes, which command he retained till Dec. 8th. This was the

first step toward organization, and though no better man could have been found for this duty, of course there was nothing like an organization till the Colonel and other officers came down and made it. In the meanwhile the "veterans" were the terror of all Augusta. The 30th Maine regiment rendezvoused in Camp Keyes at the same time as ourselves, though their first squads came in about seven weeks after ours. Between us both the police officers of Augusta had their hands full. The 30th boys usually swore off their tricks upon us, and our boys did the same in return, and I should be an unfaithful historian if I failed to acknowledge that the 30th thereby got the worst of their own game.

Besides the 30th, the recruits for Baker's District of Columbia cavalry came and went during September, but we hardly knew of their presence, they kept so quiet.

November 13th, *Friday*, Capt. Bailey, of the 17th U. S., mustered in Co. F with the minimum number of enlisted men. Capt. Knowlton received a "veteran" commission, *i. e.* one bearing even date with his 10th Me. commission. This was of no real value, however, to him, and by being mustered in first he became the ranking captain.

Lieut. Rankin, who had resigned his position in the "10th," was mustered as the 1st lieutenant of F, and Levi W. Harmon as 2d lieutenant. The latter was a new acquaintance, but soon became "one of us." He had been in the service in an Illinois company.

Companies K and E were mustered in on the same day, both with the minimum number of enlisted men. Co. K had its old commander, Capt. Nye, who also received a "veteran" commission. Lieut. Kingsley, who had been mustered in during September as "2d lieutenant and mustering officer," now became 1st lieutenant; and William Bagnall, who had been a sergeant in the 23d Me.—a nine-months regiment—became 2d lieutenant.

Co. E had for its captain John M. Beal, who was known to us as the 1st sergeant of Co. A in the 1st Maine. He had also been a lieutenant in the 11th Me., in which regiment he had seen

service on the Peninsula. Graham, formerly color sergeant, and 2d lieutenant in the "10th," became 1st lieutenant, and Cyrus T. Waterhouse, who had been a private in the "1st" and had done extensive recruiting service, was 2d lieutenant.

Four weeks later, on December 12th, Capt. Pray, who had been captain in the 23d Maine, had his company ready and was mustered in, with about the minimum number of men, by Lieut. J. A. Fessenden, of the 5th U. S. artillery. The company was lettered I. The 1st lieutenant was John O. Kidder, who had been a corporal in the 1st Maine, and 1st sergeant in the 23d, during their terms of service. Lieut. Kidder entered our regiment with the prejudices of the majority of the old Tenth officers against him. He therefore suffered somewhat for a while from them, but by good conduct under opposition, and on the battle-field, he gradually won respect and continued to the end to deserve it.

The 2d lieutenant was John L. Hoyt, who, as a private in the Tenth, had shown good pluck, and had received a wound at Cedar Mountain, after which he begged off from going to the hospital and kept with the regiment till he was nearly dead. He was honest and brave—a Christian who honored his profession from the day he entered the service till he fell at Cedar Creek.

On the 16th of December G and H were ready, and were mustered in by Lieut. Fessenden. William W. Whitmarsh, who had been 1st lieutenant in old G, was captain, and "Major" Millett, whose jolly phiz everybody knows, put a bar in his 2d lieutenant's strap, and called out "here" as grandly as ever. For 2d lieutenant Co. G had Sylvester W. Cummings. He had served in the 39th Indiana, was in the battle of Shiloh, and had seen hard service in the Western army.

In H, our 10th Maine lieutenant, Granville Blake, was mustered in as captain. George B. Coburn, formerly sergeant of H, 10th Maine, was 1st lieutenant, and Hartwell S. French, who had been a private in the 23d Maine, was 2d lieutenant.

On the next day, Dec. 17th, exactly three months from the arrival of the first party in Camp Keyes, Capt. Jordan, who had been in command of the camp and was therefore unable to attend to recruiting, received men enough from the other companies to

fill up his rolls to the minimum, and was mustered in by Capt. Bailey as seventh in rank, whereas he would have been second, after Knowlton's promotion, had the "veteran" rank been allowed him. This change of relative rank was a serious thing to the parties concerned, and the fact that Captains Adams and Beardsley, of the 10th battalion, ranked all our "29th" captains, by the U. S. army regulations, promised to make still further trouble. But peace and harmony were kept, and no ill-feeling was ever shown from the change, which I desire to place to the credit of the officers so reduced.

1st Lieut. Redlon, of C, 10th Me., was mustered again in his old position, and Charles B. Fillebrown as 2d lieutenant. He had been in the 24th Me. during the Port Hudson siege, first as private, then acting as adjutant by his colonel's order, till he received a staff appointment under Gen. Berry. But the General having been killed at Chancellorsville, the lieutenant was unpleasantly situated for a while.

After Co. C was in, we had seven companies in Augusta, and three in "the field,"* upon which Col. Beal was mustered in again on this same day (Dec. 17th), his rank and pay not commencing until then by reason of our inability to conform to the provisions of General Order No. 191.

Emerson, the old major of the "10th," had been mustered in November 30th, as lieutenant colonel, and Capt. Knowlton as major.

It will thus be seen that our esteemed friend, Lieut. Col. Fillebrown, did not return in the "29th." After waiting some days in Maine, and becoming rather more disgusted than the others of us at the slow motions and indifference of the officials at the war department, he went back to Maryland and engaged in business there.

The non-commissioned staff were mustered in December 22d. Trudeau having received an appointment in Gen. Hodsdon's office, concluded not to re-enlist, and "Major" Greene was put in for sergeant major, and he not only attended to the duties of his office, but kept the drum corps in running order as he had done in the

* See pages 366 and 367.

Tenth. Cornelius D. Maynard, who had seen service in North Carolina as a private of the 43d Mass., was made quartermaster sergeant, and Charles H. Pettengill was taken out of Co. I for commissary sergeant.

Upon the promotion of Capt. Knowlton, Capt. Turner, formerly of B, 10th Me., was put into Co. F, and on the 29th of December Lieut. Redlon was made captain of a new company, lettered B, with Samuel E. Hunt for 1st lieutenant. Hunt had been 2d lieutenant in the 26th Me. during the siege of Port Hudson. For second lieutenant B had Lorenzo D. Stacy, who had been a 1st sergeant in the 23d Maine. Moses N. Stanley, who had been captain in the 23d Me., accepted the appointment of 1st lieutenant of C, and filled the vacancy made by Redlon's promotion.

Dr. Day had received a "veteran" commission and been mustered in during September, and Henry C. Cotton, who had been a sergeant in the 31st New Jersey was made assistant surgeon in January of 1864.

We thus had a corps of experienced officers, and time proved that they were very well selected.

Recruiting for the "29th" was a different business from that for the "1st" and "10th." Besides the U. S. bounty of $300 and $400,* the State gave an advance bounty of $100, and the towns also gave an advance of $200 to $400. But with all these inducements the men came slowly, and probably in our generation, if our rulers profit by our experience, we shall see no more bounty-giving, no matter how many men are wanted next time. Almost any day there was a town agent or treasurer in camp paying off the men who were credited on their quota, so the question, "What quota?" was common amongst us. Portland and Lewiston did a good business with the aid of our captains, in robbing the country towns, but Bingham alone went into fame. "Bingham," I have been told, was a by-word in other regiments than ours.

Major James Mann gave us our first regular pay, Jan. 19th. After this, on Jan. 27th, came the $60 U. S. advance bounty from Capt. Bailey, and the $100 from the State Treasurer, and this

* $400 to veterans and $300 to recruits.

being done, we had about twenty cases of desertion, to our great relief.

For uniform we had the sky blue pants and dark blue frock coat, sky blue overcoat and the fatigue cap. The men bought a patent knapsack with their own money, and made liberal subscriptions to the band fund, raising $2,764.

We had the 1863 pattern of Springfield rifled musket, muzzle loading, as almost all of the arms of the infantry were, and differing from those we had in the 1st Maine in a number of small points, having among other things heavier bands, and no Maynard primer. It was the best musket that we ever had.

We were able to drill a little in-doors, but occasionally, when the snow was not too deep, the Colonel took us out, at which times it was evident that we had not forgotten how to flounder about, nor to grumble and swear.

The funeral of Capt. Furbish, in Portland, whose body was sent home this winter from the Antietam battle-field, was the occasion for another military exercise, for which nearly all of the old 10th Maine men were detailed.

Our life in Augusta was otherwise very dull. There is hardly a pleasant event to record, except a Thanksgiving dinner of pies, which two young ladies* of the city brought up and gave to the few of us who staid in camp that day. These pies were originally mince and apple, but the generosity of the fair solicitors in piling the pastry into a wagon ten-pie deep was better than their judgment, and they were compelled to deliver the pies to us as *squash*. Nevertheless we will always hurrah for the ladies and their good deed.

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*Miss Huldah McArthur (now Mrs. Chas. F. Potter) and Miss Mary C. Sayward (Mrs. Capt. E. C. Pierce).

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VOYAGE TO NEW ORLEANS.

The order for our regiment and the 30th Me. to go to New Orleans by steamer, was received in season to allow us full preparation. We left Camp Keyes on Sunday, Jan. 31, 1864, and went aboard the cars with a promptness that was remarked, and started at the hour proposed—10 A. M. The railroad officials said they could not furnish cars enough on other days, therefore we went Sunday. The baggage and horses had gone the day before. We arrived in Portland at 1.30 P. M. The depot at that time was on the "Dump," but we were marched around town for show, and then were put into various rooms and passageways in the City Hall, and kept there "without rations or whiskey," (so states the diary) till 3 P. M. of the next day, Feb. 1st.

There was less drunkenness than at any time before, and there was little enthusiasm and hurrahing as compared with our experience in the "1st" and "10th." But the boys appear to be in good spirits and glad to be away from the clutches of the Augusta sharpers.

We went aboard the steamer in the afternoon, and the most of us were passed out at night. On Feb. 2d we assembled aboard the steamer, the De Molay, or De Roll-ay as we sometimes called her, for she rolled incessantly from the Bug light to South-west Pass. All were aboard by 10 A. M., except a few stragglers, and at 1.50 P. M., the flood tide having turned the ship, we started.

The majority of us were not sea-sick during the voyage. The officers' accommodations were very fine; those for the men were not pleasant; they were put into bunks three tiers high, in which they slept four-in-a-bed.

The horses were in stalls on deck, forward, but the vessel rolled and pitched so that they had to be slung, but the Major's horse died on the voyage, and the Quartermaster's soon after landing.

The voyage was full of interest to us,—I refer to the majority and not to the few whose misery made the others all the jollier.

Feb. 3d, W*ednesday*. This morning we sailed through Martha's Vineyard Sound. At noon we were out at sea again, and rolling. Next day we had a head wind once more. Passed five sails, saw porpoises and a whale.

Feb. 5th, *Friday*. We were off Hatteras, but nothing new transpired, except that in the cabin the sea-sick kept abed all day, and Dr. Day played the well known selection from "Carnival of Venice" upon his fiddle from sunrise to sunset with variations after Camilla Urso.

Feb. 6th, *Saturday*. A gunboat spoke us this morning, and the boys, following the example set them, were ship-ahoying all day with wonderful results. We averaged only eight knots to-day.

Feb. 7th, *Sunday*. Wind fair, the sails set and the sea-sick improving. Singing in the evening was our Sabbath exercise.

Feb. 8th, *Monday*. Misty. No land and no sails in sight. Wind fair and sails set all day. Dr. Day and Capt. Turner played chess with the assistance of all the other officers, many of whom could not tell a "hoss" from a pawn. Turner at length mated the Doctor, at which the entire mob of spectators claimed to be on Turner's side and joined in a crow of exultation. We were off the northern coast of Florida this day.

Feb. 9th, *Tuesday*. Pleasant and hot. Made land at Jupiter Inlet, and then sailed close in shore all day. We saw a fin-back whale, a man-o-war hawk, a pelican, porpoise, flying fish and horse mackerel. But the singular foliage skirting the Florida beach was the most interesting. The medical officers discovered a case of small pox in Co. F.

Feb. 10th, *Wednesday*. Spied a light-house at 9 A. M. after a thunder storm had cleared off. We did not sail so near the shore

to-day but we saw many new sights, but nothing so beautiful as the Portuguese man-o-war.

A pilot came aboard at noon and took us into Key West, a place full of interest to us, looking at first view like a huge raft at sea. Steamers, sailing vessels and fishing boats were going and coming; everything was new, lively and inspiriting to us. The health officer and post quartermaster boarded us; also a man with fish to sell, who told us a hundred things about Key West, in answer to a hundred thousand questions. A second case of small pox had broken out, and in consequence of this all further communication with the land was prohibited. But we borrowed the boats of the steamer, went in swimming, fed the gulls, which were numerous and ravenous, and went off hunting for sponge on the reefs near by.

We staid here till Friday noon, when having taken in coal enough we sailed for New Orleans, and stopped suddenly on a mud bar near the South Pass of the Mississippi, at daylight of Monday the 15th. After much delay, and having been directed by the officers of a gunboat who discovered us, to go around to South-west Pass, we took in a pilot and sailed into the river, and anchored off Pilot Town, seeing gunboats with their prizes, tugs, smacks, scows and everything else, all of which kept us interested and called out a hearty "Yea," to the oft-repeated question, "Aren't you glad you went for a soldier?"

Feb. 16th, *Tuesday.* We started up river at 4.30 A. M. The sights we saw were too numerous to mention, but the low land, and the odd looking trees which were covered with hanging moss, attracted special attention. Water fowls were frightened up at every turn of the river, and it required the authority of the officers to prevent the men from shooting them. At length we came to Forts Jackson and St. Philip, when a gun brought us to; an officer in charge of some colored troops examined us, after which we passed on, and soon saw the remains of the Varuna which had gone down so gloriously.

Five miles farther on we stopped at the quarantine, where we put out our two small pox patients, and waited for further orders by telegraph. The surgeon in charge of the hospital, who was a

right good fellow, by the way, piloted our boats across the river to an orange grove where the boats were filled.

We soon started again, and were astonished at the size and magnificence of the sugar plantations on the banks, though but few of them were under cultivation. The negroes and poor whites gave us a good welcome from the levee, especially the colored girls, who threw kisses at us!

Those of us who had revolvers, shot at all the dogs and an alligator, till the Colonel put a stop to it. We hurrahed for the crew of every passing craft, and by ten at night reached the wharf at New Orleans, when Col. Beal at once reported his arrival to his old friend, Gen. George F. Shepley.

The next day the steamer landed us across the river, at Algiers, and we quartered in the Belleville Iron Works, having had a very pleasant voyage, and been aboard ship fourteen days.

On Feb. 18th it snowed a very little, and we suffered more from cold that day and the next than at any time we had been in Camp Keyes. We visited New Orleans and noticed the civility of the people, especially the women who had been treated to that famous order of Gen. Butler, which so horrified the enemy and neutrals. Then on the 20th we took cars at 4 P. M., and passing through a country of swamps and ditches, the like of which we never saw before, we reached Brashear city (pronounced by the army the same as Brazier) about 10 P. M.—82 miles from Algiers.

Then the Starlight,—a steamer four or five stories high,—took us after some hours delay to Franklin in St. Mary's county, during the night. In common with the nation at large we had little knowledge of the country and of the troops which were in it, and as few had maps we were all the more mystified with what we heard and read; nor were our friends at home enlightened when they read in the papers that the 29th and 30th Maine had been sent into the Attakapas country (corruptly pronounced 'tuck-a-*paw.*)*

We landed at 6 A. M., and the Colonel and staff reported at once

* We give the pronunciation which we heard and spoke. The scholar will notice that in almost every instance it is corrupted.

to Gen. William H. Emory for orders. His was a new name, and all his troops were new to us. The General received us in good style—he made a fine impression upon first acquaintance. He was an old cavalry officer of reputation, he had scoured the plains, fought Indians and lived an eventful life before the rebellion. He ordered us to report to Gen. McMillan, in whose brigade we were thenceforward to be. Gen. McMillan said that he was glad to see us. He sent a staff officer to show us a camp ground, and by night we had a well arranged camp.

In Algiers we had drawn the shelter tent for the men, an A-tent for each officer, and seven wall tents for the field and staff.

The diary sums up the situation as follows:

The land is rich and black, musquitoes thick as can be; native products few; ths water of the bayou is muddy, filthy, warm and vile enough, yet the troops drink nothing else, and say it is healthful. I do not wonder that the men are so sickly, and the regiments so small in numbers.

The 22d was Washington's birth-day. We turned out by order with the other regiments of the brigade, to present arms to Gen. McMillan—and then to return to camp.

We changed camp on the 24th to a place farther out of town, and more roomy. Cypress boards were issued to us to floor the tents with, and the men made walls out of hanging moss and stakes. The 26th Mass. regiment went home on veteran furlough* the next day, and gave our boys their furniture. Everything moved smoothly and pleasantly enough. For the first time in the "29th" we had what could fairly be called a battalion drill. We strove diligently to acquire the reputation we had earned in the Tenth, but the time was too short, and furthermore the standard for volunteers had been raised. I pretend to speak my own convictions only, when I say that we necessarily fell short of the perfection to which the "10th" attained in drill and camp duty. The circumstances under which we were recruited and hurried into the field, were unfavorable. The glory of the "29th" is in its fighting record. I am proud of the excellent discipline of "10th," but I am prouder far to have belonged to the "29th"—the fighting regiment of the three.

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*See Par. x, G. O. 191, page 389, for explanation of this term.

MAJ.GEN.W.H.EMORY.

There is a certain fascination in leaving home to go into an unknown country, and of course it possessed us in Camp Keyes, when we learned of our destination, but once in the new country we found many things to bring us back to our senses, for besides the vile water and mosquitoes, we had heavy rains, the water standing in the rows meanwhile—for our camp was in an old corn or cane field. The sun was scorching hot by day, and the dews cold and very heavy at night. The mails were delayed, the newspapers unreliable, and the truth came over us that we were out of the world. Besides all these we found that we were looked upon as green troops, and this was all the harder to bear because there were a few good grounds for our being so considered.

Feb. 29th, we were mustered for pay by Lieut. Col. Emerson.

March 1st. A part of the 47th Penn. regiment camped on our parade ground. This regiment, though "veteran," had 150 men over their maximum number. They had a fine band, and a great passion for tossing up men in blankets, an operation that frightens both the victim and spectator at first.

March 7th. The 8th Vermont started for home on veteran furlough, and our brigade escorted them to the landing. We received orders to reduce baggage, pack it and send to New Orleans. The next day the 13th and 15th Me. regiments came in from Texas with what was called the 13th corps, being in fact thirteen very small regiments from that command, under Brigadier General Ransom, a much loved officer. Then for a week we had inspections and preparations for the Red River campaign. The diary says, under date of March 12th:

> The aides from division and brigade headquarters, who visited us to-day, speak confidently of going up Red River. We never had the programme announced so positively in "the Potomac."

At length, on the 14th, the cavalry moved out. We had seen some cavalry in Virginia that was worth swearing about, but we concluded this was not worth even that, and time has not changed our opinion.

As well as we could tell, half of it was mounted infantry, poor infantry worse mounted. Marching orders came that day,

and on the next, Tuesday, March 15, 1864, we started on the Red River expedition.

The organization of the force starting from Franklin, as far as I could learn by observation and inquiry, was as follows:

Maj. Gen. Wm. B. Franklin, — Commanding 19th army corps and the forces moving from Franklin.

Brig. Gen. Wm. H. Emory. — 1st division of the 19th army corps.

- 116th N. Y., Col. Love,
- 114th N. Y., " Per Lee,
- 153d N. Y., " E. P. Davis,
- 161st N. Y., Lt. Col. Kinsey,

} 1st brigade; commanded by Col. Love.

- 47th Penn., Col. Good,
- 160th N. Y., " C. C. Dwight,
- 13th Maine, " Henry Rust,
- 15th " " Dyer,
- 29th " " Beal,

} 2d brigade; commanded by Brig. Gen. Jas. W. McMillan.

- 162d N. Y., Col. Lewis Benedict,
- 173d N. Y. " ——
- 30th Maine, " Fessenden,
- 165th N.Y. battalion of zouaves, Lt. Col. ——

} 3d brigade; commanded by Col. Benedict.

Battery L, 1st U. S. artillery.
26th N. Y. battery.
1st Vermont battery.

Gen. N. P. Banks, who commanded the department and all the forces therein, went up the river with the fleet, and we first saw him at Alexandria.

Emory's division and thirteen regiments under Ransom, and the cavalry under Brig. Gen. A. L. Lee, with their batteries, comprised all that we saw south of Alexandria.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RED RIVER EXPEDITION—THE BEGINNING.

March 15th, *Tuesday*. We marched at 8 A. M., weather clear and cool. The trees were green and grass was starting. We marched in the road, which was hard and a little dusty; halts came regularly every hour, and the marching was quite brisk. We were not blocked by wagons, and had none of the go-a-step-and-halt-an-hour "strategy," so common in the "10th." In short, everything denoted that we were well commanded.

We passed Ransom's men in camp a few miles out of town, and at 2.30 P. M., after a march of fourteen miles, we went into camp on Madame Graffinburg's plantation, near a little village called Jeanerets. This being our first march for a year it came hard to us, though everything was favorable. We saw Louisiana to-day with its negroes and its slave system, and learned the truth that very many of us had been slow to believe, that

"Slavery is the sum of all villainies."

These sugar plantations, with miles of cultivated land and hundreds of ignorant blacks upon them, were a great curiosity to us, but we were too weary and foot-sore to visit them in their homes that day.

March 16th, *Wednesday*. Cool night and warm day. A man who suggested that it was good sap weather at home received sneers not deserved. Passing by Madame Graffinburg's mansion in the morning, we saw the luxury of the one and the poverty of the many. We passed through New Iberia, a queer, foreign-looking village, and camped after a day of much fatigue, for we were all

out of marching trim, and the regiments ahead were racing the most of the time. Yet very little straggling was attempted, as the orders were very emphatic on that point. A provost guard marched in rear of the troops, and did its duty well. Cavalry guards were posted at every plantation, and no one was allowed to enter the enclosure. We marched seventeen miles and camped early on the shores of Lake Tasse, in a place called Camp Pratt by Banks's old troops.

March 17th, *Thursday.* Pleasant and cool. Eight or ten of the sick were sent to the rear. Ice made in our canteens last night. We were told to fill them this morning as we should pass no water during the day. Once started, our aching limbs grew better, and I believe we felt better at night than in the morning. The country changed from a dead level to a series of gentle undulations, and we saw the cabins of a number of "poor whites," wretchedly poor they were too—both the cabins and the whites. Heretofore we had noticed the plantations of the wealthy only. We were in camp before three o'clock, after seventeen miles' march, the most of the distance having been traveled on the road-side to avoid dust. At night we were on Vermillion Bayou, where the year before Banks's army had had a little fight.

March 18th, *Friday.* We had another fine day, and a well conducted march of seventeen miles. It came our turn to lead the brigade and we took it easy. We went through the village of Vermillion—a settlement full of Frenchmen and French-speaking blacks. The country was rather desolate, but the road was good, and the day's march pleasant. We camped beyond Carrion Crow Bayou, on the ground where the union troops under Gen. Burbridge had been surprised and defeated the November previous. A cavalry battalion fired off their carbines while we were eating supper. The old regiments broke stacks at hearing this, as we should have done had we seen service in Louisiana as long as they had.

March 19th, *Saturday.* Warmer. More straggling in consequence. We passed through Opelousas this forenoon. Here we saw a Roman Catholic establishment of some importance. The

sisters of charity brought out the little children to see us pass, for which they must be thanked. Their clean white faces and garments contrasted favorably with the squalor and filth in the town. Across the road was a church or cathedral, which a black man said was "mighty old." The priests had arranged for a funeral, and had the hearse before the door. One of our officers took a fancy to the driver, and asked him if he would like to come along. "Come if you do!" said he to the hesitating darkey. The darkey came; and some one in a rear regiment fancying the horse, took him, and whether any one took the hearse I never learned, though it is said that in the campaign of 1863, every thing on wheels, from a coach to a hearse, was pressed by the stragglers to carry them, they were so foot-sore and weary.

We noticed many able bodied white men in the town, and learned that they escaped army service by being "black" in the eye of the law;—the law's eye is sharper than ours, that is sure. We also went through the village of Washington, crossed the bayou and camped on its high banks, after eighteen miles of marching.

March 20th, *Sunday*. "Rest!" is the order. Franklin stock is up. We needed the rest and profited by it. Gen. Emory ordered a guard to be placed along the bayou, to prevent washing and swimming till afternoon, when both were permitted. We had now reached another country; the bayou banks were thirty or forty instead of three to eight feet high. Gen. Ransom's troops passed by this afternoon and went into camp farther up the bayou. After this we had an old fashioned thunder storm, so that from first to last we had quite an exciting day of it.

March 21st, *Monday*. We started at seven o'clock. Marched thirteen miles, a part of the way in the mud, and camped at 2 P. M. in an old cane field near the sugar mill of one Shields, having followed Bayou Bœuf all day.

This bayou struck us as being more like a canal than a natural water course, and the diary makes no mention of the water, which shows that it was no better nor worse than before. After we were encamped it commenced raining again, and rained till eight next morning.

March 22d, *Tuesday*. We had a hard march in the mud, wading and pulling ourselves along till 3 P. M., when we crossed the bayou near Holmesville for a camp, having marched eleven miles. Just before going into camp, some of the troops ahead of us "flanked" the guard on a sugar mill, and forthwith about a thousand men followed suit, despite all the guards and provost marshals. This was the first thing of the kind on our march, and I cannot say it was a bad thing for *us*. Our boys got more sugar than they could conveniently carry, therefore quantities were left on the ground next morning.

March 23d, *Wednesday*. Pleasant and fine weather every way. Frost lay on the ground this morning. We left Holmesville at 6.15, and arrived in sight of the church at Cheneyville at 1.30 P. M., having marched about fifteen miles. The colored girls told us that "Massa and the men hands have gone up to the Piney lands."

March 24th, *Thursday*. Marched at 5, and camped about noon. We left Bayou Bœuf the last hour, and turning to the east, crossed another bayou just before camping. It rained tremendously as we filed into the field, and we had a wet and muddy camp, near nowhere in particular, but fourteen miles from Alexandria. We passed many sugar mills during our sixteen miles march to-day, and were permitted to take what little sugar and syrup we wanted, and we can do no better now than to say that we found the best to-day of any on our march up.

March 25th, *Friday*. We trotted off our fourteen miles, and after marching in front of Gen. Banks's quarters and hurrahing, we went into camp in the outskirts of Alexandria, and here ended the first period of the Red River campaign. The troops under Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith, and the gunboats under Admiral D. D. Porter, had captured Fort De Russey and were now waiting for us to join them.

The diary says:

Alexandria appears to have a population of 1000 or 1500, but the present residents are few. Soldiers from the army of the Cumberland throng the streets. Wagons, horses, mules and negroes are also in the town by thousands. If you want to see life and confusion don't go to New York or London, where

there is room and regularity, but come here, where 3,000 people can do very well, and see the efforts of 30,000 to be in town all at once.

The next day we had no reveille, in order that the men might finish their naps.

During the fortnight's march we had neither seen a rebel, nor heard of one being near us. Our rations were abundant, especially sugar and fresh beef. We had all we could eat of the latter, and threw away a great quantity besides. The sick list of the regiment did not increase much; on the contrary, the diary states that the diarrhea became less prevalent.

Our stay at Alexandria was short and pleasant. There were sights enough for the curious in the rams, iron-clads, tin-clads and the hundred steamers along the levee. Sunday evening, after a very orderly day, we received marching orders. With these came an order transferring our regiment to the 1st brigade, over which Gen. Wm. Dwight had, within a few days, assumed command. The General was a West Pointer, but was a civilian when the rebellion broke out, and had entered the volunteer service in 1861. He had served on the Peninsula under McClellan, and also at Port Hudson and other places in "the Gulf" before our arrival in the department.

We were sorry to leave our friends of the 13th and 15th Maine, but it was better for us in the end. In the 1st brigade were the 114th, 116th and the 161st New York, all old regiments, *i. e.* they came to Louisiana with Gen. Butler, or soon afterward, and were the "crack" regiments of the division. The 116th N.Y. was mentioned as a very superior regiment, and justice to the majority of its officers and men compels us to admit that it was. Of the exceedingly small minority we will say nothing worse here than that they kept the two regiments in constant discord.

The 153d N. Y. had lately come from Washington, where it had been drilled and disciplined to perfection. All of these old regiments sneered at us, besides under-rating the value of our title "veteran," and were continually reminding us of our bounty by singing out, "Seven hundred dollars and a c-a-ow." The bounty troubled them much and their sneers troubled us for a while.

March 28th, *Monday*. We started this morning during a thunder storm, after a rest of three days. We waded in mud all the morning, and kicked up the dust afterward. Gen. A. J. Smith's forces were ahead of us. We observed that the country was less inhabited, that the land was higher, and that sugar estates were fewer than those devoted to cotton. We saw, too, that all the cotton sheds had been recently burned.

We marched all day along the high banks of Bayou Rapides (pronounced Rar-*peed*), and went into camp at 5 o'clock, after a tedious march of eighteen miles. Our new commander arranged his brigade in line behind Bayou Cocodre, and having stacked arms a number of us "went for" a drove of hogs, following the examples set by men of the other regiments. It had been contrary to orders to steal hogs, and while under Gen. McMillan none had been slaughtered by us. On account of the standing order, few of us troubled the drove, and it ran down the bayou to Gen. Dwight's headquarters, from whence, to our surprise, there was no mounting of the staff with orders to arrest the pig stealers. We soon discovered the neutrality of our General, and such a squealing of pigs you never heard as there was for five minutes under the bluff where his flag flew. This may be a worthless item of history, nevertheless, any general will do well to sacrifice the pigs of the enemy to gain the good will of his troops.*

March 29th, *Tuesday*. Very windy and dusty. Started as late as 10 A. M., in anticipation of delay of the trains ahead, and in one hour we came up to the wagons—mired. After this we had halts, long and short, and marched only about six miles, though some said ten, and halted on Henderson's Hill. To-day we saw a hill and pebble stones for the first time in Louisiana. The 13th Maine boys said they had not seen such a sight for two years.

On this same Henderson's Hill there had been an engagement, with the capture of a gun and prisoners from the enemy, eight days before—so the books say, but we saw and heard nothing of it then. Our left wing, under Major Knowlton, was put on

* "So say we all of us."

picket to-night, and the black troops with pontoons were four hours in crawling by us. This, and the falling of burning trees with a crash louder than artillery, kept us awake a good part of the night.

March 30th, *Wednesday.* Pleasant; warm; dry. Cold morning. On account of some trouble in the crossing at Cane River we were not moved until noon, and then marched six miles very pleasantly, when we came up to the rear of the trains and halted for the night in the pine woods.

March 31st, *Thursday.* Pleasant and warm. Marched at 7, went four miles and halted at Cane River to allow the ordnance train to cross. We understood that we were the rear guard of the army. The monthly report showed 651 present—a falling off of a hundred by death, sickness, details, &c., since arriving in the department. We crossed Cane River (apparently an old bed of the Red) on a pontoon and log bridge, made by the negro troops, and then traveled up the island as fast as we could go. This racing was useless and senseless, but the old troops did no better than the new, that I could see, though our stragglers had to take all the taunts. We never traveled in such a dust before nor since. The wind blew a gale down river, and the dust, or earth, pelted and blinded us as snow will in heavy storms. All the cotton houses had been burnt; at Lecompte plantation, the fire which was five days old, was still blazing. We could not learn precisely the cause of all this destruction, but we had rumors that it was done by the rebels—the cavalry—the "niggers" —and the Western men laid it to "Banks, the cotton thief." We understand now that the rebel cavalry did it. We marched that day eighteen miles, went through Cloutierville and halted at the upper end of the island before sunset.

April 1st, *Friday.* Cool. A furious north wind kept the air filled with dust as before. The 116th N. Y. took the lead, and commenced running the brigade. After an hour of it we saw their surgeon attending to a man who was dying from the effects of racing. Then we asked ourselves: "Who pays for that man's life?" We heard that 300 rebels had been seen by our cavalry,

but this was hardly startling news. The day's march was eighteen miles.

April 2d, *Saturday*. Cool, windy and dusty as before. The regiment marched in rear of the division train, and having only six miles to go did it easily. This brought us into Natchitoches (pronounced Nackitosh), a village, or city perhaps, with a history. Though settled by the French in 1717, it received a considerable Spanish population afterward, and when ceded to the United States, of course the American element came in and it became at length a rendezvous for outlaws, who could easily slip over into Texas when necessary. We were not a little interested in the foreign aspect of everything in the town; among other things there was an ancient guide-board, and upon it was "marked the old way which wicked men have trodden,"

☜ 50 MILES TO TEXAS.

Our men foraged considerably this day, and six were picked up by Captain York, the provost marshal, who punished them severely and then turned them over to Col. Beal to court martial, which was done.

We remained on the banks of the river four days till the 6th inst., and received a mail with the supplies from Grand Ecore.

While here the "*Natchitoches Union*" newspaper was published by the 13th corps, but the demand exceeded the supply.

On Tuesday Gen. Banks rode through the camps of his command on a tour of informal inspection, thereby giving us another opportunity to see our old commander. His presence was indicated by cheers, for wherever he went, in our hearing, the regiments greeted him with an enthusiasm that must have cheered his heart.

Excepting this, there was nothing of note besides the dust, no longer black and earthlike, but an invisible grit, which penetrated everything, even to the inside of watches.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SABINE CROSS ROADS—THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE TWENTY-NINTH.

The next move of the army was to leave the river and aim for Shreveport. At 9 A. M. April 6, 1864, we gladly marched out of Natchitoches for a less dusty country. The 13th corps was on a road starting farther down river, but the two roads met about twelve miles out, and as we had to wait for them to pass with their trains, we did not camp till after dark, and then tumbled about in the woods (or "swamp" as the natives would call it) near what I understand to be the Oatcheewash River, tripping over vines and swearing with a will at "that fool," but calling no names. The day's march was fifteen miles.

APRIL 7th, *Thursday*. We moved at 8. The 13th corps train was put in the rear for our benefit. Upon leaving Red River we had gone into another country. The plantations were very few and poor; the soil was different; the country, besides being hilly for a wonder, was covered with lofty southern pines, and the roads were poor, in consequence of which the trains were delayed. It was quite hot in the forenoon, and marching became tedious, but a thunder shower at noon laid the dust for us. We heard of cavalry fights ahead, and also that the 87th Illinois (mounted infantry) had been ambuscaded and had lost nearly fifty men in killed and wounded, by one volley from the rebels, who ran like hounds as soon as they had fired. About 5 P. M. we marched into the little village of Pleasant Hill, and pitched our tents in the rain—the officers whistling till nine o'clock, when the wagons came up with their tents and valises. We marched this day twenty miles,—or thirty-five by the guide board, in two days.

April 8th, *Friday.* Morning found us pretty well rested and with good appetites. Capt. Sibley, division commissary, begged a breakfast of hard bread for us from the 13th corps, as our trains were behind a broken bridge. We left camp about 8 or 9 o'clock. Artillery firing had been heard before starting, and we judged from the distant sounds that the rebs were still making good time at retreating. The country is the same as we have seen the last two days, a forest with one narrow road cut through it. Therefore it is not possible to march this army as McClellan marched in Maryland, three or four columns abreast.

We got ahead rather slowly till one P. M., and then went into camp on the banks of a sluggish stream, having first crossed it.* [A branch of Bayou St. Patric's, I believe.] We were then on the ground which this morning Gen. Ransom, with his fragmentary command took from the rebels, after a sharp fight; infantry and artillery being used on our side. It astonished me that our day's march should be only eight miles, but we pitched our tents under the pines and hunted for rations, finding bacon and meal, which the overladen rebels had dropped as they fled. In trying to head off a hog for the boys, I came upon a house where lay a number of dead and wounded. I was learning a few things about their fight, when the drums and bugles sounded "Assembly," and I hurried back, feeling in my bones that, though late, the 19th corps had been called to do something before midnight. I found the regiment all ready to start; but a delay was made to issue rations [which had not been done in the morning], for the men were out of food, and, by order, the teams could follow no longer. About 5 P. M. we marched; cannonading lively up ahead, and the prospect of a fight considered good by all of us. The evening air was cool and bracing and the ground was hard and damp. So we made a very rapid march, and the "*five miles to the front,*" which was the story at first, was speedily reduced to "*four,*" "*three*" and "*two,*" after which we inquired but little. An hour's trot brought us to the trains of the 13th corps, parked in a clearing. Thenceforward all was excitement and wildness, as it always is in the rear.

"*Nims has lost two guns,*" was the first positively bad news we heard. "*The cavalry is badly cut up,*" was the next report. We old 10th Mainers, who had seen "cut-up" cavalry before, explained to the recruits that this was the way they expressed themselves when they had skedaddled. Then we saw a few wounded men who confirmed the news about Nims and the disorganization of the cavalry, and added that the rebels had been *tremendously* reinforced. So we went on, running about half the time, making we judge four and a half or five miles an hour, which is extraordinary speed for foot soldiers to march at steadily. No one could tell how the general battle was going, and though the scene in the rear was an ugly one, yet we thought it was no indication of serious disaster

* This is the place which is known as the "saw mill" in the army, and is so mentioned in Gen. Dwight's report.

in the front. Mind, there was one road only, and that through the dense pine forest. To send a body of troops through the woods and preserve their formation was impossible.

The musketry sounded very loud in the evening air, and every noise was made more frightful by its echo through the woods. A little after six o'clock, the bands of our brigade, which was the leading brigade of Emory's division, commenced playing, and as they took their time from our step it was lively music of necessity. On hearing this we commenced cheering and kept it up some time. The retreating cavalry now came in large numbers, breaking through the under brush and tearing through the woods, creating such a din as I have not heard in many a month. The sound of musketry grew more distinct, and as we marched up a long hill we all knew that on the top we should see something, and so we did.

As we hurried up the narrow path, the rush of fugitives became perfectly awful. There were servants on officers' horses, negroes on mules, cavalry and mounted infantry, but worse than these there were foot soldiers of the 13th corps, and all came piling down hill upon us, or streaming through the woods, sought to pass through our ranks,—yelling, swearing and smashing as fugitives only can. As well as I can remember now, the road passes by a man's garden and front yard at the top of the hill, and then descends the hill again to the west or north-west. Our regiment was fourth and last in the brigade, as the 153d N. Y. had been left behind at the saw mill with the trains, and when we had reached the garden fence the fugitives were pouring through the woods in vast crowds, shouting for us to run away too. One little fellow who had thrown away everything belonging to Uncle Sam, and his hat besides, was screaming and dancing up and down, imploring us "Don't go there!" "It's awful!" "You can't live a minute!"—"It's worse than Champion Hills." He was but one; the most of them were speechless, but were flying for dear life, crouching to avoid the bullets which were now unpleasantly numerous and spiteful.

Besides the infantry, there were cavalry horses and mules with traces dangling, and artillery horses without their guns, all going the wrong way for Texas. Many ran through the intervals between regiments; a few crowded through our ranks, but the Colonel sang out "Close up! Don't let a man through," and then the boys pushed their bayonets toward the fugitives and kept the flood flowing along the road side and in the woods.

The regiment now marched over the fence into the yard, came to the front*

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*The movements of our regiment as here given do not agree with the recollection of many that I have questioned, but as nothing definite has been learned I have not changed the diary.

To correct the common impression amongst us I here state upon authority of Gen. Banks's report, that the 19th corps fought at a place called by Banks Pleasant Grove, Sabine Cross Roads, from which the battle took its name, was two or three miles ahead of us, and is near where the cavalry and 13th corps commenced the battle.

(west), and advanced directly toward the enemy. We had now, besides the panic-stricken mob, to contend against logs, wood-piles and the litter of the farm-yard. We had also to knock over a very high fence, and to look out that the various generals, their staffs and orderlies, did not run over us. It is a wonder how we pushed through it all in such excellent order, for it was trying to the men's nerves, and the musketry of the enemy was becoming more and more severe each minute.

The 161st N. Y., the leading regiment of the brigade, had been pushed down the hill (west)—sacrificed—to clear the front and give the brigade time to form. Seconds of time were worth more than men's lives just then. The 116th and 114th N. Y. were posted behind a rail fence running north, and were therefore upon the "29th's" right. For ourselves, when once we had halted we had no protection, but stood on the brow of the hill at the crossing of the roads.

While we were thus forming line there were coming up the Mansfield (western) road the last remnants of the 13th corps, and a few horses, whose red saddle-blankets and dangling traces told the sad story that they had left their guns behind.

The Colonel permittted me to run ahead of the regiment, as we had no skirmishers out, to see how "things were *going*," as he said, meaning evidently "*coming*," for we had a clear understanding of what was going. Below us, that is down the hill, to the north and west, were a few of the enemy scattered in all parts of the open field, but no organized masses could be seen. An abundance of Minié balls were coming from somewhere. Generals Banks and Franklin were out on the hill-side with their escorts. Beyond the ravine at the foot of the hill were woods, both to the front and right, and these were filled with rebels, but the smoke which hung over the whole battle field prevented my discerning them.

The fire grew sharper and sharper. The 161st N. Y. was retreating in splendid order, having been commanded to return, the color sergeants waving their flags defiantly, and Lieut. Col. Kinsey still mounted, and enjoying the honor bestowed upon him.

The two generals and everyone else came in from the front and I returned to the Colonel. Soon after, the enemy opened a scattering fire directly upon our brigade, which became so severe that the men could not be restrained, and as soon as the 161st N. Y. had come in on our right, one after another of the boys fired, the officers permitting it rather than ordering it.

So we all opened at about the same moment. The sun had set and the damp night air made the reports of the muskets and the yells of the rebels sound harshly enough to our ears. The absence of artillery from both sides also made this an odd-sounding battle.

Our boys stood the fire well. I saw only one in all the right wing that needed to be looked after, and he only ran a few steps to the rear, behind a tree, whereas, if he was so anxious for shelter, he should have lain down

behind his knapsack as the most of us did at last. We lay so low that we had but few wounded; these were carried to Dr. Day, and the men then returned to the ranks.

What pleased me most was the perfect steadiness of our line. There was no wavering or hesitancy, no idle crouching under cover nor dodging to the rear. Everything went right with us, and behind our line were Gen. Banks and his staff, Gen. Franklin, Emory and Dwight, and their staffs, and other generals whom I did not know, and also the flag bearers and escorts, making a small regiment of them in all. All were looking at us and over us, to see if the rebels would "break through" this last line of the army.

Probably we did not realize so fully as did these general officers, that we held the fate of the Red River expedition in our hands.

The enemy was checked by the fire of our brigade.

In five or ten minutes, more or less (one cannot calculate time in battle), they tried to flank us and the bullets came raking along our line, from right to left, annoying us exceedingly, and all but driving our 116th N. Y., who bore the brunt of this attack, and who, I am told, would have stood it better had there been less whiskey there.

The 47th Penn. and 13th Me. of McMillan's brigade, having been first deployed in rear of our brigade, were afterward sent to protect the right flank of the division, and when this attack was made on them, all of the 47th Penn. but a few brave souls went to the rear in a hurry. It was this rout of their neighbors and the whiskey in high places that caused the 116th its trouble. They were able, however, to prevent the rebel advance.

The enemy next tried the left, where the 3d brigade, in which was the 30th Maine, had been posted on the prolongation of our line. It was a moment of suspense to us when we heard the rebel yell rising with the sound of their fire, and the returning volley of our friends. We waited to hear if the *yell* would continue and increase, or would the Northern *hurrah* take its place. When, therefore, above the din of musketry we heard the lusty cheer rising and swelling, I tell you, my friends at home, it was a happy moment! We had plainly checked them at all points, and the night had now put an end to all further charging by the enemy.

So we stood there, many of us three years old in the service, and now for the first time victorious beyond all question, for we ought not to claim that our 10th regiment drove the opposing force entirely out of the fight at Antietam.

We were elated and joyful. It was a battle full of enthusiasm, though it was a terrible trial to our courage and discipline from first to last. We were proud in the consciousness that we had done far better than "well." We were aware, too, that our regiment was posted at the vital point—the road; and we had held it. How good it did seem after our flight from the Valley, the vain slaughter at Cedar Mountain, the blasted hopes under Pope, and the mystery at Antietam, to stand firm and see the rebels run!

Nothing contributed to the enthusiasm of the evening more than one little act of Gen. Banks himself. When we first went on to the line where we fought, he rode past our front in going from the field to the garden, and drew up his horse to say (as well as I can remember), "*Men! All depends on you!! You can stop these rascals where they are!*" and in a brief, stirring way, he told us we could renew or ruin our reputation, just as we should determine. He must have noticed that he addressed the "29th," which he knew was his old 10th Maine.

The boys did not stop to hear him out, but tossed up their caps and cheered him vociferously, and he started to leave us, but when our old 10th Maine boys sang out "Shenandoah!" "Winchester!" "Cedar Mountain!" "*Cedar Mountain!*" "CEDAR MOUNTAIN!" he stopped again, took off his cap and bowed to us as only a great man can. He knew now what he had to hold the road with, and the sequel shows that he was satisfied.

I am happy to mention this incident, also, because we were under fire, many of us for the first time, and I would also remind you, that the condition of the 13th corps was about as heavy a damper to one's enthusiasm as anything you can name.

A very exciting incident occurred after our first volley. Our brigade had ceased firing then, and what appeared to be a company of cavalry came up the field in front of the 114th N. Y., whose men for some reason did not fire till they were within a few yards. Then the entire regiment let go at them, and the rebels,* instead of running back, galloped along the front of the regiment, till it came in range of our Cos. K and G. How a man or horse escaped instant death is wonderful. Two of the troopers, from ignorance or fright, ran directly against the fence on the Mansfield road—in front of Co. K—and some young lads of the 114th N. Y., who had climbed into the top of the shed there and knocked a hole through the roof, fired at them and then knocked a hole through the other side of the roof, and announced to us with a childish delight, "We've plugged 'em!"

*Dr. Beecher's Record of the 114th N. Y. Regt. states that among these was Gen. Mouton, who was killed by that regiment's fire.

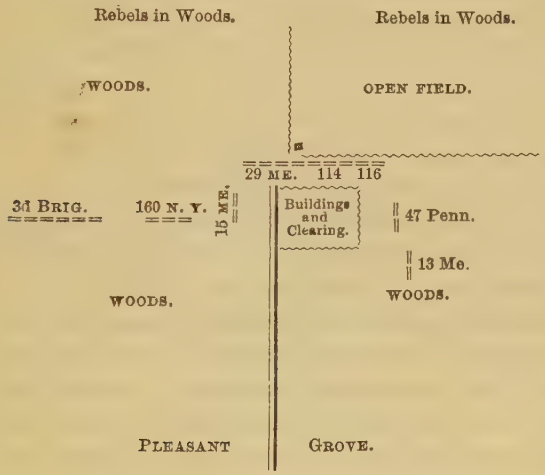
Wm. P. Jordan.

CAPT. CO. C. 29TH ME VET. VOLS.

BRVT. MAJ. U.S. VOLS.

A. Trochsler & Co. Lith., Boston

The fight was ended and the moon had been down sometime before skirmishers were ordered out. Squads of the enemy's cavalry and sharpshooters continually came up to observe us—but after the first check in our front we were not seriously attacked, and we fired only one or two volleys. On this account, and because of the nature of our position behind the brow of the hill, whereby we could easily take good aim at the rebels, while their shots would either go over or strike far in front of us, our casualties were light—very much less than the loss of the enemy by our fire. The boys used their knapsacks at first, for protection, and after this we brought rails and made a barricade two or three feet high, which protected us from the few sharpshooters.



It was about 9 P. M. when Capt. Jordan, who had been selected by Col. Beal, took his company (C) and thirty men of E, with Lieuts. Graham, Millett and Stanley, and went crawling noiselessly through the woods in our front, for about a hundred yards. He arrived there just as the commander of the rebel pickets was trying to unite two lines of his own. Capt. Jordan, with his usual grace, undertook to help, and whispered to them, "Come this way." By this ruse, one after another of the rebel pickets and stragglers, both officers and men, were captured.

Besides these there were also one or two ambulance tenders, whom of course we had to keep after they had once seen us. Among others, I pitied none more than an old farmer, just from Texas, on a "sorry" old mule. He had been three or four days trying to find his son, and at last learned that he had gone on picket, and was very happy when he found Capt. Jordan, who told him to "*come this way*" and see his boy.

A few also stumbled upon the pickets of the other regiments, which, I suppose, were out in the open field, but somehow they turned them over to us

and we got the credit of capturing about all that were taken, perhaps twenty-five in all. By ten o'clock all was quiet; the wounded had been taken care of, and no more rebels could be trapped by our pickets.

The next thing was an order for regimental commanders to report to Gen. Dwight. He gave instructions to remove the troops silently; but the most encouraging thing to us was his order for the 116th to go ahead,* and after giving this he said to our Colonel, in presence of all the other commanders, "*Col. Beal, you may cover the retreat of the army. I assign you this duty because you have done so well in battle. I can depend upon your regiment because it has shown itself to be capable of any duty.*"

A little before midnight we moved back in perfect quiet, and as at Winchester, we covered the retreat of Banks's army. This time, however, we were not aided and were not followed, and it did not fall to our lot by accident. I need not remind you of the pride we felt when we saw all the old regiments file past us, and go down the hill again. The duties of the rear guard are unpleasant and tedious, but we accepted them gladly that night, for the honor accompanying.

At length, after the army was well ahead, we marched once more,—honored with the highest duty our general could give us. We forgot for the moment such things as our supperless stomachs and our tired limbs, and commenced in earnest our duty of rousing the sleeping stragglers, of whom there were some thousands lying along the roadside, and didn't we stir them up? Had we not been abused and taunted every day since our arrival in the department by these same sleepers? How could we help paying them back again? I tell you we did our duty to them that night, and if they appeared to be the "old ones," we kicked and cuffed them without mercy.

Hence, although the army had met with disaster, and we were compelled to march all night in retreat, we were happy at our glorious promotion, and our complete success as a regiment.

After this day we were respected and trusted. Our recruits were not insulted, we heard no more sneers about the "veterans," nor the old story of "seven hundred dollars and a *c-a-ow*."

"Sabine Cross Roads" was "*The tune that the old cow died on.*"

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*The line officers and men of the 116th were thus punished for the whiskey-drinking of their superiors. We were very glad of it at the time, but it seems harsh now.

Capt Jordan, with his company (C), had captured a number of fine horses and mules: enough to mount seven of us, after turning over the poor ones to the proper officers, which we did next day. Among others was a horse belonging to Col. Taylor, commanding a rebel brigade, so the prisoners captured at Pleasant Hill next day told us, and they added that he was worth $3,000 in confederate money. Col. Emerson bought him and kept him till the end of our service. It was daybreak when we reached the saw mill again. We had marched to the front in less than an hour and a half, but the delay in driving the mob made us nearly five hours in returning. We rested here but a little while, and then continued with the army to retrace our steps toward the Mississippi.

"MAJOR."

A word about our dog "Major" *must* be inserted. He was always a dog of singular behavior, but never acted so strangely as in his last fight. While in camp at the saw mill he was much disturbed at hearing the sound of the battle, and appeared to know that we should have to, or *ought* to go to the front. He barked wildly at every cavalry-man we met on the march—he seemed to know a straggler and skulk, and knew, too, that it was safe to bark at them. We never shall forget his actions at the top of the hill where we fought. As before stated, we came at that point upon almost a solid mass of fugitives, and here, too, we first heard the bullets whistle. The dog seemed to comprehend the situation, and bracing himself against the torrent, he gave one long, loud howl that rose above all other sounds, and then went on again. He ran wildly around the field, always keeping in our front, and biting at the little clouds of dust raised by the enemy's balls. At our first volley he jumped into the air, howled and bit at the flying bullets, and was going through strange capers when the fatal bullet struck him. He died like a hero, far in the front of the line, and had he been human we should not have felt his loss more keenly.

CHAPTER XL.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL.

April 9th, *Saturday*. At the saw mill, the 153d N. Y. relieved us of the duty of rear guard, and we marched on quietly till about eight o'clock A. M., when we came in sight of the clearings around Pleasant Hill. Here, all at once, a crowd of stragglers, cavalrymen, negroes and a drove of beef cattle, which by some mishap had got between us and the 153d, came screaming and tumbling pell mell upon us. Words cannot convey the terror which such an onslaught produces. A small portion of the 153d, led by one of its officers (who was afterward permitted to resign in consequence of this and other "disabilities"), came running through us with the other mob, so that in an incredibly short time the organization of the rear companies was somewhat broken. The panic was instantly stayed in the two rear regiments by Cols. Davis and Beal swinging their commands across the road, but I believe there was a pretty extensive scare created farther in town by the rush of the cattle, spare horses, stragglers and skulks, which had so nearly run us off. We remained in line about five minutes, when Col. Davis reported that only a few cavalry had been seen, and Gen. Dwight ordered us to move on. We found the fields full of the troops of Smith, and noticed as we filed in their rear that picket firing had begun.

We understand now from various sources, that the enemy shelled our position at Pleasant Grove at dawn of day, and receiving no response sent the cavalry galloping after us, and those that fell upon our rear were the advance; but they were too late.

We first halted in rear of some rifle pits on the left (west) portion of the field, then after much shifting about, which we did not like very well, we remained for some hours in the woods on the right and front of the field, and threw out company K as skirmishers. These were not attacked, though the picket firing in other parts of the field was very sharp and incessant all day, especially in the front (toward Sabine Cross Roads), and although the most of us slept from exhaustion we did it with one eye open, being continually in expectation of an attack.

Late in the afternoon, Major Knowlton and myself were comparing the time of our watches, wondering whether the increased picket firing indicated anything of importance to the 29th Maine regiment, and doubting if the rebels would try to press us; for it was well understood in our army,—in our brigade at least—that the infantry would follow the trains, which had already started for Grand Ecore, as soon as the road was clear. I ventured to congratulate the Major that the enemy had only two hours of daylight left him. The Major smiled and remarked something about Cedar Mountain. Just as the watch was pocketed—time 5.2 P. M.—a shell came whizzing over the regiment, fired from a gun on the enemy's center, a long distance away. We had more of them presently. They cut off branches from the trees near us, and then went plunging through the woods beyond. The most unpleasant thing about them was the fact of their coming from the direction of our left rear. A cross fire is always annoying, and the prospect of an attack in our front while our rear was being raked with artillery, disturbed us considerably.

We waited here fifteen or thirty minutes (none of us timed this battle), listening to the musketry in our rear and to the left, which was very sharp. We know now that some of this noise was made by the 30th Maine, but we were in perfect ignorance then of everything going on around us.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

Banks's army was posted in a semi-circular line. We were on the right part of the arc; the rebel attack here was only a feint,

indeed I have no data upon which to state that there was one at all. The main attack was upon the union left, where it was impetuous and successful. Col. Benedict, commanding the 3d brigade, was stationed on the extreme left of the infantry, a mile from us, and had posted his skirmishers in a ditch* where they could do little service, being so few in number, yet they prevented the main line from firing in good season. Consequently the rebels jumped over the skirmishers, and set the entire brigade flying, after a very short and one-sided engagement. Then, pushing rapidly along the cleared space they made a huge gap in the original semi-circle. In truth they cut off the retreat by the road, of our other two brigades and part of Smith's troops.

Between our brigade and Benedict's there was Col. Shaw's brigade of the 1st division, 16th corps, posted at right angles to us, and holding the road from Sabine Cross Roads. He also was attacked at the same time that Benedict was, and sent to Gen. Dwight to come over and help him, which Gen. Dwight declined to do without orders.† Consequently the rebels sent Shaw a flying to the rear after fighting him a little while.

Up to this time we had done nothing except to move a few steps down hill for shelter from the artillery fire and stray musket balls. The ground upon which the battle was fought was hilly and covered with every species of natural obstacles. We could see nothing of the fight, but we heard the shouts and yells of the victors and the fresh volleys which they poured in, and thought by the direction and nearness of this firing that something must be going wrong. It was a very unpleasant half hour that we spent there.

Just before Shaw's brigade broke, our brigade was ordered toward the center of the field, and how the other regiments went there we cannot tell, but ours came by the right face and filed to the right,—our late rear,—and in that order (four abreast) went jumping over logs and brushing through the bushes, but whether it was north, south, east or west, who can tell?

We had not gone far before we saw the men of Shaw's brigade

*30th Me. men state this.

†Dwight's report.

coming on the run from our right hand. These men went to their rear, generally passing in front and behind us, but one entire regiment, which had managed to keep its formation, broke through an interval, which had opened between our right and left wings, and Major Knowlton, not dreaming of these fellows, took them to be our right wing and followed them a few moments before he discovered his mistake. He was fortunately found by Gen. Dwight or some of his staff, and his wing brought back before it was missed by the Colonel.

After Shaw's troops had gone through us we continued to march as before with our flank to the unseen enemy. All this happened in a half cleared field, where from the abundance of bushes we could not see far in any direction; hence we had the least possible knowledge of what was going on around us.

Presently we came to the road, and here we found a landmark in a Napoleon gun which had been abandoned, and a *dead zouave* lying at full length in the sand. We had been under a very light musketry fire all this while, but upon nearing and crossing the road, the bullets came with considerable vim from the direction a little to the right of that we were marching in. This was a little mysterious and unpleasant, and you remember that dodging through the bushes with sounds of musketry coming from all quarters was unpleasant too.

Company K crossed the road, and the regiment by order of Col. Beal began the tactical movement of "on the right by file into line," for our front rank was where our rear rank should be if we were to face the front which Shaw had just abandoned. But with that instinct which makes a company of men face the fire, instead of receiving it on the flank, the companies as they came up bent a little to the rear. This gave us a semi-circular line, which Col. Beal tried to straighten out by throwing the left forward. We performed this manœuvre in a pine thicket, which was about as fine a place to manœuvre in as a State of Maine alder swamp is. In many places we could not see ten feet in any direction; but before the line was deployed Gen. Dwight signified to the Colonel that he wanted us to face exactly the other way! —that is toward the army's rear.

It is a wonder that the regiment did not go to pieces under such a confusion of orders. Capt. Nye was looking up the road, toward Texas, to see if the rebels who had overpowered Shaw were coming. He could easily understand Col. Beal's order, indeed none other seemed plausible, if the road was to be held and the Napoleon gun saved.

Whitmarsh, who came next in line, had just seen a stray rebel out on the left and front of K, and had gone and seized him by the seat of his trowsers and was hurrying him back before the "29th" should open fire. He of course understood that the rebels were in that direction.

Capt. Pray's company was bent back still more than G, so that it faced the fire of the enemy, and the Captain was doing his best to keep his men from returning the fire—for we had been positively ordered not to fire in that direction, as our own troops were there. (These were probably the 114th, 116th and 153d N. Y.)

Redlon was clear and cool as ever. His eyes were full of bark dust it is true, for a bullet had hit a tree just before this, instead of Ben.'s head, and filled his eyes with the dust and splinters, but he knew where "front" was without eyes.

The other companies were coming in under Knowlton, when they were halted, and placed in their proper position by Gen. Dwight.

Now what actually happened next, it is impossible to say. If there is no error of statement in what has already been said, it is fortunate.

It is sure that three antagonistic orders were being executed. First, the original order of Col. Beal to file into line on the right, facing toward Sabine Cross Roads. Second, the orders of the captains, who supposed they were carrying out the Colonel's order by facing their men toward the firing; and lastly, Gen. Dwight's order to face what was properly the rear. Somehow, we got into the last position, I believe, but it was the blindest move of the war to us at the moment of its execution.

It is all plain now why we were thus ordered. We were surrounded on the three most important sides. Other regiments

were guarding the other two fronts and we were to take care of the third. But as soon as Gen. Smith's troops had slain a thousand rebels at one volley!* and had driven them back over the ground where Benedict's brigade had retreated, we were no longer surrounded and so we were again moved. This time we filed around in some way which no one can remember, and after passing one of Smith's brigades, the men of which said they had not yet fired a gun, we re-crossed the road and went back to a spot which must have been near the place where we were at 5 P. M. And here we listened to the wildest howlings and bawlings, mingled with good square cheers, till it was pitch dark.

This comprehends the whole of Pleasant Hill, as we remember it. The cartridges with which we charged our muskets before the battle, were all drawn out three days later at Grand Ecore, hence none of us are credited with having assisted to kill a thousand rebels at one volley. Nor do I know exactly where to go for a special honor, for we did little but push around in the bushes and pine saplings, gaping at each other and wondering what was wanted of us. But let no man think this was easy work. Fortunately it required only a very small sacrifice of blood, and for this we are thankful, but it did take all our courage and our best efforts.

One of our officers writes of this battle: "I know nothing about where we went nor what we were trying to do, but I know I never worked so hard in any battle to keep the men in line."

After the battle we waited in the bottom of a ravine, hearing the hurrahs of our comrades all over the field. We assisted a little in this when we were told that a victory had really been gained. But we softened our cheers when a few shells commenced to explode around us, and still once more grew noisy when the good news was brought that the guns that fired those very same shells had been captured.

We were then permitted to sleep without fires, but it was a bitter cold night and many of us had lost our knapsacks during the excitement of the past forty-eight hours, and these unlucky

*See the reports of the battle in the newspapers of the period.

ones kept the others of us awake. At 11.30 P. M. we were ordered to pack up and make ready to start, and after waiting till 2 A. M. of the 10th, the order finally came to move, and away we hobbled, stiff, sore, and weary enough.

We took the road back to Red River, although we had whipped the rebels and might have followed them into Texas. General Banks's reasons for not following them are given in his report in substance as follows: (1.) The river was lowering and he understood that the fleet would be unable to reach Shreveport. (2.) Emory's command was without rations. (3.) The forces designated for the expedition numbered 42,000, but only one-half were actually available; and lastly, the time that he could use Smith's troops was limited and he was compelled to return them. It is creditable to Gen. Grant that one of his first acts on taking the reins from Halleck, was to extend the time allowed to Banks, but this order failed to reach our department till the expedition was about over.

About daylight Gen. Banks passed us covered with a private's overcoat. We hurrahed for him with a will, Sergt. John Fitz starting us with "*Hurrah for old Shenandoah*," and we gave him as hearty a welcome as any general could wish for.

Sunday noon we reached the camp that we vacated Thursday morning, the 7th, and here we were permitted to sleep in peace, and did so, having marched forty-eight miles since Friday morning, and with but very little sleep.

April 11th, *Monday*. We made a very orderly march of seventeen miles to what is called Grand Ecore, the port or landing of Natchitoches; for the last named place, after acquiring some commercial importance, was left as good as six miles inland by a freak of Red River. This river has a way, we were told, of changing its bed every now and then, to the total discomfiture of real estate owners. One old brick house was pointed out to us as having been built on the other side, but was now surely on ours. We did not fall in love with this country; we Maine men can stand the fall freshet which carries away our pumpkins and our neighbor's saw mill, but this carrying your town six miles off and

putting your farm on "t'other side" without providing ferry boats is distasteful.

Our retreat to this place gave rise to that famous parody which the "29th" boys can sing with a vim to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home."

In eighteen hundred sixty-one,
(Semi Chorus.) Hurrah! Hurrah!
We all skedaddled to Washington,
(Semi Chorus.) Hurrah! Hurrah!
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
We all skedaddled to Grand Ecore,*
(Full Chorus.) And we'll all drink! stone! blind!
Johnny fill up the bowl!

The six days' work, counting from the day we left Natchitoches till we returned to Grand Ecore, although not remarkably severe, is worth a moment's attention. As far as our regiment is concerned it is briefly as follows:

Wednesday, marched fifteen miles; not easy, and not very hard.

Thursday, marched twenty miles to Pleasant Hill, soaked by a thunder storm.

Friday, marched eight miles to the saw mill and camped. Later, we marched five or six miles, half of it at double-quick, and fought till dark; then kept awake till 11 P. M., and finally retreated all night to Pleasant Hill.

Moved about all of Saturday; were in the fight an hour or more; waited for orders to follow the enemy another couple of hours; froze, lying down, two hours more (no fires permitted); then packed up at 11 P. M., and froze standing in line till 2 A. M. Sunday, and at last marched twenty miles. On this Sunday afternoon and night we slept the first good sleep (the *only* sleep to one-half of us) since Thursday night.

Monday we finished the trip by marching seventeen miles to

*This was a poetic license, or else it refers to the 13th corps and cavalry. The remainder of the army was not demoralized at all.

Grand Ecore. In all, two battles and a march of one hundred miles (possibly only ninety-eight).

Our casualties for the six days were as follows:

SABINE CROSS ROADS, APRIL 8, 1864.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Where hit.	
G.	Greeley, John W.	Corporal.	Bowels.	Killed.
G.	Meader, Calvin	"	Head, (mortally wounded.)	
I.	Wyman, Henry A.	Private,	Died of wounds May 12,	Prisoner.
B.	Allen, Jedediah	"	Head.	
C.	Nichols, William A.	"	Leg.*	
E.	Sloman, Charles A.	Corporal,	Stomach.	
E.	Garcelon, Levi M.	Private,	Foot.	
E.	Pearson, Charles H.	"	Eye, (slight).	
E.	Hill, Alonzo	"	Shoulder.	
F.	Stevens, Enos H.	"	Arm.	
F.	Murray, Joseph W.	"	Shoulder.	
G.	Littlefield, Albert	Corporal,	Knee.	
G.	Bicknell, Ichabod W.	"	Leg, (slight).	
G.	Buzzell, Stephen	"	Side.	
G.	Burnell, Calvin B.	"	Arm.	
G.	Holmes, Otis S.	Private,	Finger, (slight).	
H.	Maguire, William E.	"	Head, (slight).	
H.	Stevens, John C.	"	Arm, (slight).	
I.	Hayes, Levi	"	Hand, (slight).	
I.	Stewart, John	"	Side, (slight).	
K.	Clear, John	"	Cheek, (slight).	
K.	Tiffany, Frederick A.	"	Finger shot off.	

PLEASANT HILL, APRIL 9, 1864.

C.	Murray, Thomas	Private,	Ankle,	Prisoner.
F.	Eaton, George W.	"	Finger.	
G.	Ricker, George F.	"	Head, (slight).	
I.	Philbrook, Charles C.	"	Foot.	
K.	Dunn, Albert N.	Corporal,	Thigh,	Prisoner.

The organization of the regiment during the entire campaign was—

Left. | E | H | C | F || B | I | G | K | Right.

* Also stepped on by cavalry horse.

There were present in these two battles the following officers of our regiment:

Col. Beal, Lieut. Col. Emerson, Major Knowlton,	3
Surgeon Day, Asst. Surgeon Cotton, Adjt. Gould,	3
B. Capt. Redlon and 1st Lieut. Hunt,	2
C. Capt. Jordan and 1st Lt. Stanley (and 2d Lt. Fillebrown on Dwight's staff).	2
E. Capt. Beal, Lieuts. Graham and Waterhouse,	3
F. Capt. Turner, Lieuts. Rankin and Harmon,	3
G. Capt. Whitmarsh and 1st Lieut. Millett,	2
H. Capt. Blake, Lieuts. Coburn and French,	3
I. Capt. Pray and 2d Lieut. Hoyt,	2
K. Capt. Nye and 2d Lieut. Bagnall,	2
	25

The number of enlisted men engaged cannot be accurately stated. A "roll of honor" was prepared at Grand Ecore, but no copy of it has been saved by private parties, and the "*rules of the department*" are such that a document may as well be in the bottom of the sea as in the office of the adjutant general of the army. Fortunately the original reports of three companies were saved, and these show 66 muskets in Co. B, 63 in Co. G and 67 in I at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads.

Estimating the other five companies as well as we can at this date, we may say that 534 armed men, including Sergt. Major Greene, were carried into that battle. From this number deduct about forty killed, wounded and straggled, and the number present at Pleasant Hill will be found. And these figures are more reliable than any report which I can find.

Although we were fatigued and felt something of the disappointment prevalent in the army, yet on arriving at Grand Ecore we were quite enthusiastic and happy over the week's work. We felt that whatever ills had befallen the army, the 29th Maine had made a fine debut.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

CHAPTER XLI.

GRAND ECORE—RETREAT TO ALEXANDRIA.

April 12th, *Tuesday.* Under this date the diary says:

The only noticeable event of the day was the "trotting out" of our stragglers for the public gaze. During the two battles, or just previous to entering them, about thirty men skulked. The character of the fights and march was favorable to this, and perhaps under different circumstances the most of the thirty would not have thought of a thing so mean. Col. Beal wisely determined to punish them very severely. First, the battalion line was formed by order of Gen. Dwight, who came over and complimented us for our good behavior in the campaign generally, and during the battles in particular. After this, and hurrahs for Dwight, the Colonel ordered to the front the sergeants and corporals, who for *any reason* had absented themselves from the regiment without orders at any time during the 8th or 9th. He then reprimanded them for their wrong doing, and told them there was one way only to redeem their character, which way was to strive to do better than the regiment generally in the next battle. The corporals and privates who had been appointed to their places were now ordered forward, and ripped off their chevrons and stripes. The recreant privates had also been brought to the front, and all of the party were now notified by the Colonel that they should perform all the dirty work and police duty of the camp for the present, and they have been bringing water, sweeping up camp, &c., ever since, while the regiment is teasing them in every way, especially inquiring "Aren't you glad you went for a soldier?" and if they appreciate their "*chance to travel and the free medical attendance.*"

This last query, besides being a familiar quotation, was a reminder also that they could not play sick and so escape their torment, for Dr. Day had threatened, or else the men took it for granted, which is perhaps more likely, to "put through" any of these skulks who came to him with a long face, and the rawest recruit, or even "Bingham's quota," knew that he could do it. The diary has also:

The men of our regiment are in excellent spirits: the horror of fighting, which we always had in the Potomac army, is entirely absent with us. The constant inquiry is, "How far is it to Shreveport by the river?" which indicates the desire, or willingness, to try again with gun-boats and rations to help us. I like this question much better than the one we had under John Pope, "How far to Washington?" The wounded have been sent to New Orleans. Mail arrived to-day. A large foraging party went out.

Next day, 13th, our pickets were attacked, the cavalry videttes coming in with some precipitancy.

On the 14th it was recorded: "River still falling as if the bottom had dropped out."

April 15th, the regiment went on picket, or rather went outside of the army camp a short distance, and remained near its stacks all day and night, ready to fight at a moment's notice. The cavalry was four miles farther out.

All of our out-post duty in Lousiana was unlike that in Virginia, as will be seen hereafter. The enemy's cavalry, or the guerrillas as we called them, were continually bushwhacking our out-posts and often, by creeping around, they fired a shot into camp. We have some respect for an enemy who hazards his own safety to injure us, and so we give these guerrillas credit for deeds which stand a peg higher than the mule-shooting bravery of Moseby and his men.

By the 16th all the transports which the rebels thought they had "bagged" were down again. Our sutler was on hand, too, with butter at 75 cents and cheese at 50. No pies nor cakes.

The "veteran" commission of our Colonel has been alluded to already. It really had no force under Gen. Order No. 191, but our good behaviour at Sabine Cross Roads, and Gen. Banks's previous acquaintance with us and our Colonel, led Gens. Dwight and Banks to devise a means for the end they had in view. Gen. Banks had selected Dwight for his chief of staff, and our Colonel received a hint that his claim for veteran rank would be allowed. So he made it on April 17th, and Gen. Dwight endorsed it "Respectfully approved. Col. Beal gave evidence in the actions of the 8th and 9th that he was an officer of experience and capacity." On April 19th, the order came for Col. Beal, *as the ranking officer*

of the brigade, to take command of it. He did so and never returned to the command of the regiment again. He took Quartermaster Thompson to act as Asst. Quartermaster, and Adjutant Gould for Asst. Adjt. General, which will account to the general reader for the change in the character of the diary from this date till winter.*

On this same day the army received orders to "prepare to move against the enemy." The gunboats and transports of deep draught had all gone down river before this, and we heard from undoubted authority that there was still a division of the enemy which had not been engaged with our army, so that our force was 6,000 less than the enemy. We did not hear definitely, however, whether the mass of rebels was near us or had gone to fight Gen. Steele in Arkansas, but the rumors came both ways. In point of fact, the infantry and artillery had gone to overpower Steele, and they of course succeeded in driving him back and covering themselves with glory, at the expense of the man in Washington who planned these two campaigns. We will not try to belittle the fame of the rebel general—Dick Taylor,—nor cast a slur upon the rebel army, but we will remind the reader that Gen. Grant, on taking command of the U. S. army, put an end to such nonsense as the starting of two small armies from opposite points to crush one large one.

RETREAT DOWN RED RIVER.

The reasons which Gen. Banks gives for retreating are, as already noted, an unusually low river, and the consequent inability of the gunboats to help us; the depletion of his command by the return of a portion of it, and the expiration of the time when all the borrowed troops, Smith's, should be sent back.

If I rightly observed the officers and men of our division, they

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*We insert here an extract from Gen. Dwight's report of the battles of the 8th and 9th:

"As I passed frequently along the line I had occasion to note accurately the conduct of all the regiments, and too much praise cannot be awarded to them for their firmness and good conduct, but especial praise is due to the officers and soldiers of the 29th Me. Volunteers, whose conduct left nothing to be desired. * * * I would most respectfully call the attention of the Brigadier General commanding division to Col. Beal of the 29th Me., and his peculiar fitness for a higher command."

expected to go to Shreveport in spite of the disaster on the first trial. This certainly was the sentiment of our regiment. The command of A. J. Smith had ideas of their own, and from their great chief down to the "nigger" servant they all regarded Banks with contempt.

We waited all the 20th, expecting hourly to receive orders to move; then on the 21st the regiment went on picket again, and was taken off after midnight.

At 1.30 A. M., April 22d, the brigade moved and halted shortly after, then moved again and halted in the old fashioned Virginia way. We crossed Cane River, a mere brook at that time, though it ran through a bed wider and deeper than the Kennebec at Augusta. We were then on the island where we had been half suffocated from dust in coming up, and were now again choked with it after we were once out of the woods.

Few, if any of us, had an hour's sleep that night, and the men's step showed that they were fatigued, by daylight. The hourly rests were irregular, and we were frequently stopped from unknown causes, and halted till we got asleep, after which it was no fun to wake up and start.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that our path was lighted by the fires of burning cotton. Every plantation cotton shed was burning as we passed, and the "bummers," who ventured out on the intersecting roads, reported everything ablaze as far as they could see. The incendiary was never discovered. A reward of a thousand dollars failed to bring him to justice or prevent the mischief. We understood that it was done by the "niggers," who were running away by thousands or possibly tens of thousands.

About 11 A. M. we halted near a plantation whose mansion house had been burned months before, and rested till 3 P. M., many of us sleeping meanwhile. We watched the negroes go past us, and a comical sight it was, and sad as well. At dusk we halted for a short time again, and the army went into lines of battle, facing up river while the teams went on. Then at 7 we started once more, went through Cloutierville and halted two miles south at 11.40 P. M., having marched forty miles (or possibly

but thirty-seven) during the last twenty-two hours. No language which I can command can convey to one not there an idea of the ruin and confusion that we saw. The army was well "in hand." I speak of *ruin* in connection with the planters' property, and of *confusion* in reference to the negroes. The blacks followed us in droves, mostly afoot; but thousands of them were mounted on mules which they had stolen, and thousands more, especially the fat old aunties and the little pickaninnies, were piled in wagons. The last three or four miles of our march was alongside of the "contrabands' train," which was doubled up, turned out of the road, parked or jumbled together in a very unmilitary manner. There was no telling the breadth of this bunch of wagons, and we began to despair of ever seeing the end of it, but after about two hours of patient tramping we saw the last old uncle quietly waiting and looking right and left for "liberty."

The day had been cloudy, and not very warm; the dust had caused much suffering, yet the diary states that the men (of the brigade) did not straggle but were in good spirits after their extraordinary march, and I remember that they received the order "on the right by file into line" (for bivouac) with a yell, which must be understood as a burst of exultation over "the general" who had not succeeded in "*playing*" them out.

BATTLE OF CANE RIVER CROSSING (MONET'S BLUFF).

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

In the morning we were aroused at 4.20, not feeling very fresh. The rebels were in the front (south) to dispute our re-crossing Cane River. Another force was understood to be following after us—on the road we had traveled the day before. This troubled us but little, since we knew that the force must be cavalry and vastly inferior to us. We resumed the march down river, halted frequently, and observed some sharp skirmishing on the right bank. The current of the river was almost imperceptible, the banks were very high and the water deep, though there appeared to be numerous fording places.

Gen. Banks was in the rear with Gen. Smith. Gen. Franklin

was laid up with the wound he had received behind our regiment at Sabine Cross Roads, consequently the command in *our* front, the southern one, devolved upon "Old Brick-top," as the boys familiarly called Gen. Emory.

We had little knowledge of what was transpiring. The guns of Smith, behind us, and those of Birge over the river, indicated plainly that the rebels were watching us sharply.

The force across the river was the fragment called the 13th corps, under Gen. Cameron, the Third brigade of our division, under Col. Frank Fessenden, a brigade of Grover's division which had come up to Grand Ecore on transports, and some cavalry, —all under Gen. Birge, who received his orders from Gen. Emory.

Our brigade followed McMillan's in its march down the left (east) bank, and halted while Birge's force crossed and skirmished with the enemy. The soldiers of the rebels were very good skirmishers, and we could see them dodging about from one shelter to another, as they fell back slowly before the superior numbers opposed to them.

At length the enemy made a stand on the opposite side, and we were now at nine o'clock, taken from the road and formed in line, about a mile from where the road crossed the river. We remained here waiting for the next move, having very little understanding of this one, as far as we were concerned, till a few cannon balls came falling in our vicinity.

The 116th N. Y. and two companies of the 153d N. Y. were sent into a swamp ahead of our line to reconnoitre, and after wading in water up to their waists for about half a mile, they sent back word that there was no force on our side. By and by we heard the volleys from the troops on the other side, with yells and shouts, and the usual racket attending a battle. The artillery on our side of the river now unmasked and took the rebels in flank. Soon after this we were moved forward in the mud and water. A rebel battery at the crossing shelled us as well as they could as we advanced through the woods, but the battle was brief, though sharp, and it ended over the river with a tremendous hurrahing, while on our side we fired not a musket; but our artillery put a shell into the right spot, and four horses and the

rebel driver were killed. This ended the battle of Cane River Crossing.

For our part in the action, we were ordered to inscribe the name on our flag, and by the custom in such cases it belongs there; yet we will not claim any of the honor or glory which belongs to those who really fought the battle on the right bank.

To see the "old man" after his success in "getting up a skedaddle in Dixie," as he styled it, was a rich treat. He was happy, good-natured and a little talkative. We were unacquainted with him then, and our Colonel was not a little puzzled when he heard him shouting at the top of his voice "Col. Beal!! Col. Beal!!! come here sir,—you've almost ruined us!" The Colonel begged to know what terrible mistake he had made.

"I liked to have lost this battle by you sir!" said the General.

The Colonel was speechless.

"You must have your name changed, sir!" The Colonel nodded assent.

"Why sir! I ordered you forward on the trot—I should have told the stupid fellow 'double-quick'—and that ass of an orderly —I had not a single aide at hand sir—galloped to Capt. *Neil*, and told him to *trot his battery* to the front, and bless my soul, sir, he was almost into the enemy's lines before I could halt him! You must change your name sir!"

This joke went the rounds and made us feel well, for the "*old man's*" good humor was contagious, and you know that there is no time when a man can chuckle and appreciate a joke better than when after a day of expectation of a fight he discovers that his services will not be needed.

We next moved down to the river; Major Knowlton and Sergt. Major Greene began to rebuild the bridge with companies H and E, while the rest of us cooked supper and went to sleep. Before long the colored engineers came with their pontoons, and in a very short time made a good crossing for the army. We then received orders to go over, which surprised and vexed us, for we believed we were to chase cavalry by starlight—a duty altogether devoid of interest. But the order directed us to march at once, and we did so, starting at nine o'clock in the evening. We soon

came to our cavalry out-posts and were told that the rebels had fled into the interior, which proved to be true, and we saw no more of them for a while.

We marched on with spirit and in excellent order till midnight, when we halted in the vicinity of the camp that we had left March 31st. Our day's march, or rather the distance by the road from point to point, was nearly nine miles.

April 24th, *Sunday*. We were up at five and marched at six, our brigade leading as before. We took the wrong road and reached Red River before Col. Chrysler, of the 2d N. Y. veteran cavalry, discovered the error. We then turned back, but Gen. Emory sent us word to go on and we would come out right at last. We thus saw the gun-boat Lexington and filled our canteens. Cavalry stragglers troubled us much to-day, and not only cotton-sheds but the mansion-houses and out-buildings of the plantations were fired by the incendiaries. It is enough to know that Gen. Emory could not stop this mischief, though I can witness that he tried to, and drew his sword on a citizen camp-follower, who had stolen bacon and appeared to have done other mischief.

The diary notes at length a queer discussion which came up when the brigade clerk brought in the regular "Sunday morning field return" for signature, dated Monday, April 25th. He was sure the date was right; the regimental returns were so dated, he said, and I could see myself, for we had left Grand Ecore Friday morning, and had we been only *two* days on the move? This was a stunner! We discussed it at headquarters till the question was raised if it were not *Tuesday*, when I left in disgust for the regiment, where Emerson, Knowlton, Nye and other clear heads confirmed me that it was Sunday. Such a mixing of day and night we never had.

We marched alongside of a bayou nearly all day, and camped at night within a half mile of Roberts's plantation, where we had killed so many hogs on our march up—March 28th.

Next day, April 25th, *Monday*, we marched into Alexandria. It was very hot, and now that all excitement had ceased it became very tedious and debilitating. By order of Gen. Emory, we

arrested every cavalry-man; this, with other precautions, prevented many incendiary fires to-day. The men of Grover's division came out of their camps to meet us, and their clean clothes and polished brasses reminded us of a brighter side in soldiering than what we had been having. We marched into the city, turned up river, crossed Bayou Rapides again, and camped two miles out of town on the river's side. The gunboats were under the bank waiting for more water to get over the rapids or "falls," as the citizens called them.

The next day the sun came out hot; a great change seemed to have come suddenly over the army and especially upon our regiment, which had so many men unused to hard service. The diary states:—

> They [the new men of the "29th"] move around like living corpses, their cheeks sunken and their eyes dull; they can hardly walk, and they go back and forth from their sunny camp to the shady woods with their under jaws hanging down—a sure sign of a "played-out" man.

We remained quietly in camp two days, the sick list increasing rapidly. This, I suppose the doctors will say, was caused by the heat, and by the past over work, and also by the Red River water, which is full of alkalies, muddy, unpalatable and lukewarm.

About noon time, April 28th, we came very near having a scare, for the rebels made a demonstration on our entire lines to see what we were about. We were hastily formed and were posted behind a ditch. This country is a net work of ditches, bayous and levees, so that we never had to go far to find a ready-made breastwork.

There is nothing in Maine that will pass for a bayou; the nearest to it in appearance is a canal with its steep bed and high embankments, but the comparison ends there. The land in Louisiana is flat, and the water flows first up stream!—pardon me—and then down, according to the stage of the Mississippi and Red. Now Red River water is muddy, brick-colored and soapy, about like dish water; that of the Mississippi, though generally good and of an even quality, is sometimes almost as vile as the Red, and varies according to the quantity of water received from its many feeders. When there is a freshet in the Red and the

Mississippi is low, then one-third of Louisiana is drenched with its bricky alkalies, but when the Red gets low and the "Father of Waters" is high, then the Mississippi water backs up the Red and its bayous, and goes flowing all over the country. It is very much as if the Atlantic should send its salt water up every river, brook and ditch in Maine, and fill Moosehead to boot. There seem to be few brooks in this flat country. The bayous are of all widths and depths, and are all connected with each other, therefore the only way to keep the water from overflowing the entire country during the freshets, is to build these high banks called levees. They are a breastwork of first quality.

We waited an hour or more, during which we heard musketry in addition to cannonading. Then Gen. Emory took the whole division down to the city at a very brisk pace, and constantly urged more speed, the cannonading and musketry increasing all the while—or perhaps we heard it better the nearer we approached it.

I was sent to the corps headquarters to inquire what street would take us into the Opelousas road, and learned that our movement was unknown at corps headquarters. Then trotting over to Banks's headquarters, I learned that the General-in-chief was also ignorant of our movement. In truth our "old man" is a wide awake and cautious old fellow, and I suspect that after observing the littleness of the force which had attacked his outposts, and hearing the artillery fire down river, he concluded that it was best to place himself where he could reinforce the main army, or be reinforced by it without delay. We all swore with a will when we saw the quietness of the town—"our army swore terribly in Flanders," you know; make Flanders Louisiana, and you have it as true as it was in Uncle Toby's day.

Simultaneously with, or soon after our movement down one bank of the bayou, the 13th corps came in on the other, burning a sugar mill and cotton shed as they came; the last was full of rations, and a sorry error it was too. We slept on our arms that night, and the next day all the army appeared to be waiting for an attack, but the rebels had only been feeling our strength, and in the morning they were gone.

April 30th, our regiment was ordered to report to Lieut. Col. Bailey across Red River, and to work upon the dam which he had projected. So we crossed on the pontoon to Pineyville,

marched up the river, and camped in the woods on its banks. At that time very little preparation had been made for the construction of the dam.

THE RED RIVER DAM.

As a large majority of our men were familiar with the use of the ax, we were divided into squads and sent into the woods to cut trees. This was almost sport to many of the men. It was decidedly a "soft thing" compared with working night and day in the water. Those who were not ax-men were sent up river to get out rocks, a sort of hardened sand, and a very few worked upon the dam itself. Our principal duty was to fell the trees near the dam and chop off the branches. They were then dragged to the river by mules and the dam was made in the following manner:

The trees were hauled to the river bed, which was partially dry by reason of the low water, and placed fifteen or twenty abreast pointed toward the opposite bank. On top of these, but lying crosswise to the first, others were rolled and packed as snugly as possible. The tops of the trees of this second tier were left on, and served as a matting for the sand and rocks that were thrown on them to rest against. The third tier of logs pointed toward the opposite bank, and the fourth up river, and so on. In this way the dam was first extended into the river toward the Alexandria side, and then heightened. It was made tight by throwing brush upon the up-river side, and upon this brush and upon all the dam, rocks and bricks were thrown from boats, and sand was hauled in wagons, until a good roadway was made on top of the dam.

As nearly all the trees sank of their own weight, being green, it was not difficult, where the water was shoal, to push the dam out into the river log after log. But in a few days deeper water was reached, and the current increased, of course, the farther the dam was carried, and then it became a slower and more tedious task to plant the bottom tiers. This was done by the men—all of them belonging to other regiments, principally western men and

the blacks,—stepping upon the log after it was once placed, and holding it there till others were brought on to confine it. But when the dam had been thus carried about half across the river the water was so deep and swift that it could not be built any farther in this manner. Anticipating this, Col. Bailey had ordered the construction of cribs, and Capt. Redlon, of the "29th," being a carpenter, had been detailed to boss a gang of western men, whose former overseer could not do this work of building cribs. When finished they were floated, separately, to the end of the dam, where they were moored and stayed with ropes till brush, stones and earth enough had been put in to sink them.

The channel ran so near to the Alexandria bank, that the short dam on that shore was made almost entirely of cribs. The lumber to make these cribs was obtained principally from a large mill a short distance up river, and the duty of pulling down the mill and floating the stuff to Capt. Redlon's gang and others fell to the lot of Capt. Jordan and Lieut. Stanley, of Co. C, and to the men of our regiment who could not use axes, and Brown, of Co. C, was drowned while floating a stick out of the mill-pond into the river.

BAILEY'S RED RIVER DAM.

(As seen from the Alexandria bank, looking up river.)

When the dam was carried out some yards farther by these cribs the surge of the water threatened to break or carry them away if more should be put in, therefore the next step was to

supplant crib-work with a more substantial article—the cotton barge. These the sailors of the navy helped to put in position, and the soldiers sunk them one after another, till, if we remember rightly, the two wings were only about one hundred feet apart. Through this gap the water rushed as it does over our State of Maine falls, a speed not often attained in the sluggish streams of the South.

Hopes had been entertained in some minds* that this small passage way would not be sufficient to pass the entire current, and that the river would rise and the water flow over the dam. The river did not rise so high as these men hoped, and a large cotton barge was run across the mouth of the passage way and filled with water. Its bottom was thus within a few feet of the river bed and the river then rose finely. This gate-barge was so fastened that it could be drawn aside to let a gunboat out and pulled back as soon as it had shot through.

On Sunday, the 8th of May, the dam was about finished, and the Osage and Hindman, two not very heavy boats, came down to the dam in the evening amid the most tremendous cheering and howling that was heard during the campaign. For the next we copy Gen. Banks's report:

"A little after five o'clock on the morning of the ninth, I saw a part of the dam swept away. The four boats that had passed the rapids the afternoon before, were able to pass below through the opening which the waters had made. Only one of the vessels above the falls, the 'Lexington,' was ready to move when the dam gave way, and that came down after the break, and passed the dam safely, with all the vessels that were below the rapids. Had the others been ready to move, all would have passed the rapids and the dam safely on Monday. Until after the dam had been carried away, no effort had been made to lessen the draught of the imprisoned vessels by lightening them of cargo, armament or plating. Before the second series of dams was completed, a portion of the armament and the plating, materially lessening their draught and the depth of water required to float them, was removed. Lieut. William S. Beebe, of the ordnance department, U. S. A., superintended the removal of the heavy naval guns from above the rapids to a point below the dam by land, assisted by officers and soldiers of the army.

"The army immediately commenced the reconstruction of the dam. Finding it impossible entirely to resist the current of the river, the opening made by the flood was only partially closed, and eight or ten wing dams were

*In some way I got the impression that Gen. Bailey expected this and I wrote (1870) to inquire if this were so, but more particularly to ask if he could tell whether the dam leaked much—a point about which I find there is a great variety of belief in the "29th."

The answer came back that Gen. Bailey was murdered in Missouri soon after the war, while performing his duty as sheriff.

constructed on the right and left bank of the river, in accordance with the original plan, turning the current of water directly upon the channel, and raising it at the different points sufficiently to allow the vessels to pass. This new work was completed on the twelfth of May, and on the afternoon of that day all the boats passed below the rapids to the dam. At six o'clock in the evening the 'Mound City' and 'Carondelet' passed the dam. The other boats remained above until the morning of the thirteenth. The water upon the dam was steadily falling, but at nine o'clock on the thirteenth all the boats had safely passed."

I have not made very extensive inquiry about the "eight or ten wing dams," but all of the thirty or forty officers and men that I have asked or written to about it are confident there were no dams except the main dam and the one which was begun but abandoned. They say they never saw nor heard of such things! This shows how difficult it is to know the whole truth of what is transpiring under one's very nose.

I am confident that no regiment did more faithful service than ours. From various trustworthy reports, it appears that the river was 748 feet wide where the dam was built, and that about 3,000 men and 1,000 animals were employed in its construction. Lt. Col. Bailey was rewarded by Congress for it, and the country considers it a great engineering feat, but Col. Dyer, of the 15th Maine, did not consider it such a marvelous production, when testifying before the congressional committee, and his opinion is valuable. I wish they had asked the Colonel if it was much of a feat for a lieutenant colonel of western volunteers to persuade all the wise men of the army and navy that the dam could be built, and if it was easy to work two weeks on one plan without interference. I suspect the Colonel would have agreed with the rest of us on that question.

CHAPTER XLII.

PENT UP IN ALEXANDRIA.

May 2d, *Monday*. Our band arrived, with a number of men under Lt. Stacy, also the Paymaster, Major J. W. Brigden, who paid us that evening and during the next forenoon for Jan'y and Feb'y and one installment of bounty. Their boat had been fired into on the way up, and one man killed and one wounded. Regimental bands could not be mustered in as they had been in 1861. But before we left Augusta, a contribution was made by the men and officers of the regiment and a fund raised as before stated.

Our old friend Chandler, the veteran musician of our state, was employed to raise and lead the band. Mr. H. N. Johnson, leader of the Lewiston Band, was second in ours, and when Mr. Chandler retired he took the leadership. All but Mr. Chandler were enlisted men, and the band was a good one, though it was not so large as the one belonging to the Tenth, and its opportunities for practice were not so favorable.

May 4th, *Wednesday*. We were startled by learning that a transport which was bringing the 120th Ohio up river, had been fired into and disabled, and the regiment nearly all captured. That day (or about then) Gen. Banks issued an order that all public animals should receive but two-thirds of their allowance of forage, but I believe that none of the 1st brigade mules suffered. Then the truth came over us that we were blockaded and could not remedy the matter.

The force of rebels in our part of the state consisted, so we were told, of twenty-one regiments and battalions of cavalry or

mounted infantry, with artillery. As well as could be learned by our informers, they had planted a battery of heavy guns (32-pounders, the report was) behind the levee, and easily knocked our transports to pieces. And when, on May 6th, we learned that two "tin-clads" and another transport with troops aboard had been captured, it made us all feel a little blue.

The diary teems with complaints and lamentations about this time. The sick list of our regiment was very large and we were without hospital supplies. Quite a number died,* and the living complained that their strength had gone. But a bright day came at last, though it began in sorrow.

MAY 8th, *Sunday.* This morning it was bright and cloudless, so we got no rain after all. Two more poor fellows died at our regimental hospital last night, and another one died while we were burying them.

Orders came to reduce the rations to two-thirds, except the fresh beef allowance.

Also received orders to be ready after to-morrow noon to march on two hours' notice. Spare wagons are being taken to pieces and shipped aboard the transports, of which there are some miles here (I can't estimate them by hundreds). The mules thus relieved will be put on other wagons, making six mule teams. This, and other things we hear, indicate a rapid march in prospect.

The dam is completed; toward night we heard hurrahing all over town because of the safe passage of the first gunboat over the falls. Lieut. Col. Bailey is said to be the happiest man on Red River, and Gen. Banks the next happiest. We are told that the dam will remain many years though built for temporary use only. A number of prisoners and citizens have been brought in while we have been here, who say that the citizens, one and all, laugh at the idea of damming Red River, which they say will make a new channel any day, and will undermine and wash away all the dams the yankees ever dreamed off.

Of course we neither received nor sent a mail for some days, while we were blockaded. One down mail was captured, May 5th, and one or two coming up met the same fate. Gen. Banks communicated with the outside world by sending couriers with

*During our twenty weeks' service in Louisiana there were eighty-one men who "died of disease," against forty-eight men who died during our entire two years of the First and Tenth regiments' service. If we include those who died in Louisiana after the regiment left that State, there were 109 deaths from disease alone as the result of our twenty weeks' service there.

escorts around the rebel force. I am not aware that any serious misfortune befel the "29th" in consequence of this blockade; the order to cut down the rations for the troops and forage for the animals caused but few empty stomachs. But our hospital was poorly supplied, and there was no way to send the very sick to the general hospital as would have been done otherwise. There is no denying our aggravation at being blockaded by an inferior force; still we understood the nature of the case and knew that we could brush away our enemy the moment we had relieved our friends.

May 10th, *Tuesday*. The diary comments to-day upon a blessing in the shape of a thunder storm, which gave us a moment's relief from the dustiest of dusts. It also states that "enlistments into the navy have been stopped." Banks's force had been ordered to be bled to the extent of two hundred to fill up the navy. We lost five men out of the "29th," by this, and temper beside. Also on this May 10th came the order to march.

The next day we received notice that "the knapsacks of the men will be shipped if desired." It was desired by many in the army, but I judge that many more preferred throwing away their stuff to making it a sure spoil for the thieves. At length—May 12th,—all the gunboats were over the falls, and we marched across the pontoon at 6 P. M. to the Alexandria side. In the morning (May 13th), after many false starts we got away between 8 and 10 o'clock, and made a very easy march down river, and rested in the shade for two hours at noon. After this we marched slowly, still in the river road, and camped when twelve miles away from Alexandria. The enemy was upon our right flank during the afternoon, firing occasionally at the line of infantry flankers, and running off instantly if the fire was returned or chase given to them.

We always called these forces of the enemy "guerrillas;" they were as great an aggravation to us by day as the mosquitoes were at night, and we cared for them about as much. They prevented straggling, and as Gen. Sheridan said of the Virginia guerrillas, they kept the trains closed up and did as good service

for us as two regiments of cavalry. We met a battalion of the 2d Maine cavalry to-day and exchanged compliments with them.

Our camp was on Osborne's plantation. "The general" (we never inquired who) commanded that Osborne's sugar should be issued to the troops, and the "29th" received a hogshead and a half. Fires, music and loud noise were prohibited for the night, which made us laugh, for the "guerrillas" were sitting on their horses and winking at us when we camped, and knew more about our position than any man in the union army.

May 14th, *Saturday*. Pleasant and warm, but not very hard marching. Ordered to march at 5 A. M., which was changed at 3.15 to "immediately." Waited an hour, then filed into the road and waited two more for Grover's division to get up and take the lead. We had an idea this morning that we should see a fight before night. At 10 A. M. the gunboats and transports passed us, and we heard the cavalry skirmishing all day, but though this constant expectation is a strain on the nervous system, we passed the day without great disturbance to either body or mind.

In the afternoon we came to the bend in the river, where the rebels had sunk the Warner and the "tin clads." As we approached this spot Gen. Emory brought several brigades of his infantry well to the front, ourselves amongst them, and we could see the cavalry charge into the rebel ground, and shortly after discovered by the cessation of skirmish firing, and the exceeding joy of our "old man," that the rebels had vanished. We heard from the negroes that they had gone down river farther, to a place not accessible by gunboats, but when we came to this we found them still indisposed to stand, as of course any sensible general would have been with so small a force at his command. So we felt quite jubilant, and happening to pass a sugar shed where there was a barrel full of corn beer or some other home made decoction, many of the boys invited themselves in to drink, and were nearly "knocked over" in consequence.

We camped at night near Choctaw Bayou, and here we found a great quantity of mail matter torn up. The trees also bore

evidence of having been shelled by our gunboats which had been firing all the afternoon.

May 15th, *Sunday.* Ordered to march at 7, but did not move till 9, and then only a short distance down river, where we found another lot of mail matter. We had great sport reading the love letters of our friends and their sweethearts, for there was both the up and down mail here.

The western troops wrote very discouraging letters indeed, and called Gen. Banks hard names. Besides reading the letters, we pelted every negro that passed by, and this was always highly interesting.

When the bridge over Choctaw Bayou was finished we marched into the woods —a dry swamp—and were thankful to come out at last without a fight, upon what I believe is called "Prairie Avoyelle." Why the rebels did not attack us in the woods where their bushwhacking way of fighting would have made them equal to us, I do not understand. Much less did we comprehend the meaning of the stand they made on the plain or prairie, where we could *manœuvre* to perfection and see for miles by standing on top of a fence or wagon. It is true that the prairie was the best place for them to manœuvre, since their force was all of cavalry and mounted batteries, but there was no hope for them unless they could fall upon the head of our column and destroy it before the main body came up, which possibly the rebel commander was watching to see if he could safely try. On this vast plain, near the village of Marksville, the advance of the army, consisting of two brigades of cavalry and the 19th corps was formed as if for battle, and marched, two and three brigades abreast, at deploying distance, the regiments of each brigade being in line, at full distance from each other. We were thus all ready to back up the cavalry instantly should they need our help; but after moving in this order perhaps a mile, the firing ceased, and we saw our cavalry going at full gallop for the retreating rebs. The regiments of infantry now came by "right flank file left," and so proceeded in this easy order of march, the brigades still keeping at deploying distance.

We camped just before reaching Marksville, drove the hogs out of the wallow, and made coffee of the mud. There was an abundance of soft water at the houses, which many of us "went for," and witnessed a great deal of plundering. This had been begun by the enemy and was being finished by the invaders. Incendiaries did not abound on this march, but the pillagers made up for it. Wherever the people ran away, their houses were thoroughly cleaned out, and I presume, from all we heard, that before all of the rebel and union army had passed, every house, whether occupied or not, was entered, the people abused, insulted and robbed, and everything eatable carried off. Nearly all the people were of French origin, and though they generally were in good circumstances they appeared to be stupid and illiterate; the southern sun and slavery had made a different people of them from the Canadian French—so, at least, it appeared to us.

MANSURA.

May 16th, *Monday*. To-day occurred what is called the battle, or action, of Mansura Plains. These plains are a continuation of the prairie we entered yesterday. They are for the most part free from extensive growths of timber, or at least this was the case where we traveled, and to our northern eyes they appear flat as a board floor, though they are not strictly level. The diary account is probably as correct and interesting as any I can give now.

It is a queer sensation to wake up feeling that a fight *must* come off in which you must take a part and perhaps be killed, but a man marching to the front with the confidence of success does not suffer mentally as much as the man in the rear, who remains in suspense and doubt with a shell bursting near him occasionally.

We were lying in profound slumber this morning at 4 o'clock, when Capt. Pollard, belonging to the staff of the division commander (McMillan to-day), came riding down, shouting with a voice not gentle, "Col. Beal! Col. Beal!" We all jumped to our feet in an instant, but learned nothing more dreadful than orders to move immediately. So there was mounting in hot haste, with great stir at regimental headquarters, and in fifteen minutes our brigade was in line and waiting for orders.

This under the circumstances was good time, but we could

have knocked off about fourteen minutes and thirty seconds of it if a volley of musketry had been fired at us.

Then there was waiting for somebody and somebody's teams [and some swearing, though the diary does not say so]. At dawn we were moving to the front, and for some reason we all had to march through the dusty town of Marksville, which took a long time, for the artillery, infantry and the wagons of Smith's command obstructed us. We here filled our canteens with cistern water—an item of too much importance to forget. Our cavalry had held the place during the night, and were now drawn up on the outside of the town, with their skirmishers busily engaged.

As soon as it came out of the street, the brigade deployed and formed column of regiments; the other troops came through and deployed likewise on our left and right. Then as the sun cleared up the mist and smoke, we saw for the first time the Army of the Gulf arrayed for battle.*

There is a depth of meaning in that old Song of Solomon,

"Terrible as an army with banners."

But a more imposing sight came with the order to move. We heard a faint call from a bugle on the right, and "March!" from a hundred throats; then all at once, like magic, the whole army moved.

We were on Marksville hill; the land fell away gently towards a brook (*not* a bayou) which proved an obstacle to the artillery. It then rose again, and at the crest of this rising land was a nunnery and other buildings belonging to the Catholics. Still farther along the plain was what looked like another village [Mansura]. Our brigade, which was near the left of the army, obliqued to the left and marched toward the nunnery. The cavalry was already engaged, and the prospect of a fight was considered good, but as we cast our eyes about and saw the steady tread of the advancing masses, a burst of admiration came up from all parts of the field. Every one was pointing and giving expression to his feelings in audible tones; there was an inspiration about this mighty wave of humanity. It affected us as strangely as if we were seeing the hills in motion. The infantry moved straight on, quietly and irresistibly; each man jumped the ditch in his way, and whole regiments filed around obstacles, while the artillery was compelled sometimes to make long detours, and did so at the trot or gallop; intervals were opened and closed, so there was a sort of writhing motion amongst this great mass, yet it moved on like one huge wave.

But the movement of the cavalry was another thing. They were in our front and on the flanks. Their lines and the dust that followed after them

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*Nothing used to mystify our friends at home more than such statements as these. They seemed to take it for granted that the army was always together, and that it was an every day occurrence to see large masses of troops, as in this instance.

looked like a wave combing over, only it rolled and rolled and did not break as the surf does.

We halted a moment near the nunnery, and some of the elderly sisters came out and beckoned to us (Col. Beal and staff). Always willing to answer the call of such neat appearing ladies, and hoping to see some that were younger and fairer, we all rode over, though the artillery was opening now, and everything betokened immediate action. The good women began by requesting us to return their blind mule! The rest of their conversation was not reported. We noticed a graveyard near by, which looked as if the corpses were placed on the ground and the earth piled high about them. This reminds me that the first graves we dug in Louisiana filled with water in a few hours.

As far as we could see to the front (possibly a mile) the cavalry was in position waiting for us. The rebels were opening on them with artillery, and our first line was retiring in excellent order. Before our batteries could silence theirs, we had marched into the range of a battery of heavy guns, and its shot ricochetted around and over us, making many of us dodge wonderfully. Our brigade was ordered to attack the enemy's right with vigor, and we wheeled off to the left and then to the front, and came up with the cavalry-men who had gone as far as they could with prudence.

The rebels saw us, and ran across our front out of musket range of the 161st N. Y. which led. Col. Beal then ordered the lieutenant of the battery to let go at them, but he was slow, and his men managed to put the shot into one gun before the powder, at which Col. Beal told the lieutenant to go to the rear, and sent for another section. Presently another lieutenant of the same battery came galloping to us in greatest haste, with his two pieces and caissons. Wheeling them about, he loaded and discharged at the last lingering rebel, quicker than you can say Jack Robinson, and I am happy to say that he did tremendous execution, killing outright—one small heifer. Thus the golden opportunity was lost.

We pressed on, and our skirmishers, a company from each regiment (ours was Co. K), were under fire the most of the forenoon, but it was too quick work on both sides for damage, and besides a man or two wounded in the regiment of Kinsey the impetuous (161st N. Y.), there were no casualties in our brigade. In our rear we could see the army marching to our support. It was a sight full of inspiration, but I cannot describe it. Beyond the village we came to a clump of woods. Maj. Knowlton, who now commanded the skirmishers (and enjoyed the sport too), having no cavalry to reconnoitre with, dashed in his whole line, and being already ahead of Smith's advance, on the right of the road, he soon worked so far to the front, that Gen. Smith's gunners mistook Knowlton's men emerging from the other side of the woods for rebels, and gave them a smart shelling, but fortunately no one was hurt.

This was the last stand of the enemy, and we have seen that his best efforts caused but little damage to us. They *did*

amount to a good deal to the people of Marksville and Mansura, for by halting the army of thieves which followed us, the two villages were thoroughly ruined. I believe they were not set fire to, but there was no end to the stories we heard that night of furniture pitched out of the window, of "niggers" dressed in lace curtains, of "niggers" dancing on the wires of pianos after ripping off the tops; of libraries and paintings trodden under foot, and an infinity of this.

We have always laid these wrong doings to "the niggers," to the cavalry and to the western troops, or rather to Smith's command. Capt Chitty, of Col. Beal's staff, barely escaped being knocked down by a gang of these pillagers, but happening to spy our regiment, Capt. Chitty took Capt. Jordan with his company (C), surrounded the rascals and marched them under guard afoot, while the foot-sore of Co. C rode their horses.

I have said the affair of the day ended with the shelling of Maj. Knowlton's line, but that related to the army; the Major himself, with his line of skirmishers, pushed straight for the rebels on the right hand road, while the army took the one to the left. His movements were so brisk that little firing was done by either side, and when they had gone about three miles they came to a bayou with the bridge destroyed, and rebel earthworks beyond. The enemy was not in sight, so the Major sent back for orders, and joined us while we were halting at Bayou le Glace (pronounced *glaze* by the people near where we halted). Grover took the front at the bayou, and after two hours' work at improvising a bridge, we crossed both bayou and swamp and passed into another sort of country; then following Bayou le Glace we halted at night on Howard's plantation, having marched sixteen miles from point to point, but really traveling much more. The water of this bayou was running up hill, as our "Hibernians" said. In fact, there was a freshet, or high water, on the Mississippi, which was backing up all the Red River streams. It nearly filled the bayou, and we noticed that, but for the levee, we should have had a wet time of it. The water was cool and comparatively clear—a great blessing to us and to our poor brutes, who could hardly drink enough. We heard to-day of Grant's fighting in the

Wilderness. The next day we marched eight miles, to Semmesport, without opposition or incident, except that the guerrillas fired across the bayou and killed a negro, but the day after (May 18th), while we were waiting for orders and quietly reading our newspapers, and discussing the new system of military divisions by which a strange man named E. R. S. Canby was put over our General Banks, we heard that our friend Smith was being attacked, two or three miles back at Yellow Bayou, by the cavalry (dismounted I suppose), and we listened to his guns all the forenoon, and learned from the wounded who were brought in, that Smith was having quite a fight.

Two batteries were sent out, and the boys* say Gen. Smith came in to town and gave Emory, who now commands the 19th corps, a sound scolding for not coming out to his relief. A large crowd of enlisted men witnessed this performance until they were driven off by Emory's guard. Those that saw Gen. Smith say he acted like a crazy man, and swore enough to shame a private. The boys of our corps cheer him now when he passes, for a *fighting man* is always popular. At dark the cannonading ceased, and we understood that Smith had driven off the rebels and taken prisoners.

May 19, 1864, *Thursday.* Pleasant. Rained a little last night, and a miserable time we had of it. The order of the day is to move to Smith's support, if he is attacked. The men were therefore kept near their stacks, and we had a forenoon of expectation and uncertainty. Every tap on a bass drum, or the slamming of the doors in Semmesport hotel (which constitutes Semmesport) came to our ears like the order "March!"

But as the enemy had retired, we were ordered to cross the river. Now the Atchafalaya (pronunciation corrupted into Chaffal-*li*-ar) was very much too wide† for our pontoon bridge, so Col. Bailey put a dozen or more steamboats abreast of each other, and some of our regiment went over on this bridge, and the others were ferried over in the steamer *Marmora.* After crossing we marched two miles and went into camp near Captain Semmes', and rested there for 24 hours.

At seven P. M. of the 20th, after watching one transport after another go past, till we thought there was no end of them, we

*I have these statements from a number of the most reliable men in the regiment, and all of us saw, or might have seen, the old fellow contending with the men along the levee.

† 600 yards or more.

marched again easily and without even one guerrilla for company. About midnight we came to the Mississippi, and we are compelled to confess that it was a pleasant sight—vastly more so than it appeared to us when we first came to it from the sea. In truth, we hurrahed a little at it.

On *Saturday*, May 21st, we marched thirteen miles along the "false rivers," or "old beds," through Williamsport, and suffered from heat.

And finally, on Sunday, which was a very hot day, we marched three miles and came to Morganzia Bend, and here the whole army camped along the side of the levee, and here too we received a mail once more.

The opinions noted in the diary are, I think, the general opinions of the 19th A. C., so I give them.

We may safely say now that the Red River expedition is ended. It does me good to read that the congressional committee is to investigate the matter. As I wrote once before, I think they will conclude that the chief error was the plan of the campaign. This sending of two inferior forces (Banks from the south and Steele from the north) against the enemy for him to whip in detail, has ruined us too many times. We have had to fight the rebels and also to contend against natural obstacles. We were bound to be unsuccessful! The western army may call Banks all the hard names they can think of, and that is no mean number, but the fact remains that the rebels wisely deferred fighting till they could oppose us with a larger army in a half settled country. We all want at the next trial to have *our* three armies from Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas united, if we are to fight these three of the rebels, and we would like to have Gen. Grant improve upon Gen. Halleck's usual plan, and unite us *before* we start. We are thankful that Smith's whole command has gone up river; a greater gang of thieves and braggarts we have never met in all our travels. They have been wonderfully lucky in this campaign; all the cream has fallen to them and the newspapers are full of accounts of their deeds of valor. It is always nice to be in reserve and finish up a half whipped enemy, and this has lately been their good fortune. But all troops are unreliable till the officers have learned to command and the men to obey. We noticed this defect in Smith's command the first time we saw it. They are a fine set of men, good fellows and plucky enough, yet but few of their regiments could have marched with their backs to the enemy as steadily as the 161st N. Y. did at Sabine Cross Roads.

But enough of them. I object to their stealing all the glory of this campaign, for there is not much of it at best. They did not kill a thousand men

at one volley, as every newspaper avers, and they did not do anything else wonderful. To tell the truth there has not been any fighting by any of us that compares for a moment with Cedar Mountain and Antietam.

You may be interested to know that the plan and execution of the Red River expedition is condemned by nearly all who write about it now. But we did *our* duty, and therefore we claim credit for it. We saw strange things but we were not responsible for them, and could not better them. We have read in the western papers that Banks was drunk and that the expedition was a grand cotton raid of his, but both of these charges must have been prompted by malice and ignorance. The navy will have to account for a bale where the army will for a pound.

I cannot overcome the temptation to put down here a private opinion of mine, for which I will not charge the 29th Maine as responsible,—The Red River expedition failed for the good old reason that

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

And then behold what cooks were these. How could you expect harmony in such a crowd?

1st. Cook Halleck. He orders a broth to be made at Shreveport. He sends his meat from the gulf, his vegetables from Arkansas, and calculates to have a little seasoning dropped in from Texas.

2d. Cook Banks. Why was he compelled to stir this stew against his will?

3d. Cook Franklin. He was sent to us as punishment for spoiling Pope's and Burnside's soups.

4th. Cook Smith (not *John* Smith but Andrew Jackson, Napoleon, Cæsar, Alexander Smith, you know). He was afflicted with the idea that his part was to furnish brains and pluck for his superiors.

Then there were a dozen or twenty more who hoped to rise to "stars" in the steam of the broth—but "Vere ish dat barty now?"

MORGANZIA.

We staid at Morganzia Bend from May 22d to July 2d, exactly six weeks. A long, aimless and unhappy time it was, too, though

it was not devoid of novelty and excitement. This great bend in the Mississippi was ten or fifteen miles above Port Hudson, and its convexity was toward the west. Our brigade was in about the center of the army, which was here camped along the river banks a distance of three or four miles. There was no force of the enemy near us, but we kept at home from fear of guerrillas and the fact that there was nowhere to go to. The weather grew hot and hotter, till all our previous experience of hot weather was eclipsed. Our numbers were continually reduced by sickness and death.

There was, however, one bright side to our stay here. This was the joining of the 10th battalion with us. The day of our arrival at Morganzia we found Capt. Beardsley, with Co. D, aboard a steamer waiting for us. We had a happy day of it, recognizing our old friends and admiring their soldierly appearance. On the 30th, Co's A and B came up; and as we had eleven companies in the regiment, Lieut. Haskell's company, B, was now broken up and the men assigned, according to their own desires as far as possible, among the other ten companies. The battalion increased our strength on paper seven officers and two hundred and six enlisted men, and it was a great gain to the regiment to have so fine a body of men assigned to us.

On the 7th of June, we received the long promised and much needed clothing, and on the 10th, Maj. J. W. Carpenter paid us for March and April—two months' pay without bounty, and with no corrections of previous errors or omissions.

On the 17th, the 161st N. Y., of our brigade, was sent with other troops to Vicksburg, under Col. Bailey of "dam" notoriety. The sick and wounded captured on Red River, went down this evening—paroled. Those of us who saw our comrades aboard the steamer, learned that they had been very kindly treated by the rebel soldiers and the ladies of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, but an independent company of home-guards had robbed them of about everything. These had not been sent to Tyler to starve, as prisoners generally were.

On the 18th, we buried Lieut. Cummings, the first of our

officers to die; and on the evening of the next day we saw troops from Grover's division going aboard transports, and were told that the rebels had planted batteries near Tunica Bend, and were firing into everything that passed. They returned in three days without much news to communicate. That same day a man of the 114th N. Y., whose regiment was camped next above us, was drowned while bathing in the river, and all the experts at swimming from both regiments, dived for the body. Death faced us on every side—our men dropped off suddenly, and our sick list increased in spite of our light duties and the well provided hospital, the steamer Laurel Hill.

JEALOUSY AND SPITE.

We have mentioned before, that many of the men recruited for the "29th" were tempted by the bounties, and were not always able bodied. On our first march they broke down by dozens and were sent to New Orleans. Therefore an assistant surgeon in the regular army, in the largeness of his heart, made a report of the fact to the war department, and we suspect that he wrote some things that were not facts. On June 20th we were surprised by an order dismissing Surgeon J. F. Day and Lieut. A. E. Kingsley "for passing and mustering Edward Brannan, of Co. E, manifestly unfit for military duty at time of enlistment." This was a "big thing" as the boys say. Brannan was to all appearances as promising a recruit as we had. He had "played it" on the New Orleans doctor, received his discharge, gone home and was restored to full health before the order was issued. The blow fell heavily upon Kingsley, whom we all pitied, but the doctor, as on all occasions of trouble, sought relief in his fiddle, and gave the officers a *soirée* (and a drop of Spiritus Frumenti to boot) before saying good bye; then buying a part interest from a sutler in the negro brigade, he made more money in a week (so they say) than his pay would have brought him in a month.

Both officers established their innocence and were re-instated a few months afterward. As a set-off to this record of petty spite, we are happy to annex the following gratuitous contribution from that model officer and gentleman, Capt. Sibley, the com-

missary of our division and corps, to whom I can pay no greater compliment than to say that he satisfied our Gen. Emory.

BOSTON, March 5, 1870.

MAJOR GOULD,

Dear Sir: Learning that you are engaged in writing a history of the 29th Maine Infantry, I am prompted to write to give you information concerning an incident in which one of its officers bore a part. During the Red River expedition, I was on duty as Commissary of the 1st Div. 19th A. C., and Lieut. (afterwards Capt.) Albert E. 'Kingsley was detailed to assist me, and proved to be a very reliable and faithful officer. On the march from Alexandria to Morganzia, in May 1864, he and I were riding along the road with the supply trains of the army—the road having on the left the bayou, on the right an open space of say four hundred yards to the woods—the guard for the train being a portion of a colored regiment. Suddenly, and while we had no idea of their presence within many miles, the enemy opened fire on the train and guard from the woods before referred to. The confusion was great. Many of the mule drivers (negroes) dismounted and skulked beyond the levee. Lieut. Kingsley showed much presence of mind, and rendered good service in quieting them and in compelling them to return to their duty. This being in good part accomplished, we observed that the guard who should have been out on the right flank had become broken and failed to return the fire, their officers (white) having but poor control over them. Seeing this, we hastened to their vicinity, and by both coaxing and threatening them succeeded, although exposed to the enemy's fire at short range, in forming the regiment and steadying it till the officers came forward, took command and moved into the woods. The train was not molested further. Kingsley was very active, and gave proof of uncommon steadiness. Though not then acting in a fighting capacity, he fought nevertheless, and I hope you will find place for so much of this as relates to him.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY R. SIBLEY,

Late Capt. and C. S., 1st Div., 19th A. C.

I see by the diary, that we had thunder storms nearly every day, and that it rained every day of the first fortnight in June; also that mosquitoes and flies annoyed us exceedingly. There were many things which might have made our life at Morganzia pleasant, but for these draw-backs and the extreme heat. Our duties were not heavy; the negroes did most of the hard work, and picket and guard duties were light. Drilling was dispensed with; but on Saturday, June 11th, we were reviewed by Gen. Emory, and were fully compensated for being drenched with a

A. C. Kempsley

CAPT. CO. K. 29TH ME. VET. VOL'S.

A. Trochsler & Co. Lith. Boston

thunder storm, by seeing the rain spatter on the "brick-top" of our "old man" during the march in review.

The detachment of the 13th corps was to have led, but its commander had assembled all the music in front, and the twenty fifes, forty snare drums and dozen bass drums made such a racket, that a large drove of mules, beef cattle and horses started up and went braying, lowing and neighing in solemn procession past our commander. Then the rain set the western fellows to yelling about that time, and altogether it was quite interesting. This was preliminary to the review on the 14th by Gen. Sickles, whose presence in our department suggested something—we could not guess precisely what.

On the 25th, Gen J. J. Reynolds reviewed us. He had lately taken command of the "U. S. Forces at Morganzia," and this was our first and also our last public exhibition before him. Gen. Roberts, whom we knew as Gen. Pope's chief of staff in Virginia, was ordered to the command of our division, and Gen. Emory to command the corps, which was now re-organized, and the fragment called the 13th corps added as the 3d division. I copy the new organization of our division, with the regiments arranged according to the rank of their colonels.

1st division 19th army corps, Brig. Gen. B. S. Roberts, Commanding.

29th Maine, Col. Geo. L. Beal, 30th Mass., " N. A. M. Dudley, 153d N. Y.,* " Edwin P. Davis, 114th N. Y., " S. R. Per Lee, 116th N. Y., " Geo. M. Love,	1st brigade; Col. Beal commanding.
47th Penn., Col. T. H. Good, 8th Vt., " Stephen Thomas, 13th Maine, " Henry Rust, Jr., 15th Maine, " Isaac Dyer, 12th Conn., " Ledyard Colburn,	2d brigade; Brig. Gen. J. W. McMillan com'dg.
133d N. Y., Col. L. D. H. Currie, 160th N. Y., (" C. C. Dwight detached). Lt. Col. J. B. Van Petten, 30th Maine, Col. Thos. H. Hubbard, 162d N. Y., Lt. Col. J. H. Blanchard, 165th N. Y., Lt. Col. G. Carr (zouave battalion), 173 N. Y., (no field officers),	3d brigade; Col. Currie commanding.

*The 153d was not included in the original order but never was really out of our brigade. The 90th N. Y., Lieut. Col. Shawman, was assigned July 2d.

We looked with suspicion upon the change of our division commander, but the diary gave Gen. Roberts one good mark on the next day, as follows:

Capt. Jordan is now provost marshal of the division, and has fifty men of the "29th" under him at division headquarters. The General forbade their making a brush screen in front of his tent, because it was Sunday. He said they must rest to-day.

The weather continued to grow hotter. The old Tenth boys used to gather in knots and talk for hours about the great rock-bound springs of "the Valley," with their "cool houses" and the crocks full of cool, rich milk. Orders came to build ovens and make bread; leaves of absence to visit New Orleans were granted the officers; the black troops still labored on their fort, in front of the left of our regiment, when on July 1st, at 5.30 P. M., Col. Beal received an order to at once put his command in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

This order, unexplained, generally conveys the impression that the enemy is coming in a hurry and in force. A camp changes its appearance wonderfully when such an order is received. The swimmers come out of the river, and the men "rally" on the commissary and sutler for rations and luxuries. The professional shirks put on long faces and tell doleful stories to Dr. Cotton, who "haw-haws," as only Cotton can, and tells them that a little exercise will do them good! Everybody asks "What's up?"

The diary states:—

We had only a very few moments to wait before another order came [to brigade headquarters] for the 153d N. Y. to embark immediately aboard the Crescent, a sea going craft, for New Orleans, and shortly after the 114th N. Y. was named to follow immediately. It was nearly nine, however, before the two regiments and their baggage, and Gen. Emory himself were off. The Colonel went down to the boat to see what was the matter, but learned nothing.

The "old man" is swearing and damning everything and everybody about the delay—literally foaming and sizzling like a pot of boiling suds. All sorts of orders came during the night, but we got no hint of our destiny. "Mobile" is the word, and a few who are thoroughly miserable in this hot climate say "Potomac."

The next day, July 2d, was of course a very busy one. The 116th N. Y. and part of the 30th Mass. crowded aboard the Col.

Cowles, and were off at 2 P. M. Soon after, the 90th N. Y., which had to-day been transferred to our brigade from Grover's division, with seven companies of the 30th Mass., the 13th Maine and ourselves went aboard the Henry Ames, a very large and magnificent steamer, and pushed off at 5 P. M. We passed Port Hudson about 7 P. M., and enjoyed the sail very much, and also the singing of Capt. de Parturelle—a Frenchman belonging to the 90th N. Y.

The next morning, after putting a coal barge over to Algiers, the Ames landed Cols. Beal and Emerson at Canal street, and then after a long season of waiting, we sailed up river again to Bull's Head, disembarked in the evening and slept in the Alabama cotton press—four immense one-storied brick store-houses, arranged in a square with the sides of the buildings open toward the enclosure—as fine a place to quarter troops as could be found, although no one appreciated it.

The 153d N. Y. sailed in the Crescent, during the night, under sealed orders with rations and water for fifteen days.

We spent Monday, the 4th of July, quietly around Bull's Head. The diary makes no mention of drunkenness in any of the regiments, though it has a long account of the liquor saloons and the anti-puritan aspect of all things and beings. We heard nothing reliable about our destination. Those who strolled down town heard Gilmore play the Star Spangled Banner with artillery accompaniment. This last was a novelty at that time, but with all the crash of a hundred instruments and battery of guns very few native citizens were seen to applaud. And I very much fear that all of our national airs will be despised for years to come by the southern people, for we taught them how to hate them during the war.

July 5th, *Tuesday*, was also spent in and around the press. We growled mightily at the haste and delay, but were told we must wait for ocean steamers.

Finally, at 5 P. M. we went aboard the Clinton, with 270 of the 13th Maine and brigade headquarters. We were ordered to take ten days' rations only, to leave behind all the government

horses, and to return the cavalry-men who acted as orderlies. These orders showed that we were going where a landing was sure and speedy, and furthermore that it was out of the department, so "Mobile" was reluctantly dropped and "Charleston" taken up. We started at 7.15 P. M., and after putting the pilot off, Col. Beal opened his orders and announced "Potomac" to the few who were awake. This news was graciously received in the morning, and though it is customary for soldiers to growl at their present lot and wish themselves back to somewhere, I never heard a man of the "29th" wish himself back to the furnace of Morganzia or to any other part of Louisiana. It was the most uncomfortable existence we ever experienced. We did not have the starvation and anxiety of the John Pope campaign, but the misery from heat, vile water and mosquitoes, were enough to make us remember them as long as we shall our troubles under J. P.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON—SNICKER'S GAP.

Our sea voyage north was pleasant every way. The steamer was well ventilated, but the men preferred to live on the decks night and day. We passed Tortugas the night of July 7th, and saw Sombrero Key light and sailing craft without number the next day. During the whole voyage the sea was quite smooth, and our side-wheel steamer was steady and fast.

July 11th, *Monday*, a saucy looking gunboat brought us to, off Hatteras, and we there ran into cooler air and were thankful. The stopping of the engines early Tuesday morning, July 12th, woke us all up. We passed the Corinthian, a coffin-like craft, with the 114th N. Y. aboard, and soon after this a pilot boarded us. We were greedy for news, and he told us in a rough way, "Grant's falling back from Richmond. Rebels raiding in Maryland. 'Fraid of Baltimore and Washington. Gov. Seymour of New York's turned traitor and ordered out the New York militia to resist Uncle Sam. Pirate Florida off the coast now, and the Alabama's sunk!" Three cheers and a tiger for the last.

He said the Crescent had arrived and gone to Washington; so we knew that we should go too. We stopped at Fortress Monroe for orders, learned that the pilot had exaggerated about Grant and Seymour, and that Gen. Emory had not arrived. The men were not allowed ashore, and we soon started again and sailed up Chesapeake Bay into the Potomac as far as was possible in the night, and on the first streak of day, July 13th, started again, enjoying the sail, the sights and the bracing air, though it

was very hot. We landed about noon, marched up 6th Sreet and out to camp Barry (north of the Capitol), thence on toward Bladensburg, till we reached the line of forts. Here we received orders to follow the 153d N. Y., and did so, going by the military road up and down, round and round, and inasmuch as we were in the poorest condition imaginable to march, we were exceedingly weary before night, and it was nine o'clock when we halted.

We then were at Tennallytown, a quarter of a mile from the toll-house toward the city. The day's march I entered on the regimental records as eight miles, having been led so wide of the mark by ignorant informers. We really traveled nearly twice the distance, and were very much fatigued thereby. The staff officer sent by Gen. Gillmore to guide us out of town, became slightly intoxicated before reaching us and probably thought he was taking us to Tennallytown by the shortest cut.

The rebel general, Jubal A. Early, had neglected his possibility to capture Washington, and was now retreating toward the fords of the Potomac with the Sixth corps at his heels. We were ordered to follow the Sixth.

We had neither rations, nor teams, and no love for the old Virginia style of marching. This last was sickening—it reminded us of Pope and McClellan. But the redeeming feature of the day was the water that we found running in the cool, shady woods, or tumbling over stones clear as crystal. We drank and drank, and talked about it more like children than men. We had lived four months on the bayou and river filth, and during our last days at Morganzia, the Red River freshet had filled the Mississippi with its muddy stuff, and the ship's water casks, in consequence, had the Red River water in them. This was so bad that the captain of the ship gave us water from the condenser, but it was blood warm and tasted of the boiler. We were all like one of the boys, who said, while burying his head in the brook, "I've got a mouth for cold water to-day." A man who has not suffered thus from heat and impure drink, cannot conceive the misery we had suffered, nor the joy that we now experienced.

The morning of *Thursday*, JULY 14th, found us in an odd

plight. Gen. Roberts, our division commander, had remained in Louisiana. Col. Beal had stopped in Washington for orders, and of Gens. Emory and Dwight we knew nothing. Col. Davis heard that Gen. Gillmore was endeavoring to obtain command of the corps, and he was requested not to be too hasty to join him. I do not know from whom the request came. At 7 A. M. an orderly, dusty, woe-begone, and so weary that he couldn't swear, spied our blue, white and blue brigade flag, and handed an order to Col. Davis, addressed by Gen. Gillmore "to the commander of the detachment of the 19th corps," directing him to come to Orfutt's Cross Roads as soon after daylight as possible! The orderly said he had been hunting a long time for somebody who would take the order.

So Col. Davis concluded to assume command of all he could find, and shortly after his staff reported that they had found parts of ten regiments, in all 192 officers and 2,987 men, and also battery L, 1st Ohio. I am happy to state that no regiment excepting Davis's own, the 153d N. Y., was in better condition than ours. The wagons came along soon after this; three had upset, and the boss-wagoner said they were all borrowed, and *must* go back to town. Col. Davis therefore seized all the forage in the train and assigned two wagons to each regiment, and let the others return. We then marched "pell-mell," as the diary states, *i. e.* the first regiment ready took the lead, and long before dark we were halted by orders from the front to bivouac when the men appeared to need it, after a march of ten miles. We camped on Rattlesnake Hill upon ground familiar to the old 23d Maine boys in our regiment as the site of an old camp of the 23d. These two days were hard ones for us; we had short rations and foraging was prohibited. Col. Beal and other mounted officers joined us before Thursday noon. Gen. Dwight came up in the evening and went on to the front; so at last order came out of confusion. But the commissary and quartermaster departments had been so disorganized by the change, that we still suffered for rations and transportation.

JULY 15th, *Friday*, we had another hot and dusty march of eleven miles. The 6th corps men straggled badly, and ours

followed the example. We halted in a blackberry field near Poolesville, Md. The rebels dashed over the river to-day and captured a few prisoners from the grand army of stragglers—among them George Gilbert of E.*

July 16th, *Saturday*. We moved at 11 A. M. Went through Poolesville and saw the gallows, where a traitor had met his end, with a new grave underneath. "Served him right" and "Good," were the sentiments.

We crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, after waiting from noon till 3 P. M. for the 6th corps train to pass. The men enjoyed their wading and cheered for an old negress who managed her petticoats surprisingly well. Once across, there was more delay, and having to march till nine in the evening, there was more growling than usual. We finally camped near Leesburg, after thirteen miles of travel.

July 17th, *Sunday*, was a day of rest, but we changed camp, marching one mile to the outskirts of Leesburg. No rations and no rebels near.

July 18th, *Monday*. We were routed out before 4 o'clock in a great hurry—and after marching around Leesburg, we went out of it by the same road that the 10th Maine went into it Dec. 1862. Then going through the little villages of Hamilton and Purcellville, and crawling up the Blue Ridge, we camped at nine o'clock in Snicker's Gap, having been seventeen hours in going eighteen miles.

The regular Valley garrison (if I may be permitted to speak ironically), under Crook—or Hunter, as we were told at the time, had joined our army, and taking the lead they crossed the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry, and were pushed back with loss

*After being nearly starved to death, Gilbert took advantage of the game the rebels were then playing on our government. This was to send to Canada those of our prisoners who wished to desert. They had regular routes by which they forwarded them; of course in the loyal States they were aided by disloyal men; but a good many were sent safely through before the trick was discovered. Gilbert happened to be one of a party that was sent north with a union spy who was learning the rebel game, and for a while he was confined in the prison hospital at City Point, with the assurance that he should be shot for desertion as soon as he got well enough. But one of our officers was sent to City Point and obtained his release.

during the afternoon. Artillery firing was going on when we bivouacked, but we were too fatigued and heated to care about it, though we had a word of pity for the wounded whom we saw lying in a house near us.

Some rebel reports which may never see light if not inserted here show the weakness of portions of the rebel army at this time. They were picked up in a rebel camp near Charlestown in September following, but evidently they are the first report made after this engagement near Snicker's Ferry.

Report of 50th Virginia, July 19, 1864.

Officers,	2
N. C. Staff,	3
Muskets,	29
Sick,	7
Amb. Corps,	2
Total,	41
Agg.,	43

The names of five missing and one wounded from four companies are given. The report is signed by "M. F. Baker, Lieut. com'dg 50th Va. Regt."

On another slip of paper, found at the same time and place, is a list of the "disabled men of the 42d Va." (no date). Eleven men from five companies are named. On the other side of the slip is a report of the strength present, viz:

Officers,	4
N. C. Staff,	3
Muskets,	54
Musicians,	4
Ambulance,	2
Unarmed,	9
Sick,	5
Aggregate,	81

Extra duty, 2 teamsters; missing, 1 officer and 5 men; wounded, 1 officer and 1 man.

The following is the "report of strength of Jones' brigade," dated July 18, 1864:

	Officers.	N. C. S.	Musicians.	Muskets.	Sick.	Total.	Aggregate.
25th,	2	3	1	13	2	22	24
42d,	6	3	4	60	8	85	91
44th,	2	2		7		10	12
48th,	3	2	13	23	1	44	47
50th,	2	3		33	6	44	46
	15	13	18	136	17	205	220

The States of the regiments are not given, but I think they were all from a part of Virginia where recruits could not be obtained. It will be seen that this report and the two above it tally very nearly, and that there are 21 men unaccounted for.

Another document picked up after the battle of Cedar Creek, is a "report of the arms, &c., of the 57th N. C. Vol., for week ending Sept. 6, 1864." It shows in "hands of the men" 168 muskets, 2 bayonets, 160 cartridge boxes, 127 cart. box belts, 160 waist belts, 150 haversacks and 18 knapsacks, and an average of 42 rounds per man.

(Signed,) "M. H. HUNTER, Capt. commanding 57th N. C. Troop."

JULY 19th, *Tuesday.* Ordered to stand to arms at dawn of day, 3.30 A. M., being in the presence of the enemy. The forenoon was spent in drawing rations from the wagons which had come up during the night. Mosby, the guerrilla, is slashing at our rear. The view down the mountain and over the valley is beautiful enough, but it has been a tax to us to keep near the stacks all day, constantly expecting something to turn up.

About 8 P. M. we made two false starts and returned each time to our old place and bivouacked; the men swearing and growling their best all the while. That night, Major Sizer, of Emory's staff, planted two guns in position on a hill down the mountain, and gave us a midnight entertainment. No reply from the Johnnies. In the morning of the 20th, cavalry (few in numbers at this time) crossed with Mulligan's brigade of Crook's command. Our corps started at 10 A. M., waded through the Shenandoah and went into line two miles beyond at noon. The Sixth corps also crossed. We lay quietly in the woods and under booths lately constructed by the rebels of Rodes's and Breckenridge's commands. Nothing of importance occurred here to us, except that we were visited by a tremendous thunder storm, which made us yell like recruits.

A page of the diary here has some things in it of interest to the general historian.

Since Early left our front, we have been told that he has gone toward Harper's Ferry, but the reconnoissance to-day proves that he has gone south instead.* So this chase (?) has ended. We have never moved to such great disadvantage, as regards equipment and organization. The mules are weak, or "green," as the drivers call them, and almost worthless. The drivers are worse still, and no wonder, for they were "presssed" in the streets of Washington, under plea of necessity, whereas many of them say they are boot-blacks and house servants, and know nothing of mules. Nearly all of the general

* This last was also an error into which all the army fell, as will be seen directly.

staff officers are away from their proper positions, so that forage and rations are minus, and everything goes wrong. We have not yet become acquainted in the 6th and 8th corps (so called), and about a half of the regiments in our corps have some companies absent. The men are all battered up by the privation, heat and hard work, which was imposed on us too soon after coming from our long rest and the sea voyage. Straggling is more prevalent than ever before; there was nothing on Red River nor in Pope's retreat like this.

At sunset we had orders to return, and at once the calls were sounded. The men were cautioned against straggling; a detachment of cavalry was sent to each division commander and posted in rear of his command to arrest the stragglers, and at 8 P. M. we were off. We marched and halted after the custom of this wretched Virginia campaigning, till 11 A. M. of the 20th. * *

It looks queer to see an army that has been marching fifteen hours, tumble down on the sides of the road at the sound of a bugle, and go to snoring. * *

The Sixth corps seems to be confident of its own strength. The men hold their crosses (the badge of the 6th) with something like idolatry. The rebel army is said to idolize Lee, but the Sixth corps boys that I have talked with seem to believe in themselves—the "Bloody Sixth," and not in their generals.

The two days' movements foot up 5 miles in advance, and 25 in return. We reached Leesburg at 9 A. M., by the same road that we had gone up on, and halted at Goose Creek, where we slept during the heat of the day. Then at 5 P. M. July 21st,* we started to cross over Goose Creek, but having to wait till the 6th corps was over, it was nearly 9 o'clock before our turn came. We then crossed on the rocks and timbers that had been thrown into the creek and slept quietly all night.

July 22d, *Friday*. Marched at nine A. M., teams starting at daylight. We had heat, dust and uncertain halts. We passed through Drainsville about 5 P. M., made a flank movement around a bridge, swearing meanwhile, then marched and halted all the evening, till 11 o'clock, by which time we had accomplished seventeen miles, and had arrived at Mr. ———'s house near ———. If you cannot tell by this where you were that night, you may

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*This evening we buried Joseph Flood of Co. K, an old man, *i. e.* old for a soldier, who had died suddenly in the ambulance.

While the Sixth corps was passing, we saw a man in a heavy artillery regiment with a box-knapsack on his back marked E, 42, Tenth Maine. That knapsack has a history. Thrown away at Winchester May 25, 1862, it was rebel property for two years, when the "Johnny" who wore it was captured at "the Slaughter-pen," and now the "heavies" had it.

remember that all the evening you yelled as badly as the rebels and western men ever thought of doing, and lay down at last, without the hard bread you cried for so loudly and so long.

JULY 23d, *Saturday*. At eight A. M., after a cool night, we began our twelve-mile march; took a cross cut to Lewinsville, and there waited for the 6th corps to get ahead of us. By and by we came to the camp of the Invalid Corps, or "Condemned Yankees," as the rebels named them,—a good hit that. About 4 P. M. we went over Chain Bridge (there were many inquiries "Where's the chain?"), and camped on the hill overlooking the bridge, dusty, hungry, cross, bruised, battered and torn—swearing at everything and everybody.

It is not easy to state why all this swearing and ill-feeling could not have been expressed as well some earlier day, but here we were back in Washington again and nothing visible had been done toward suppressing the rebellion since we had come from Louisiana. All our hard marches and lost sleep had gone for nothing. It is true, that our weary limbs and blistered feet were things we had been promised on enlistment under the head of "a chance to travel," but soldiers expect to see either good results or bad come from all their efforts, and this marching up and back again without any excitement always brings out a storm of profanity at the foot of the hill.

ANOTHER CHASE AFTER JUBAL EARLY.

We received a mail once more while at Chain Bridge, and were a little cheered on Monday, July 25th, by—

> Col. Beal's return from Washington at night with the news that he had seen the order assigning that portion of the 19th corps present, to the Defenses of Washington! * * * Two hours later came the order to issue clothing immediately and to march with eight days' rations (in the wagons) to-morrow morning.

This last came in consequence of the fact that old Jubal Early had gone to Winchester instead of south, and after falling upon the small force at Winchester, and driving it out of the valley once more with heavy loss, there was nothing to prevent his

going into Maryland and Pennsylvania. So you will see that we were wanted, and the campaign which followed began much after the style of the one that we had just ended.

JULY 26th, *Tuesday.* The camps of the two corps were alive all night. Even I, who had no clothing to issue, was up till 12, and thankful that it was no worse. Yet in the early morning no orders came. At 9 A. M. we were told "The 19th corps will march in rear of the 6th at noon;" and this was hardly delivered before "March immediately" came; and such a rushing, tumbling and grumbling is not witnessed every day, and after all, when 11 o'clock came we had not moved out of sight of the camp. Then crawling along the military roads we halted an hour; and halted again another full hour, though there were no teams ahead. Our brigade doubled up on Kenly's Maryland brigade, and became so mixed, that at night the three rear regiments filed into a field and waited till the staff had found them. At midnight one-half of the brigade was behind its stacks, and the other half straggled all along the country. The day's march was nineteen miles through Tennallytown and Rockville, to a place four miles beyond the latter on the Frederick pike.

In 1862, the "10th" took the Poolesville pike at Rockville, as did a portion of the 6th corps to-day.

JULY 27th, *Wednesday.* The men were pulled on to their feet at 3 A. M., and as our brigade was to take the lead, coffee was not made. But having the front we made an easy march with regular halts, and after going through Forest Oak, Clarksburg, Leesboro and Hyattstown, we camped beyond the last named place at 1 P. M., having marched fifteen miles and lost none by straggling. On arriving in camp, many dropped like dead men and slept in the sun without dinner or bed.

JULY 28th, *Thursday.* We had the lead again to-day, and were off at 5 A. M. Col. Beal went back to Washington last evening, and Col. Davis took command of the brigade. This reminds me that Gen. Emory is still down at Petersburg [Deep Bottom], with our 2d division and a part of the 1st. We went through Urbana and bivouacked* at Monocacy Junction, on the field where recently [July 9th] Lew. Wallace, with a part of Ricketts's division of the 6th corps and other troops were whipped by Early, and driven into Baltimore, leaving Washington defenseless. But we had not many tents pitched when the 6th corps commenced fording the Monocacy, and orders came for us to go up river

*The words *bivouac* and *camp* occur in the diary in the sense in which they were used by the army, or the unlettered portion of it at least. They were nearly synonymous but the "*bivouac*" of the dictionary was none the less a "*camp*" in the army. A regimental commander often gave commands like these: "Stack arms!—Bivouac!" but the men were never heard to ask "Where is our bivouac?" but always "Where's our *camp*?" even if there was not a tent pitched.

and ford at the place where the "10th" went over in 1862. In consequence of this we went through Frederick, and the town was out to see and welcome us. The ladies and children in their clean dresses and white faces are beautiful sights to us, and no one complained of the extra march that carried us into their midst.

Then moving toward Harper's Ferry, we ran into the 6th corps, which was marching poorly to-day, and so had to take our taunts for their laziness. This and the "back-talk" made the afternoon interesting. We finally bivouacked four miles beyond Frederick—day's march 13 miles.

JULY 29th, *Friday*. Hot and but little wind. Started at about eight o'clock —the stragglers of the 6th corps literally lined the road. Our division, or at least the portion ahead of us, straggled but little till we reached Harper's Ferry. We went through Jefferson and other little villages, and waited long at Sandy Hook for the jam to break. By 8 P. M. we were in bivouac near Halltown, after a tiresome day's march of nineteen miles.

Our late marches have been rather peculiar. We have thrown out no pickets at night; we have no news of the enemy, there is no straggling cavalry (little here to straggle, they say), there is no pillaging, except of apples and fruit,* and there is a general we're-glad-to-see-you expression upon every face we see. The citizens also travel on the broad pike undisturbed. Wagons and carriages go and come without questioning or inconvenience. Even gentlemen and ladies ride out occasionally, and all without insult or trouble. * * * * The men are weary, foot-sore, cross, hungry and disgusted enough.

The questions "Why are we here?" "Where are the rebels?" and "What next?" puzzled us to answer that night. But our commander hearing of rebel cavalry in Maryland, and having no cavalry to pursue, turned us about next day in hopes, I suppose, that being only fifty miles behind, he might overtake the rebel horses after a while!

THE RETURN TO FREDERICK AND RE-RETURN TO HARPER'S FERRY.

JULY 30th, *Saturday*. We received the expected orders this noon to march immediately, and in a half hour took the road back to Harper's Ferry. Crook's command started out before us; the 6th corps doubled up on the right, and our second brigade on the left; thus we were in four parallel columns, and of course, on arriving at Bolivar, three had to halt. It was 7 P. M. before we were through Sandy Hook and marching without obstructions. The sun had been excessively hot—a dozen cases of sun-stroke (so called) were reported

* This applies to the men in the ranks. What was done by the stragglers and camp followers is not known.

in Crook's command as the result of their hurry and the heat. The straggling was worse than ever. We saw at one time a light looming up ahead, presenting the appearance of a camp, and so we became happy in believing that Crook had gone into bivouac. It proved to be a gang of stragglers, who had stopped near good water to make coffee. Gen. Dwight sent orders to stop our men from leaving by every means, and also circulated the rumor that Mosby was in our rear and Early's cavalry in our front and flank, and would capture all stragglers. Had he sent a gun or two off on the flank with orders to shell the mob he would have been still more successful. We crossed the Kittoctan, and halted at last in an open field near a dry brook, and bitterly bewailed our ill luck. The day's march was thirteen miles, and the halt was made near Jefferson on or about 1 A. M. of the 31st.

JULY 31st, *Sunday*. Up at 5; off at 6. The sun beat down without mercy, and the dust was like Bay of Fundy fog, thick enough to cut with a knife. Col. Davis tried his best to make the marches as easy and the halts as favorable as could be, but many fell out, and a number were "sun-struck" as they call it, that is, exhausted, faint and senseless. We turned out of the road at noon and halted till the 6th corps came in sight. Then marched through Frederick once more, and as ever enjoyed the welcome and the good looks of the people. We went into bivouac on the Emmetsburg pike two miles out of town, having marched to-day thirteen miles.

The next day we lay quietly massed in the woods, enjoying a much needed rest and sleep, till about noon, when a fusillade opened suddenly in our rear. We at once jumped behind the stacks without orders, and Col. Beal, who had returned a few hours before, marched the brigade promptly toward the firing, and was laughed at by Gen. ——— for being so easily alarmed! I am sorry that I did not note the name of the general, so as to be able to state it surely, but my impression is that he was finally surprised and taken to Richmond—a calamity which rarely befel any of Gen. Emory's subordinates.

The diary states, that "to-day is the first opportunity the men have had to wash their clothes since leaving Morganzia." The rebel raid into Pennsylvania had ended, and General Emory had brought the remnants of the 1st division to Monocacy Junction, from Deep Bottom and vicinity, to which place we should all have gone, had it not been for Early's raid. So Aug. 2d, we marched five miles to Monocacy, passing through only the outskirts of Frederick, forded at the same place as before, and camped

again on Lew. Wallace's battle ground. Here the army rested two days,—the 90th N. Y. went home on their long promised veteran furlough: the 13th and 15th Maine did the same.

About this time Gen. Grant came up from Petersburg to see Hunter, who generously gave up his game to Sheridan. We heard of this August 6th, at which time the diary has a line or two on the subject.

Gen Sheridan is to command our forces. He is here (Halltown) surely, and a man with three stars is around, and has been seen. That must be Grant, for only he wears three stars.

So it seems that we knew of, or cared little for, Sheridan, and the writer was only desirous to fix a date and make a sure statement when he chronicled it.

About dark, Thursday, Aug. 4th, we again crossed the river and slept till the cars came; then went aboard them at 11 P. M., and started at 2 A. M. with a little, and but little, grumbling by some who were put into cattle cars. Soon after sunrise of the 5th we were all up on Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, at a point we had not been on before, and here we waited for our teams. Finally, on the 6th, we marched to Halltown again and camped on the same old spot, and wondered what next.

On the evening of the 8th—

A large body of cavalry came out; they have just arrived from Grant's army. I never saw one line (about three miles) of horses so long as this, yet they all marched well. There were no openings in the column, nor crowding, nor straggling, nor insubordination of any kind. It is a different cavalry as any man can see from the rag-tag-and-bob-tail calamity which we had up Red River. The rest we are having now is a great blessing, and the privileges of washing, cooking and sleeping to our hearts' content, show themselves in the faces of the men.

AUG. 9th we received a large mail which had been sent to New Orleans, and learned that one other had been captured by the Florida from the Electric Spark. That same day came orders to put three days' rations, excepting meat, into our haversacks, and be ready to go. The trains were sent back to Bolivar, and parked there. The tone of the diary shows that rest, rations and reinforcements had wonderfully improved our spirits in a very short

time. A feeling possessed us that something was to be done. We were cheered by the return from Deep Bottom of Gen. Emory with the fragments of our division, for we knew that on the next march some of the follies of the last ones would be dispensed with.

It is difficult now to analyze our thoughts of that period, but I am quite sure that the rest, the cooler weather, the reinforcements to the cavalry, and the cessation of useless marching, produced this impression, rather than the presence of Grant or the change of commanders.

CHAPTER XLIV.

UP THE VALLEY UNDER SHERIDAN.

August 10, 1864, *Wednesday.* We were now starting out under Sheridan. We were told that he had done well as a cavalry leader, and moreover that he was a "fighting man."

We had changed commanders so many times that we had ceased to be curious; hence the stories we heard of Sheridan fell flat. I think that some of us were a little fearful of him for two reasons—he was cavalryman, and "had come from the west where we have always seen the backs of our enemies;" not that the east was jealous of the west, but we believed that the western rebel army was worthless, and because a general had been victorious over that army, it was no sign to us that he would succeed in the east. But we were now to see what he could do. We were up at 5; impatient at 6; and at 7 fairly started, with Crook and the 6th corps ahead, and the enemy reported to be at Stevenson's Station. We had a good pike road all day, but marched when possible by its side to avoid the dust and heat. Many signs of thrift were still visible in this "ruined" valley. We marched through Charlestown as usual to the tune of "John Brown," and as was also customary everything that could make music was put into service of course. Toward night we halted in sight of Berryville, after a march of fifteen miles. No cannonading was heard nor skirmishing reported. The day was hot but the march was well conducted,—when we marched we marched, and when not marching we halted; there was no uncertainty and indecision.

Aug. 14th, *Thursday.* Hot and hard marching. Reveille at 4; started at 6, our brigade still in rear of all. Beyond Berryville we formed line of battle to the distress of the faint-hearted. Then each regiment filed to the front, and so marched for two or three hours, preserving the alignment and distances as well as possible. The army was thus in position to fight without being seriously hindered in marching. No one could tell where we were going, but we bivouacked after dark near White Post, having marched in the fields and woods all day, ten miles—perhaps fifteen, with cannonading in our front a good part of the time.

August 12th, *Friday.* Not so hot. Marched at 5, our brigade leading the division, but in rear of Crook. We still kept the fields, till we came to Nineveh, on the Front Royal pike, and then marched in a narrow, rocky road to Middletown, and camped at sunset a little north of the mansion house, where Sheridan made his headquarters in the October following. The day's march was thirteen miles or more.

The rebels are across Cedar Creek, too strong for cavalry to dislodge. Picket firing is now very sharp, and we hear it distinctly. Breckenridge left Newtown this morning, and turned over a part of his wheat train* to our cavalry without exchanging receipts and invoices. The bets are even on a fight in the morning, and the natives say that Longstreet is coming to drive us back "right smart" in a day or two.

The next day all was quiet in front, though we stood to arms at dawn of day.

About a week before, our senior captain—Beardsley—had drawn up a memorial or complaint, addressed to Gen. Hunter's A. A. G., supposing that he was the proper officer, stating that his men were suffering for the want of their meat rations, and adding a few plain facts in the case. The other company commanders signed it, and it was forwarded. Col. Beal endorsed on it that the statements were correct, but that he could not say where the fault lay. Gen. Dwight forwarded it, and Gen. Emory boiled over when he saw it. He first gave Gen. Dwight a lecture, and then gave Col. Beal another, and to-day he sent an order to have the

* Early's army was collecting wheat to feed Lee's with—so we were told.

"29th Maine under arms immediately," and mounting his horse he rode so fast that he arrived ahead of the order, and fell upon Col. Emerson like a thunder clap.

"Have the regiment under arms instantly sir, and bring the company commanders to the front; especially that Captain Beardsley! ——— where is Captain Beardsley?"

"Here sir! Here I am!" said the Captain.

The Captain is a ready debater, and the General is not slow with his tongue, but it is no easy task to reprimand a dozen officers in such a way that they will feel their punishment, and so that the regiment will *not* take it as a good joke. The General succeeded in setting the entire regiment on a growl, whether commissioned or enlisted. Furthermore, we were much surprised when he told us that the conduct of our officers was mutinous, for it was meat, and meat only, that the petition was intended to produce.

This incident serves to show the odd nature of our general. No officer ever had the welfare of his troops more at heart than he, and probably no one was trying harder to correct the error in the commissary department, which grew out of having a part of his command in Louisiana, a part in the Valley and a part down at Deep Bottom. His nature was such that he could not overlook an offence like this against good discipline, and so he boiled over. But as showing how little real wrath there was in his heart, I must not neglect to state that he ordered that day an *extra* ration of meat to be issued to his entire command; after which, all was quiet on Meadow Run, until evening, when the trains came up, minus a few which the guerrillas had burned, and three days' rations were issued to last four. This would have caused much grumbling, but for the explanation that the *country* would make up the deficiency.

On the 14th and 15th we did nothing. A reconnoissance was made toward Fisher's Hill on the 15th, by the troops ahead of us, and we listened to the advancing and receding musketry and the artillery fire with considerable interest. After dark came the order to "move promptly at 11 P. M.—no fires nor calls after

taps." While guessing what the move was to be, a thunder storm broke upon us, but this only laid the dust and made our backward march easier. We marched the thirteen miles to Winchester in Louisiana style—that is at a smart step, with ten minutes halt every hour, and were consequently in Winchester at 6 A. M. of the 16th.

Our brigade camped on Senator Mason's grounds (of Mason and Slidell memory). The old mansion house which Co. F, 10th Maine, quartered in, is now in ruins; even the bricks have been carried away to make chimneys and ovens for the troops. The natives say we must "get out of h'yere" or Longstreet will capture us. They admit, too, that every able-bodied man is now in their service, and those that we kill can't be replaced. They have nothing to sell us, but they are baking bread for their own soldiers who are expected immediately. Longstreet they say was in Culpeper C. H. a few days ago.

AUG. 17th, *Wednesday*. Up at 2.40 and off at 4.20—a little late, and so we were hurried out of Winchester to gain our proper position, to the great delight of the ladies, who thought it was the beginning of another "skedaddle." After this we marched rather steadily and easily with regular halts for breakfast, dinner and rest, and were in bivouac before noon near Berryville, at which place our pickets joined us having been relieved irregularly, but in season to escape capture.

AUG. 18th, *Thursday*. Roused up in a hurry and started immediately at 4.20 for Clifton, which consists of one or two houses and a small stream running through a swamp. Beyond this we filed into woods and faced about. We drew rations, ate breakfast and waited there till 4 P. M. It rained a little, but we were allowed fires, and so cooked the green corn of the neighboring fields. We thought from the massing of troops that the army was to make a stand here.

Grover's division from Bermuda Hundred and vicinity, *via* Alexandria, Leesburg and Snicker's Gap, joined us in these woods. With them came about twenty of our "convalescents"* from New Orleans. Late in the afternoon the army moved again,

* In the army we called a man a convalescent who was *fully* recovered from sickness and ready to return to duty, or who was on his way from the general hospital or convalescent camp to his regiment.

and when within three miles of Charlestown, we halted and went into bivouac on a high ridge. Here we chased hogs before halting. "Three days' rations to last four" was the blind which covered the eyes of all the officers, except Gen. McMillan, who robbed our boys of a beautiful hog. Another great porker was assaulted by the mounted orderlies of the brigade with their swords, while we looked over the fence, but he would have escaped had not a Twenty-ninther harpooned him with a fixed bayonet. The brute, with the musket dangling behind him, dashed under the white horse of Gen. Emory, who was trying to show Gen. Dwight where to put his division, but the death-squeal of the hog and the kicking of the horse compelled him to ask our man in his usual way "What is all this? *What is all this?*" To which our Twenty-ninther could only reply, "It's a hog, sir, —and he's run under your horse—and *he's got my bayonet!!*"

"Take the hog and the bayonet, and away with them—d'you hear?" said the General. The "veteran" heard and obeyed, and with this magnificent indulgence and with fresh pork for supper, we all forgot the censure that the "old man" gave our officers a few days before.

The diary states that—

> The Second division is directly in our rear. The old 13th corps' regiments in it are great "yellers," and came into line to-night singing out "Hard bread" and "Halt," which is not a very unusual cry in our midst. Then they took to braying like mules, and such a noise you cannot conceive. It is very funny, but the old 19th corps, as well as ourselves, think our friends in the rear are making asses of themselves.

We staid in this position all the next day, during which John Kincaid of Co. F, and Mr. Beardsley (a citizen brother of our Capt. Beardsley) were captured by guerrillas, only three-quarters of a mile from camp. Beardsley escaped, but Kincaid was carried to Salisbury, N. C., where they starved him to death.

The day after (Aug. 20th), the diary mentions Sheridan's name for the second time, and as it is about the mind of all of us, I quote:—

> This strikes me as a queer position—one I believe that none of our other generals have ever taken for defense. Sheridan has the appearance of being

a smart man. He is young, and my own opinion is that if he is not hampered by the "chief of staff" he will do as well as can be done. Gen. Emory is fussing about the pig killing which he hears, probably not on account of the pigs, but because of firing of muskets. He let us sleep this morning, which is conclusive evidence that there is not a rebel to demonstrate on our line.

—Which was a wrong conclusion, for the very next morning we heard the cavalry skirmishing and were warned to be on the alert. Cannonading was heard also all the forenoon on our right, and at 2 P. M. we marched in a hurry, though it was quite hot, through Charlestown and out on the Leesville road a mile to the extreme right of the army, and then went into line some distance in rear of the 6th corps and on the right of it, Duffie's cavalry being a little in our front. A portion of the 6th corps was heavily engaged all this while on the skirmish line; and by orders we threw up rail defenses, which we covered with corn stalks and were happy in the knowledge that we were well protected, but at 11 o'clock, after everybody was asleep, with bootees and equipments on, we were ordered to march, and fell back once more with the entire army to Halltown, which the general reader will understand is only four miles out of Harper's Ferry. So when we saw in the papers that Sheridan's army was the "Harper's Weekly," we thought it was a good joke and took no offence.

HALLTOWN—BEHIND THE BREASTWORKS.

The rebels followed us up promptly and picket firing began before we were fairly awake, and cannonading about seven o'clock. Our brigade was on the same hill that it had camped on twice before within a month, but the change that had come over us was remarkable. The confidence which McClellan put into Pope's shattered army was much more noticeable, it is true, for the good reason that Pope's army was demoralized and discouraged, which Hunter's army was not. But these few things even the stupidest could see. We had started in search of the rebels, and after a fine march had sent them running up the Valley. We had seen the rebels behind their impregnable position, and we had not been foolishly sent to dash our heads against the rocks. We had heard of the rebels' reinforcements, and had retired in good season; had

halted with impunity, and given them a chance to try *our* breastworks, and then fell back to still further security. We had seen a train of wagons go out for green corn for the troops, had eaten an extra ration of meat and seen a drove of hogs slaughtered under the nose of our commander. This was inspiriting, it touched us in the right spot,—the tenderest spot of the soldier—his stomach. We knew little of Sheridan then, but we knew that he had done just right every time during the past fortnight. We were in good spirits, for we felt that everything was going right.

Our brigade was in the second line, where there was little excitement and little duty, but we were kept near our stacks all the time of our stay here. The orders allowed but three of a company to be absent at any one moment. The first day in Halltown (Aug. 22d) picket firing was kept up incessantly, with some cannonading—the 2d division doing all the work for the 19th corps. The second day (Aug. 23d) of this willing siege, the trains came out from Bolivar, but we were kept in close quarters still and heard the sharp picket firing all day. The third day (Aug. 24th) the firing was as sharp as ever, and a decidedly brisk engagement came off over on the left, out of our sight, without material gain—but we were made happy by learning that our troops did all that they intended to do. The fourth day (Aug. 25th) we heard the attack of Gen. Torbert upon the rebels at Kearneysville during the afternoon. A heavy thunder storm only seemed to increase the noise. We learned, too, that this had resulted favorably, although our cavalry fought rebel infantry. We began this day to build breastworks on the hill where we were camped. The fifth day (Aug. 26th) it was all quiet in our front for the first time, but at 5 P. M. another vigorous musketry and cannonade opened, a long way up on the right, which was kept up till dark; this, the diary says, was by Crook, though neither Sheridan nor Early mention the action at all. Our intrenching tools were returned that night and we had orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice—a good order to issue, but in truth we had been kept for a week ready to march or to do anything else at a moment's notice, and the best of it all was, that though held so closely it was not, as is usually the case, a strain

upon body and soul all the time. On the morning of the sixth day (27th), Col. Beal took a portion of the brigade out on a reconnoissance, but found no enemy and returned according to orders. Lt. Col. Emerson was sent north to-day by the medical officers, who pronounced him too sick for duty. In consequence of this the command of the regiment fell upon Maj. Knowlton.

August 28th, *Sunday*. We were up at 4, ready at 5.30, and moved slowly at 7 toward Charlestown, which we reached at 10, and halted outside till 2 P. M. We then passed through the town and took the "dirt road" toward Winchester (?) and camped at dusk two miles out, near Prospect Hill and upon Claymount plantation, on the left of the road. The 2d brigade was on our left, the 2d division on the right of the road, and the Sixth corps still beyond on the Smithfield pike.

Gen. Emory sent orders to throw up breastworks, and taking rails for a backing and borrowing sixty shovels and picks for the brigade, we had a pretty substantial line before midnight. Even the pickets were made to protect themselves by rails and by digging, instead of seeking natural protections as we were taught to do before we saw rebel soldiers. The ground we have traveled over to-day is all dotted with these rail-pens, rock heaps and occasionally something stronger. This year of the war has developed this sort of fighting. The Sixth corps boys say they never halted five minutes in the Wilderness campaign without digging, and the rebels learned to sing out to them, "Dig! you devils, dig!" It has come to be a very serious thing now to be the attacking party they say, for the rebels dig as well as ourselves.

August 29th, *Monday*. We kept on the alert all day, hearing the rebels drive in our cavalry from Smithfield and retreat in turn before Rickett's division of the Sixth corps. This driving about of one side by the other was generally at long range and was not sanguinary; but it was exciting, we were told, and although so much of it was done, it never fell to the lot of our regiment to be detailed for the duty.

Col. Beal was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers August 22d, and received his commission while here.

August 31st, *Wednesday*. The teams came up in the afternoon, and the officers and clerks worked nearly all night on the muster-rolls. The diary makes mention of cool nights, and of the fact

that the strength of the brigade was daily increasing by the arrival of convalescents and recruits.

SEPT. 2d, *Friday*. With orders to march came the telegram announcing the fall of Atlanta. This was a new idea and was well followed up. Every victory in any army was telegraphed to and published in every other army thenceforward till the end. In the morning (Sept. 3d) we were up early, got wet by rain, but marched promptly across lots to the Berryville pike, in rear of the 2d division, and passed by our camp of Aug. 18–21. We occasionally saw the 6th corps on the right and Crook's on the left, and so knew that the move was general. We halted three or four hours within two miles of Berryville at the junction of the Summit Point pike, and while waiting here about dusk we heard sharp musketry firing, which increased and was accompanied with artillery firing and yells. We were moved toward it a little, but presently we heard fresh volleys open, and then the yankee hurrah supplanted the yell, after which, as we were not wanted in that fight, we were marched a half mile to the right, along the Summit Point pike, and there went into camp again.

We insert here two valuable quotations concerning this combat:

GEN. SHERIDAN.

"Torbert had been ordered to White Post early in the day and the enemy supposing he could cut him off, pushed across the Opequan toward Berryville with Kershaw's division in advance; but this division, not expecting infantry, blundered on to Crook's lines about dark and was vigorously attacked, and driven with heavy loss back towards the Opequan. This engagement, which was after nightfall, was very spirited and our own and the enemy's casualties severe."

The General then gives the position of his troops during the next fortnight and adds:

"The difference of strength [this fortnight] between the two opposing forces was but little. As I learned beyond doubt from my scouts that Kershaw's division, which consisted of four brigades, was to be ordered back to Richmond, I had for two weeks patiently waited its withdrawal before attacking."

Sheridan's report of the campaign.

GEN. EARLY.

First stating that he had determined to return Kershaw's division (Anderson commanding) to Petersburg, as Lee had requested it, Gen. Early says;

"Gen. Anderson determined to cross Blue Ridge with that division and Fitz-Lee's cavalry. On the 3d he moved towards Berryville, for the purpose of crossing the mountain at Ashby's Gap, and I was to have moved toward Charlestown next day to occupy the enemy's attention during Anderson's movement. Sheridan, however, had started two divisions of cavalry through Berryville and White Post, on a raid in our rear, and his main force had moved towards Berryville. Anderson encountered Crook's corps at the latter place, and after a sharp engagement drove it back on the main body."

Then commenting upon the "extreme audacity" of Anderson in holding his ground all night (a very dark one by the way) he proceeds to show how timid Sheridan was for a fortnight.

Last year of the war, page 76.

As Jubal says his book is certain truth, and since his publisher re-echoes that "nobody who knows J. A. E. as we know him will question his veracity," we must understand that all the hurrahing on that evening, and the excessive good nature of Crook's men the next morning, was from some other cause.

SEPT. 4th, *Sunday*. We were up at dawn, of course, and receiving orders to intrench, we did so at once. The line was then changed to the hill in front, and this being the key to the position we built very substantial works. Capt. Beardsley took particular pains to have the left wing's better than the right's. At 3 P. M. a large gang of hostlers and men that we call "bummers" and "dog-robbers," came rushing in from the front where they had been foraging, together with the aide of the field officer of the day (the commander of the picket line), who reported four lines of rebels advancing. This brought us all into our positions, but only a line of skirmishers came in sight, and Capt. Taft, of the battery, advised Gen. Dwight not to waste powder on them.

SEPT. 5th, *Monday*. It rained and drizzled. The "old man" turned us out very early this morning, but all was quiet. Gen. Beal took the 47th Penn. regiment (a similar but independent force started out from the 2d division at the same time), found the rebel skirmishers and drove them cautiously back upon their line—said to be Kershaw's division—and then slowly retired before the reinforced enemy, who in turn retreated again in the afternoon before a still heavier force of ours. This skirmishing, though sharp, was not very sanguinary (seven wounded in the 47th).*

Except a heavy rain all was quiet the 6th.

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* "Skirmishing, as it became reduced to a science, depended on two general rules: every man must keep concealed as much as possible, behind trees, logs, fences, buildings or what not, and each party must run upon the approach of its opponent with anything like determination. If a skirmisher should show himself unnecessarily, he stood a great chance of getting hit, and if he waited until the enemy came within forty or fifty yards, it was exceedingly dangerous either getting away or staying. The skirmish line was conducted on principles that looked to personal safety in a great degree, and was the favorite position of the experienced soldier. If, however, the holding of the position was essential, which was seldom the case, the men knew it intuitively, and the skirmish line required a battle to drive it."—Vermont Brigade in Shenandoah Valley—Col. A. F. Walker. Pub. by Free Press Assoc., Burlington, Vt.

Molineaux's brigade of the 2d division went out on the 7th, but found nothing in our front.

Sept. 11th, *Sunday*, was set apart by President Lincoln, as a day of Thanksgiving for the victories at Atlanta and Mobile, and Gen. Dwight ordered all his regiments under arms at 10 A. M. to hear the proclamation and a "prayer of the Church" read to them. But no copy of the prayer could be produced by the General, so the regiments which had neither chaplains nor christian officers, were in difficulty. We heard of one regiment whose colonel was bound not to be "*euchred*," as he said, and so he selected the 2d, 3d and 4th Articles of War, as being the most pious things that he could find, and made his adjutant read them. These articles relate to improper conduct at church, profanity and the fines which can be imposed upon chaplains! The story ends, "the men broke ranks, swearing like pirates, and asking "*What kind of a Thanksgiving is this?*"

Sept. 13th, *Tuesday*. (Being still near Berryville.) Clothing was issued to the troops and more sent for. The 2d division, 6th corps, went out on a reconnoissance. We heard their guns pounding away all day. In the afternoon there was such a lively musketry, that we jumped up on the breast works to see the skirmish, but it was too far off. At sunset official notice was sent that the 6th corps division had found and driven the rebels towards Winchester, and that the cavalry had captured the 8th South Carolina regiment* entire. This was inspiriting, and the whole army hurrahed and made all kinds of demonstrations of joy till after dark.

Nearly every day the diary notes the cheerful condition of the men, and Sept. 6th it reads:—

The story that the rebels fight better than we, which was often heard in 1862, does not go around now. Besides, Jackson is dead, and we all believe that Grant and Sheridan are good for anything that the rebs have left to them now.

There was no serious complaint for want of food, though there was much foraging needed to piece out the rations which were purposely issued short.

*This regiment was raised near Darlington, S. C., where we were afterward stationed, and there we were able to see the men who were taken prisoners at this time. They bitterly denounced their general for leaving them on picket without notifying them when he retired.

For about a week preceding the battle, we had company drills. Every train brought squads of recruits and convalescents to the army, and I noticed that the brigade returns showed a constant net gain of Present for duty.

Sept. 17th, *Saturday*. We heard that Grant was visiting Sheridan, and after that we were impatient for the "next thing," knowing well that something was coming.

CHAPTER XLV.

BATTLE OF OPEQUAN,

NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., SEPT. 19, 1864, MONDAY.

SEPT. 18th, *Sunday*. The trains came in from Harper's Ferry, unloaded and went back at once, the regimental wagons with them, leaving the officers in shelters as well as the men. At 4 P. M. we received orders to move immediately, but before the brigade line was formed the order was countermanded. You will see by Sheridan's report that at first he contemplated moving over to Newtown, but hearing that Early had sent part of his army to Martinsburg, he decided to catch the force remaining at Winchester and Stevenson's. Two questions arise here. Did Early, who says he "expected an early move," hear of this 4 o'clock start that night? And if not, as his book suggests, were his scouts as effective as Jackson's used to be, or even Sheridan's then were?

It rained in the night, and at 1 A. M., when the corps was aroused, it was dark, cold and cheerless. Grover's division took the lead at 3 A. M., and we followed, passing through Berryville and along the road to Winchester. We made good time, but halted an hour—a precious hour—near a house, whose inmates said it was eight miles from Winchester. This delay was occasioned by the 6th corps, which took possession of a narrow road and crossing that permitted the passage of but one line at a time. So we did not leave the house spoken of till 8.25 A. M., when orders came from Gen. Emory to hurry to the front, regardless of teams, water, defiles and all other obstacles. So by and by we came to the heights overlooking the river Opequan (pronounced

O-*peck*-un), halted again a little while, saw the wounded of the cavalry, and learned that they had driven the rebel cavalry and infantry out of the pass;—a smart morning's work to all

OPEQUAN FORD—*Looking toward Winchester.*

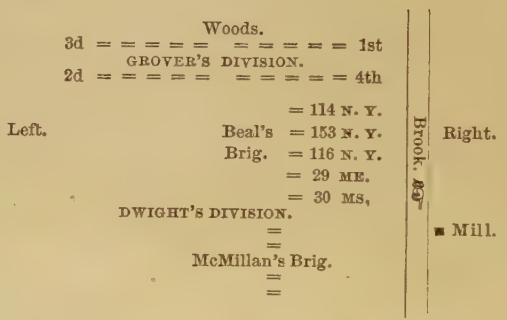
appearances. Then descending we rushed through the water at double quick, having been denied the privilege of taking off our shoes and stockings, and marched at a very lively pace up the other side, through the cool, damp woods, all of which reminded us somewhat of our march to Sabine Cross Roads.

The road is tortuous and very narrow for about a mile, and the woods on either side were filled with skulks of the troops which had preceded us, who were "all used up" and "couldn't find their regiment," "excused by the doctor," &c. At length we came to an open field, a mile or more long, and found that the 6th corps was already formed in the left portion of it. Our corps filed off to the right, and after dodging cannon shot for a while our brigade came in sight of a brick house, and a mill with weeping willows growing around it. We halted before arriving at the mill.

A detail was made from all the regiments of the division, and sent under Lieut. Col. Strain, of the 153d N. Y., across the brook and some distance out on the right to protect that flank. The detail from the "29th" was under charge of Lieut. McKeen.

The entire 9th Conn. regiment was sent from the 2d division, and without doubt it was intended that these large detachments should be posted in two lines, and advance with the army.

Troops continued to pour out of the gorge and form on our left, so that we had a rest of about three-quarters of an hour, though under the circumstances it was not much of a rest. We saw that we were the extreme right of the infantry of the army, leaving out of account the flanking parties just named, and our position was about like this:



It will be seen that our 3d brigade was absent — they were kept as a guard on the trains during the Valley campaign.

The duty of Gen. Beal's brigade was explained to be to follow the movements of the brigade in our front. This was the Fourth brigade of Grover's, and we were told that they were all Indiana troops and lately of the 13th corps. Ordinarily they were a noisy crew, but we noticed that they were as quiet as the rest of us for once.

"FORWARD"—THE FIGHT OF THE SECOND DIVISION.

At 11.55 A. M., by my watch, the Indiana boys moved, guided by the brigade in their front, which guided on the brigade at its left, which last took its cue from the 6th corps, and they, I believe, moved to the sound of a bugle.

This was marching to battle.

We saw that we were in reserve, and that if the 2d division could whip the rebels we should not have much of a fight. We soon heard the fire of the skirmishers, and about the same time lost sight of the Indiana boys in the woods, though we marched steadily and regularly. Gen. Beal perceived by the sound that we were working too far to the right, and so ordered "Left oblique."

Soon after the skirmishers' fire had opened we heard the volleys of friend and foe, and the shouts and all the horrid din of battle. So we knew now that the rebels had given fight, and were not going to run this time unless whipped. Then came over us that feeling peculiar to the first moments of battle, and that wondering why bounties, promotion, the union or anything else had induced us to come to such a hell.

"Halt!" It was only for a few seconds, to wheel the regiments to the left a little, and off we went again. Then came shells that were meant for us all, and at last one went through the headquarters group, struck under Col. Per Lee's fiery little pony and exploded, but fortunately it hurt only the horse.

We could not tell positively what had become of the Indiana brigade. The distance through the woods was not more than half a mile, and when we came out of them into the clearing beyond, we judged that the Indiana troops could not be far off, but we saw none that we could believe were they. A fight was going on in our front. Grover's first line had charged with a fury that nothing could withstand, but being unsupported it was outflanked and was falling back. It seemed incredible that Grover could have worked so far ahead of us in the very short time he had been out of our sight—much more strange that a fight should have been begun and decided against him so quickly. We were now in a sort of bay, open toward the enemy, and with woods on the other three sides. The fight was going on about a quarter of a mile in front. Grover's first line was falling back on the run, emerging from a thin belt of open woods with rebels at their heels, both parties badly scattered. The second line was still advancing; in this was the Indiana brigade, but we did not know it then.

I have not heard of any one who timed the second line, and so I cannot state the moments that it fought. But before our brigade was fairly in the field, this second line had ceased advancing and had turned about. Even before the center had halted, the men on the right flank commenced to fall and leave the line at such a rate, that it looked as if a hurricane had struck it and was blowing man after man to the rear.

I am happy that the task of explaining why the 2d division was so poorly handled does not belong to me. Two facts, however, should be mentioned. Birge's brigade, the 1st, received the order to charge from a staff officer, who had no authority to give it; and the commander of the Indiana brigade, which supported Birge, was not competent to command a brigade in battle. Neither of these calamities could have been foreseen by Gens. Emory or Grover, but in consequence of them, I have been told by those who know, the 2d division was forced back.

It should also be borne in mind that Grover's division had seen very little hard field fighting, and on the score of experience in this line they were not a match for their rebel opponents.

Gen. Beal, with his staff, had ridden ahead of the brigade for observation and orders, and before the "29th" was out of the woods, Gens. Emory and Dwight were found at the point where the 114th N. Y. afterward fought. From Gen. Emory he received the order "Have this thing stopped!" This running back of Grover's division—the center battalions of the second line having fired, it *seemed to us*, not even one volley—troubled the General (Emory) very much. From Dwight, to whom the above command was properly given, came the order "Send one regiment to the front!" The 114th was the nearest, and it was at once pushed rapidly out to the end of the projecting wood which formed the left side of the bay, to the place designated to Gen. Beal by his superiors. Here this magnificent regiment was all but annihilated, as its position was in advance of the brigade line and entirely unsheltered; yet they never moved back till they were ordered.

THE FIRST BRIGADE.

"What will you have me do with the brigade?" asks our General.

"Deploy it to the right!" said Gen. Dwight, and never were four battalions handled so cleverly as were these. Before this we were massed, and the bullets were every moment coming thicker. They gave emphasis to the order and speed to our feet. The regiments moved at double quick, and as they uncovered,

they came to the front and advanced with shouts. We were now stemming the storm of lead, and what was a hundred times more difficult, we were pushing aside Grover's panic-stricken men, who had received such an overwhelming fire that they were unable to hold together, and were tumbling against us in terrible confusion.

The brigade halted at a rail fence, threw it down for a shelter and opened fire. The effect of the first volley was marked. Regiment after regiment of us came on the line, checking the bravest of the enemy, dropping the most advanced and sending back the timid ones.

Our 2d brigade got lost in the woods, but before a great while was found and posted out of our sight on the left.

Battle of Opequan (Sheridan's Winchester).*

Between us all the check to the rebels was as firm and decisive as even Gen. Emory could ask for, and the General was not very

* The black squares denote the enemy's cavalry.

well satisfied with the way that most of his commands were executed that day.

As we are compelled to sound our own praises, for there were no newspaper correspondents or idle spectators of any kind to see our "side-show" and write of its gallant deeds, let me quote a little from the diary here, concerning this deployment and charge. After having received the order from Gen. Dwight to deploy, the diary says:

We (Gen. Beal and staff) now went toward the brigade, and judging from the loose groups of the enemy, which were running for the point of woods on the right, that our right flank would soon be attacked, the General sent me there to reconnoitre.

In following the movement of the 114th N. Y. to the front, just before this, I had lost sight of the other regiments which had been ordered to deploy to the right* of the 114th, and I tell you my heart went down into my boots when, after having left the 114th in position, I saw crowds of men wearing hats, mixed up with the mob of 2d division fugitives. It was trying to see two such fine regiments as the 114th and 153d† carried off by a mob, but such things happen in battle. Just then I heard a tremendous hurrahing back in the field where I had last seen our brigade, and looking I saw four regiments, some running to the front and others to the right. It was the most inspiriting sight of the day. The men were shaking their fists, waving their hats or whirling them around on the muzzles of their muskets, and screaming at the tops of their voices. The old flags, all tattered and riddled, were flying never so proudly before. Could I believe my eyes, it was Davis with his 153d! Yes, and Love, furious and full of gestures, just uncovering the "116th" and starting it on a charge with a fireman's yell. And Knowlton was calmly and seriously waiting for the "29th" to gain its distance. How like the man this was. Neither the danger ahead nor the enthusiasm around him swerved him a hair. His whole aim was to deploy the "29th" just as it should be done.

Still beyond the "29th," the 30th Mass. was running on its long journey to complete the deployment. Casting my eyes back I saw by the smoke that the 114th had not budged an inch. I had been deceived by the hats—the 1st brigade had not run to the rear.

Had there been another brigade at hand, it seemed to us that

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*To save time, to reinforce the 114th as soon as possible, this deployment was "by inversion;" that is the right (front) regiment in the column became the left in line, and the left (rear) regiment in column became the right of the line. Had the deployment been made as it more frequently is, the "29th" would have occupied the ground held by the "116th."

†These two regiments wore hats at this time, instead of caps, which the others had.

the counter charge could have been successfully kept up, but as it was, nothing more was attempted than to hold our position.

It fell to the lot of the "29th" to have something of a shelter, and as the left regiments furnished a better mark for the rebels, we did not suffer in proportion to the others, and probably we injured the enemy considerably more than we ourselves were damaged.

Shortly after opening fire, and when it was fully shown that the rebels were checked, they were reinforced by a long line of infantry and some guns. This force came from the woods, beyond which Grover's first line had been so roughly handled, and advanced as far as the fence, where the most of the enemy had previously taken refuge, and for a while their fire was extremely galling. It was just after this reinforcement that Major Knowlton was shot. He noticed the long line and told us to fire at it, and was almost instantly hit himself, his half raised body being a better target than the majority of the men.

But though so heavily reinforced the enemy could not drive us, and after awhile they themselves fell back to the woods from whence they came, and a sort of lull occurred in the battle. But just as we had shown ourselves masters of this part of the field, a rebel battery was planted on the other side of the brook upon which our right rested, and opened an enfilading fire on us. All the regiments suffered from this, and it is a credit to the brigade that they stood the fire an hour, or perhaps longer.* Every shell came screeching over our heads or burst in our ranks, and on one occasion the men of Co. B were burnt by the explosion. If the shell missed us of the "29th," it annoyed us scarcely less from our expecting it, and passing by us it was sure to make trouble in the 116th or 153d.

From some information which our superiors received, and from the suggestion of Gen. Beal that his right should be protected, the 47th Penn., which had lost itself in the woods and had

*I judge from Gen. Dwight's report, that it was momentarily expected that the large force of flankers and skirmishers on our right would drive these guns away. Col. Strain says he believes that he could have done it with only his detail, and Lieut. McKeen confirms him in this opinion, but Strain says that he understood Gen. Dwight to forbid his trying it with his small command. It happened that the 2d division detail got lost or separated and did not co-operate with Col. Strain in this duty.

straggled into our midst, was ordered to report to Gen. Beal, and was posted on the banks of the brook at right angles to our brigade and retired from it. Three or more companies of the 30th Mass., with some picked men of our regiment, waded through the brook and tried to pick off the rebel gunners, but they had their hands full in taking care of the rebel skirmishers, and it was not till Lieut. Col. Strain's skirmishers had come up, and one of Crook's brigades had gone over the brook, that the battery ceased working mischief with us. The firing of the rebel gunners was very creditable to them;* they guided only by sound and the rising smoke, for the intervening woods hid us from their sight. They at last got such excellent range on the brigade that Col. Davis, who commanded this front, for Gen. Beal had been ordered by Gen. Dwight to attend personally to the posting of the 30th Mass. and 47th Penn., ordered the line to retire to the woods in the rear, and here we remained a while in comparative quiet, for there were only sharpshooters and skirmishers in our front at this moment.

This falling back was not compelled at all; it would hardly have been attempted had the rebel infantry been active at that moment. As it was, we were very soon ordered to go back again, and both moves were unimportant except to us the actors.

To us they were a little ludicrous. Sergt. Reuben Viele, the color bearer, in common with half the men, did not hear the order to retreat, and seeing some fall back he thought their courage had failed, whereupon he danced up and down in a paroxism of indignation and rage. After jumping over the fence two or three times and exposing himself freely by way of good example, he was made to understand that the movement was only for a better shelter, and that his place was back in the woods.

A LULL.

A cry now went up for more ammunition. The General sent me for some, and I cannot forbear to record a pleasing little episode

*I have been unable to learn what battery this was, further than that it was a section of light artillery with cavalry supports. I judge from reading Gen. Early's "Last Year of the War," that it belonged to Fitz-Lee's cavalry division.

at this point. Please remember, as you read, that Sheridan was still something of a stranger to us.

I could find none in the woods; there was one wagon indeed with a few boxes left in it, but the officer in charge said his orders were to get to the rear, and he was obeying it most faithfully! Without stopping to parley with a skulk, who out-ranked me, I urged my nag into a gallop and was soon in the great field where the army had formed. And in coming out I ran directly upon Sheridan himself, who was crossing over to the right, and supposing that I had word for him, he said sharply: "Well! what is it?" I told him briefly our position and that my special errand was for ammunition, and I then ventured meekly to offer my opinion that it was "*too bad*" that a wagon now in there, but belonging to another command, should have been sent out when our brigade was in such need. I hadn't finished my sentence when he broke in with an oath that made me shiver from bugle to spur. Pointing to the ammunition train near by, which I had not noticed, though he seemed to know all about it, he continued swearing and ordering something after this fashion (the blanks represent the language for which he may be fined $1 according to the 3d Article of War):

"——————————————————————————— take that ——— wagon to the front quicker than ———. ——— quick I say ———. If the driver wont go, you seize it ———. Get that ammunition in there, and ——— quick too!" Encouraged by this, I soon piloted the train as far as the mules could be driven, and we were supplied. Now this is nice; here is actually a commander of an army, who thinks that a soldier is worth more than a six-mule team, and who isn't afraid to risk even a half dozen wagon loads of powder and lead rather than let his men go short. This is good, yet not so much what he said as the energy of his expression encouraged me.

Although appearances indicated a movement against our right, no attack of consequence was made, and I suppose it was because we were strictly on the defensive that the rebel battery was permitted to remain as long as it did without more demonstration on our part.

I judge that it was after two o'clock when General Crook came up in our rear, and leaving a force about as large as our brigade to relieve us, he took another brigade or two across the brook to our right, and sending Lt. Col. Strain's line of skirmishers ahead of his line, he advanced and crushed the rebel left. In this movement against the battery, our "29th" detail, under Lt. McKeen, took a prominent part.

Upon being relieved by Crook's troops, our brigade formed in the left corner of the bay where we had fought, the firing upon that point having ceased entirely. Then for an hour we remained quietly waiting behind our stacks.

VICTORY.

It was about three o'clock when Crook's troops moved to the front to drive the enemy out of the woods where he had rallied. Soon we heard the cracking of his rifles and the shouts of the victors. The fight was all one way this time; not an inch once gained was lost. A few of us who left the ranks a moment and ran out toward the fight, saw a sight on this Winchester soil that we shall tell our children with joy. Crook was literally "sailing in" with colors flying. A heavy artillery regiment—the right of the 6th corps, alone of all the troops that we saw, was having a very hard time, and their fighting could not be improved. At length a hurrah was started—something different from the constant howl we hear in battle—the second line of the 6th corps rose, and bent forward at double quick, the front line inched ahead in places but would not be pressed, the second line still pushed on and nearly closed itself on the "heavies," when they felt its momentum and started into a crawl. This developed into an uncertain waving motion, and finally they started one after another into a double quick for the rebels. We saw the enemy retreating, heard our own bugle sound "Attention!" and away we went in support of Crook, who was not a great many rods to the right of this heavy artillery regiment.

Except a little stray musketry and some poor artillery firing, we received nothing more from the enemy. It was all pleasure—this final charge—laying aside the sad scenes around us. We first passed over the field where Grover had retreated; the rebel dead here were very few, and there were fewer still of their wounded. The union dead and severely wounded from Grover's and Crook's commands were very many—so many, in fact, that in our limited knowledge of what else took place, we have been apt to believe that the union dead exceeded that of the rebels.

SHERIDAN.

In advancing to support Crook, we saw Sheridan with a few of his staff riding to the right, and the diary has a line of interest here:

We (Gen. Beal and staff) were almost into the woods which the rebels had just left, when we saw Gen. Sheridan and others. Curiosity prompted us to hurry toward him, and just as we came up with him, a captain with yellow trimmings (a cavalry aide) came from the right and front and reported the compliments of Gen. Somebody—he had just come in on the right—had been driving in the rebels from the north somewhere all day and now wished further orders.

"Tell him to charge in *there!*" pointing pretty well to the right of the field.

The captain begged to state that his general wished Gen. Sheridan to know that he had "been out a week"—"been fighting night and day"—"horses are galled, have cast their shoes and are lame"—"they are completely exhausted and cannot be spurred out of a walk—"

Sheridan cut him short with a terrible oath. "——— ——— tell him to *charge*!—tell him I say CHARGE!! We've got the rebels on the hip—we've whipped them on the left and front, and he must charge the right, and do it ———quick. I don't care a ——— for horse flesh to-day!" And away went the cavalry aide at a break-neck pace. It seemed hardly five minutes, when the cavalry, which we at first took to be rebels, started from the old forts on the Martinsburg pike and swept down at a wonderfully lively walk, (?) yelling, howling, slashing, kicking up great clouds of dust and rolling into the last line of rebel infantry, where they "bagged" many and sent the others flying through the town.

Perhaps in consequence of this we were ordered to wheel to the left, for Crook and the cavalry had driven the enemy nearest us, and so we marched along on the east of the town, but pretty well outside of it. Before us were the earth works and rifle pits made in the early part of the war. The rebels shelled the troops in our front from an old fort, but it disturbed us none. It did disturb us a moment afterward to see so many troops in the fort and rifle pits, and also near the railroad depot, but as we approached we learned that they were union forces. After considerable manœuvring we halted at the fort and here saw a bronze gun which the enemy had been compelled to drop. It was a U. S. "Napoleon," and had it been gold instead of bronze we could not have been more happy at seeing it. We were

content then with one re-captured gun! There were four other pieces taken in other places.

We followed the battle out of town with our ears only, and Chandler and Johnson never gave us such cheering music as that. We could hear the sharp snaps of the carbines and pistols of the cavalry mingling with the confused yell of victor and enemy. Then at sunset we moved along, still on the eastern side of the town, toward the place where Cos. C and I, 10th Me., had fought so gallantly May 24, 1862, and bivouacked before reaching it, perhaps a mile away.

"HURRAH!"

Then the news came in: "The cavalry has captured 700 to 1,000 prisoners, a lot of flags and some guns." We hurrahed till we were tired, and the Winchester people will tell you we made night hideous.

"Gen. Rodes is killed." "Bully for you!" for there is no sympathy for a rebel general.

"Four other rebel generals killed or wounded." "Still more prisoners and more generals *hors de combat*." Fatigued as we were we had to keep up to cheer such glorious news. Was not all this in Winchester? Winchester of the "Valley of Humiliation?" Had not our army been whipped out of this same town times without number? Had we old 10th Mainers forgotten our grief, our blisters, our *knapsacks*, that we should lose this glorious opportunity to crow? If ever revenge was sweet and a victory precious, it was this last battle of Winchester. Here where we had first seen the enemy and suffered our first defeat, we had come back once more after years of patient waiting, to win our first clean victory. We gathered together in groups around the fires and tried to explain to each other how glorious it was, but we couldn't do it; so we gave vent to our joy in cheers, and I tell you, having waited since May 3, 1861, for this very occasion, we did our cheering with a will.

All the news was not pleasant, however. To us nothing was half so sad as the death of Major Knowlton—for though he

Wm Rowlston

MAJ. 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.

A Trochsler & Co Lith. Boston

lingered till the next day, we knew that his wound was mortal. He had been in command of us only three weeks, but had grown steadily in favor with the officers and men of our regiment, and had been recognized outside as an officer of superior merit.* He had reached that stage of popularity when nothing but praise could be accorded to him, and his death, therefore, was a tremendous blow to us.

I am indebted to Capt. Whitmarsh for the following item of interest concerning our gallant commander. While the regiment was halting near the mill the Captain noticed that the Major looked dejected, and as he was usually so thoroughly "at home" in battle, he asked the Major if he was sick, and received "No," for an answer. Shortly after the Major called Capts. Turner and Whitmarsh, the two ranking captains present, and told them that he felt that this would be his last battle, and that he wanted them to keep their eyes on the regiment, and not be too much absorbed with their particular companies. The two captains tried to cheer the Major's spirits, but did not succeed. This premonition did not affect his judgment nor his action. He was cool and calm as ever; neither disturbed by the rout of the 2d division nor elated at the success of the 1st. Whatever grief the prospect of death may have occasioned within himself, nothing came to the surface for the men to see.

The Major had been "one of us" from the first. Before the war he was an officer of the Lewiston Light Infantry, and he loved the military profession. He was a man of rare good sense, and to his excellent judgment we must attribute much of the excellence of our three regiments. I trust that none will take offence if I state the conviction of my own mind, that he was the finest officer, all things considered, that our regiment ever produced.

OUR SERVICES.

On account of our having been strictly on the defensive with the advantage of a slight shelter and the privilege of lying down,

*In the death of Col. Peck, of the 12th Conn., and Major Knowlton, of the 29th Maine, he division lost two of its most gallant and efficient commanders.—Gen. Dwight's report.

our brigade, excepting the 114th N. Y., did not suffer very severely. The "29th" had also the additional advantage of being on the right, which was not quite so hardly pressed as the left. The conduct of the men was very gratifying to the officers. The regiment was handled with ease, both by Major Knowlton and by Capt. Turner, who succeeded to the command when the Major was wounded. The following "Field Return," made two days after the battle, is very nearly correct, and is all that I have been able to obtain. The regiments are arranged in the same order that the brigade line was formed, beginning on the left, which suffered the most, as will be seen.

There were no prisoners taken from the brigade.

	Officers.		Men.		
	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Aggregate.
114th N. Y.,	0	8	20	160	188*
153d N. Y.,	0	4	10	53	67
116th N. Y.,	0	0	9	38	47
29th Me.,	1	0	3	22	26
30th Mass.,	1	0	1	9	11
	2	12	43	282	339

I have no means of learning now the muskets taken into the battle. For a rough guess I should say 400.

The regimental formation at this battle was the same as that adopted at Morganzia upon the joining of the 10th Battalion. This formation was kept, Major Greene assures me, until the departure of Capt. Adams' Co. A, from Harrisonburg, Va., Oct. 5, 1864.

Left. | K | H | D | I | C | ‖ | E | B | F | G | A | Right.

*Except two wounded men, this loss occurred in nine companies; Co. I, Lieut. Schemmerhorn, was the brigade pioneer company by regular detail, and did not take its place in the line till the fighting was nearly over. The historian of the regiment says that the loss was "three-fifths of the entire number taken into action. No other regiment in the army suffered to such an extent as this." See Dr. Beecher's History, 114th N. Y., page 428.

Battle of Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864,

NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Where hit.	
	Knowlton, William	Major,		Died 20th.
H.	French, Nathaniel F.	1st Sergt.,	Lungs,	Died 29th.
C.	Rose, Edmund	Private,	Heart,	Died 20th.
F.	Brooks, Ora M.	"	Bowels,	Died 20th.

WOUNDED.

	Hanson, Samuel	Sergt. Maj.,	Head.	
A.	Kenney, Dennis	Private,	"	
B.	Gilchrest, William H.	Corporal,	Hand.	
B.	Bickford, Henry A.	Private,	Leg.	
B.	Gordon, Truman H.	"	Hand.	
B.	Vanner, William	"	Shoulder.	
C.	Livingston, John L.	"	Mouth,	(slight).
D.	Hayes, Maurice	Corporal,	Shoulder,	"
D.	Bucknam, Amos	Private,	Face,	"
D.	Green, Charles A.	"	Thumb.	
D.	Simpson, Josiah	"	Shoulder,	"
D.	Spring, William G. J.	"	Wrist and jaw.	
F.	Plummer, Spaulding	"	Arm,	"
G.	Parker, Joseph W.	Corporal,	Elbow.	
G.	Kincaid, Hiram	Private,	Thigh.	
G.	Lovejoy, John H.	"		"
G.	McAllister, Weeman	"	Leg,	"
G.	Russell, Nelson R.	"		"
H.	Pratt, Henry C.	Sergt.,	Head.	
H.	Brown, George H.	Private,	Side,	"
I.	Quint, Samuel T.	Corporal,	Side.	
I.	Townsend, Cyrus B.	Private,	Two fingers.	

Total, 1 officer and 3 men mortally wounded, and 22 men wounded.

If there is anything aggravating in war, it is to have your glory stolen from you by a newspaper reporter, and I shall not attempt to describe our anger, when the papers reached us with accounts of the "Delay of the 19th corps," and of "A battle almost lost by the tardiness of Emory."

Strange stories leaked out from corps headquarters. We heard that the "old man" was the very impersonification of rage, and that he had caught one reporter and made him "eat his lie," but that the chief villain had not been seen since the fight. The error was finally corrected, but too late to repair the mischief.

Gen. Emory has kindly furnished us with a few facts, which I have not seen in print and so insert them here:

"* * * The evening of the 18th, then in camp near Berryville on the south side of the Opequan, we were ordered to move at two o'clock in the morning in the following order:—1st, the 6th corps, followed by its train,—2d, the 19th corps, followed by its train,—3d, the eighth corps. The whole of the infantry to be moved under the orders of Gen. Wright. At 2 A. M. of the 19th, the 19th army corps moved precisely on time. I, with my staff, at the head of the column, was not long in striking the Berryville pike leading to the crossing of the Opequan. It was yet dark, and I could not see whether the 6th corps had passed or was marching on our flank. I therefore continued on, but it was not long before an A. D. C of Gen. Wright overhauled me, and gave me a peremptory order to halt. Soon Gen. Wright himself came up with his staff, and we all halted in the road for the 6th corps to come up, which was not until early dawn. I called Gen. Wright's attention to the order allowing the train of his corps (the 6th) to pass in front of the 19th. He stated that was the order, and it must be obeyed. It was not until the sun was up, that I was permitted under my orders to move, and then my command was constantly stopped by Wright's wagons. In the mean time the firing of small arms in front became very lively, with occasional salvos of artillery; and it was evident that the cavalry, which was in front under Gen. Sheridan himself, had encountered serious opposition in the defile leading from the creek to the plains around Winchester.

"I sent staff officer after staff officer to Gen. Wright to ask that the order of march might be changed, and his wagons turned out of the road to let the 19th A. C. pass to the front, and finally, about 9 o'clock, I gave the order to Grover to pass the wagons with the head of his column composed of the 2d division, but it was necessarily slow, as the train master of the 6th, having received no orders from competent authority, refused to yield an inch or give any facilities for the passage of the troops through the narrow defiles leading to and from the creek. At the same time I told Grover to feel his way along by side paths. I rode rapidly to the front with my escort and what remained of my staff. It was not until I reached the crossing, where I found the rear of the 6th corps still engaged in crossing, that I met my A. D. C., French, returning with the message that I might stop the wagons. But the road was now badly blocked with wagons, in great confusion, and some of them capsized. Orders were dispatched to the commanders of the 2d and 1st divisions to hurry along as fast as possible, and I rode directly to Gen. Sheridan for orders as to my position in line of battle. I found him with a division of the 6th corps hotly engaged, and received from him my orders what to do, but in consequence of the road being so blocked up with wagons, the head of the 19th army corps did not emerge from the defile until about 11 o'clock. Yet it was on the field

almost simultaneously with the arrival of the rear of the 6th corps. At this stage of the battle let us pause to consider the charge of tardiness in the movement of the 19th A. C. in getting on the field.

"1st. It is evident that it was on the pike two hours in advance of the 6th corps, and of time.

"2d. The delay was by the positive command of a superior officer.

"3d. But for the command and the interposition of the wagons of the 6th corps, the 19th A. C. would have been on the field at daybreak.

"4th. The general order of march preceding the battle, allowing the wagon trains to be interposed between the corps, shows that a general battle could not have been contemplated that morning, for the character of the crossings and the narrowness of the defiles were well known to that master of the art of war,—Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

"5th. The newspaper accounts to which you refer were derived from cowards who ran to the rear as far as Harper's Ferry, at the first fire, and only saw the 19th struggling to get by the wagons.

"6th. When these accounts came back to the army a note was addressed to Gen. Wright, calling his attention to them, and he promptly wrote a letter stating the exact cause, as above, of the delay, which letter was read to the corps on the field; and moreover, Gen. Sheridan telegraphed to the war department a special telegram, denouncing the newspaper version as a lie and slander.

"7th. When Mr. Swinton's history came out, re-affirming this lie, I called his attention to Gen. Sheridan's telegram, which I found in an old number of the Army and Navy Journal. I have his answer acknowledging the receipt, and nothing else. If he has not corrected it in a foot note, or in the second edition, his book should be burned wherever found, as containing a libel, known by the author to be such, in time to correct it had he chosen to do so.

"The above meets substantially the points of inquiry raised by you, but still as you request, I will go on and state what followed, though the *official accounts* do us full justice.

"At 12 M. the 19th corps was drawn up as follows, and word sent to Gen. Sheridan that we were ready for the fight: 1st, The 2d division in line of battle, its left resting on the 6th corps. 2d, The 1st division was drawn up on the right of it by regiments in echelon, its right retired. The answer in return to my message was to advance on the enemy simultaneously with the 6th corps. The 2d division was ordered to charge, which in company with Ricketts's division of the 6th corps, it did in the most gallant style, driving the enemy; but pushing too rapidly beyond the supports, the enemy, reinforced and seeking shelter, drove the 2d division and Ricketts's back, and made a counter charge with great gallantry. At this moment a battery of the enemy which I could not see, owing to the density of the woods, and protected by a deep morass from a charge, opened on my right, enfilading my whole line. At the same time and in the same direction, there came down on my right, a division of the enemy, just arrived on the field from Martinsburg, which caused me to deploy my 1st division to the right to meet this new demonstration. The 1st division would otherwise have been used to pursue the enemy, when he made his counter charge on the 2d division, for that charge was repulsed and we could have captured him, had my reserve not been drawn, as stated, to the right. As it was, we held him at a disadvantage to himself. At this moment, Gen. Sheridan, who held the 8th corps in reserve, put it in on our right, and the day was at once decided in the most brilliant style.

Very Truly Yours,

W. H. EMORY.

MAJ. JOHN M. GOULD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1864, THURSDAY.

SEPTEMBER 20th, *Tuesday*. We were up before light, and soon after sunrise moved to the right and front across the fields so familiar to the 10th Maine boys, to the Strasburg pike, and keeping on its left marched after the rebels. The cavalry had gone before us, having bivouacked at Milltown—a mile south of Winchester. The road was strewed for some miles out of town with the litter of the rebels, including many muskets. We saw crowd after crowd of prisoners going to the rear with woe-begone expressions, and looking "sorry" everyway. The "cradle and the grave" had been robbed to furnish some of them to the rebel army. This reminds me, that they say the *militia* of Winchester was in the fight yesterday. We saw one little fellow, a mere child, in citizen's dress, and with an abundance of clean linen, lying dead by the side of his grimmed and dirty companions in grey and butternut, and a shocking sight it was; but the mention of a militia company raised in Winchester provokes a smile. To-day, the negroes that we met have told us that the rebels were going past in a perfect rout all night.

At Cedar Creek we halted some hours on the bluff overlooking the burnt bridge, but were ordered to cross on the rocks, and did so; then keeping still outside and to the left of the pike, we were soon in bivouac near Strasburg, in sight of the rebel earthworks and tents on Fisher's Hill. The day's march has been seventeen miles, and we were in camp quite early, and have had a chance to hunt for corn. Those who have been clear to the front say the rebels have such a very strong position that they are equal to us after all their whipping and panic.

Soon after camping, Capt. Turner sent all the men of Co. A on picket under Lieut. Fowler. They advanced straight toward the enemy and took position on the left of the town, behind the railroad, and staid there during the night. In the forenoon of the 21st they were ordered to advance and "feel" of the

skirmishers of the enemy, who were posted on a bluff opposite. While they were "feeling" of the rebels, the latter gave them a smart peppering, and called them all the hard names known in Dixie-land. So the field officer of the day ordered them back to the railroad, and here, in the afternoon, the enemy shelled them, but all this was a waste of powder, for not a man of old A was touched.

On the afternoon of the battle (22d) they were again detailed, in answer to the call for a "steady company to go out on the right of brigade," and advanced to the railroad, which here runs directly toward the rebels. In this position they spent some hours trying to put their bullets through the heads of the rebel sharpshooters, and meanwhile to keep the rebel bullets out of their own heads. They succeeded in the last, which was the main point. This was the last service under fire that was required of "old A." It was creditable to the company that it could accomplish its object in these two skirmishes without a scratch.

On the morning of Sept. 21st there was a great deal of anxious inquiry in the regiment, "What next?" Every description that we heard of the enemy's position was more and more discouraging to us. But we heard no doubts expressed about our general. He would take it if it could be taken, and he would not try it unless he was sure of success. An unusual confidence was felt in him. We may have had a blinder faith in McClellan, but no such intelligent trust as we now had in Sheridan.

At eleven o'clock, just as we were preparing to hurrah for Sheridan and other celebrities who were passing, we had orders to move, and Gen. Beal being field officer of the day, Col. Davis, of the 153d N. Y., took the brigade toward Strasburg and beyond it to the right. The 6th corps passed still farther to the right and marched along another ridge, skirmishing at first and fighting in good earnest at last, and driving the enemy.

A glance at the map will show the general reader what every one of us knows, that the mountain ranges of the Valley run north-east and south-west. Besides the mountains, the hills or "ridges," as the people call them, also have the same general

direction. A washboard laid flat, with a billet of wood at the top and bottom to represent North Mountain and Blue Ridge, gives a good idea of the Valley, only for an exception we had right before us Three Top Mountain rising almost perpendicularly —the first of the Massanutten range.

The North Fork of the Shenandoah, after running down* the Valley for miles, between North Mountain and Massanutten turns sharply toward the sea, and then, winding around the base of Three Top, it goes cutting its way for the main river.

Tumbling Run flows straight across the Valley from North Mountain to the Shenandoah, and in cutting through Fisher's Hill it makes a precipice beside which White Head, of Casco Bay, is only a stepping stone.

Behind this gorge, which Tumbling Run has cut, protected on one side by Three Top and the North Fork, and on the other by the ragged sides of North Mountain, the rebels had spread what canvas they had saved and were grinning at us.

After the 6th corps had worked well along on the ridge, next to the right of the one on which Strasburg and the pike are located, our brigade was sent to form a connection with it, and we were put in an open field which the 2d division occupied next day. Our journey there was an odd one, and once in the position which Col. Davis had selected, some sharpshooters picked at us, and though they did not hurt any one their practice was first rate. Here we lay till 4.30 next morning (Sept. 22d), when we were ordered to follow Gen. Wheaton, of the 6th corps, and did so—moving in the dark, we knew not where at the time, but have since learned that we went along the ridge toward the left and front of the enemy.

Once there we found the 6th corps men were working with all their might, felling trees and building substantial breastworks. Our brigade was ordered to finish these works and to extend them to our left. The "29th," as usual, did good service with the axes and shovels which were furnished us, and before daylight

* "*Down* the Valley" indicates the same direction as "down-east" to our New England fishermen; and "*up*" is the same as we northerners generally mean by "down-south."

we had a very substantial line of intrenchments along the brigade front.* Such work is not the pleasantest on empty stomachs, but men will always readily build breastworks in presence of the enemy; besides, we knew that Sheridan had ordered them, and that hence it was all right.

At dawn of day the bullets began to whistle over us, fired by the rebel pickets who aimed only at the sounds. We learned by going down the hill a few yards, that the enemy had a strong picket line in rail pens out on the open ground beyond, and we thought that the position of both parties was rather odd.

In the forenoon Gen. Emory sent an order for sharpshooters to crawl out as far as they could go and report all they saw. Thirty men were detailed and started, though few went beyond our picket line. They returned with the report that no enemy was visible, except those in the pens, and the main line nearly a mile beyond, on Fisher's Hill.

At noon came the order to strengthen the skirmish line and to make a rush on the rebel pens with it. Capt. Kinney, of Gen. Beal's staff, took four companies of the 30th Mass., but before starting, Gen. Dwight ordered a regiment to go, so the 116th N. Y., with the four 30th Mass. companies, and the pickets from all the regiments of the brigade formed a line, with the 29th Me. for a reserve, and started. Moving out of the woods, they fired their volley, yelled and then went running as fast as their legs could carry them up the rebel hill into the pens.

Guiding on ours, a similar party dashed out of the woods from the front of Wheaton, who had moved from his works and gone still farther along the ridge toward the enemy. A heavy detail also came out on the left from Grover's division; this party, besides contending with natural obstacles, was shelled by a battery, which no one had seen till then, and received so sharp a musketry fire from the rail pens, that it halted in a sunken road which lay across their line of advance. Col. Davis noticed this and ran down (though it was none of his business), and started them out

* Our position at this time is shown in the plan on page 511 by the letter O of the word WHEATON.

again just in time to prevent the whole movement from turning disastrously.

Our party had but about two hundred yards to run, and the rebels, after firing the charge they had in their muskets, "skedaddled," so the casualties were light. One man of the 116th was killed, and a few were wounded, among them Lieut. Coburn, and Willard B. Hill of Co. G, who were on the picket detail from our regiment. Two men and a dog, all badly frightened, were found by the 30th Mass. These and the pens and the moral effect of success made us all jubilant for the moment.

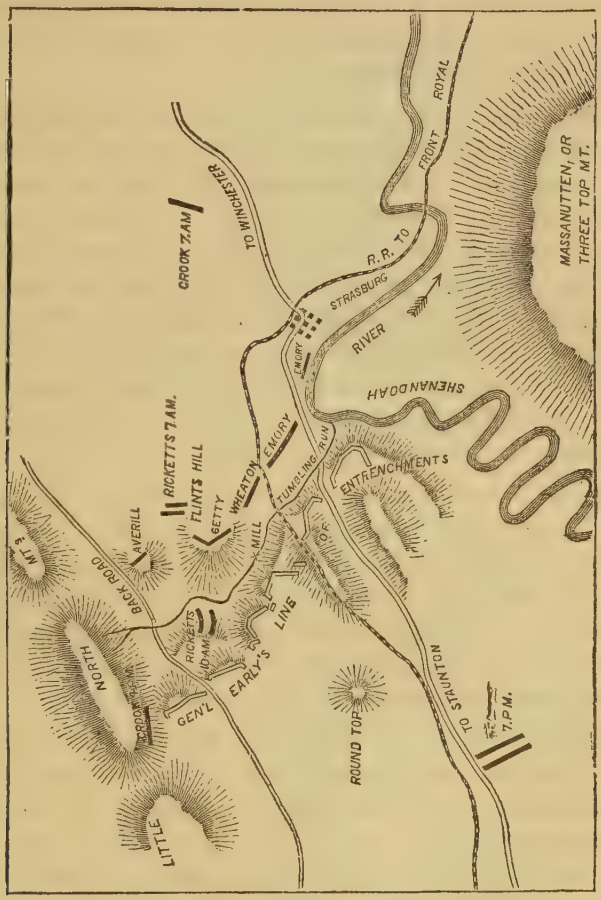
The pens were instantly reversed and the gaps between them filled up, after which the entire brigade took position behind this new line and went to digging again. Capt. Taft brought his battery over and commenced shelling the woods, but received no reply. Supposing that the day's work was done, the men now began to cook their suppers; and a word here about our rations.

It was now Thursday night. The army had started from Berryville Monday morning, with three days' rations, to last four, and had had little opportunity for foraging, for even the corn was nearly all too ripe to roast, and too green to break into hominy. Many were growing faint. We had been up half the night previous, and had been working hard all the day, which had been hot. All of a sudden a heavy cannonading opened away off to our front—a most mysterious thing it appeared to us. We were told that it was Ricketts, and we could see what we were told were his guns, near the brink of a precipice over Tumbling Run, belching away at the rebels opposite. Our neighbor, Capt. Taft, opened on the rebels too, and they replied upon us, though the range was rather long.

After a little of this, we received the order *to advance and carry Fisher's Hill by storm!*

Our General asserts that he never saw such an expression on Gen. Dwight's face as when he gave that order; and he freely admits that Dwight never saw such an expression on his (Beal's). But the order was peremptory to wait till Col. Molineaux's brigade of the 2d division had come up the pike on our left, and then to advance and carry the enemy's works on Fisher's Hill!!

Keeping his fears to himself, Gen. Beal started the brigade* on what appeared to be the most hopeless and reckless movement of the war. Upon our jumping over the breastworks, the rebels' artillery fire increased somewhat, or else we noticed it more, but as the distance was so great there were no casualties. Shoulder to shoulder we marched along the ridge, resting alone in an abiding faith in Sheridan, believing that he had ordered us to go forward,



PLAN OF FISHER'S HILL.

*Excepting the 114th, which had been left on picket near Strasburg.

and knowing, too, that Gen. Emory would not ask of us more than we could do.

We heard a distant cracking of musketry, mingled with the noise of the guns, and a faint but certain roar of voices, far to our front, and we compelled ourselves to believe that something like a victory was in progress, but no one dared ask himself "How?" Soon we found ourselves on the verge of a cliff almost perpendicular, where hardly a goat could descend, and that plainly ended the charge, to say nothing of some canister shot that we were not particular about investigating.

Halting here a moment, some troops of the 2d division fired on our backs from the breastworks we had just left, but the distance saved us. Then we noticed that the rebels had graciously ceased shelling us, though we were now in good range. Immediately after this, a brigade of Gen. Wheaton's division of the 6th corps swept into our field, having, I believe, been unable to advance on our right by reason of the same obstacle. We waited but a few seconds, then filed to the left, toward the pike, and once on the top of the ridge came to the front again and advanced. An aide of Gen. Sheridan rode past with the order "*Forward everything!*" "*Forward as fast as you can!*"

We were now descending into the ravine formed by Tumbling Run. Straight across was Fisher's Hill, its lines of earthworks and its huge precipice both telling us the folly of going farther. The entire 19th corps was rushing along the highland behind us. We could hear a mighty hurrah toward North Mountain, and we knew that something had been done; but—yes, *but*—that hill and the earthworks opposite, *those* concerned *us!*

"*Forward!*" came again from some one. We found ourselves leaping over slashes of saplings—jumping our length—landing not always on our feet, but somehow feeling no pain from the hard knocks.

"*Forward!*" is shouted still once more, though we had made no halt except at the precipice. We were literally tumbling down hill, yet the order was continually shouted from left to right, "*Forward!*"

Then at last, having jumped, slid and rolled hundreds or possibly a thousand feet, we came to a mill dam. This we "flanked" and then knocked over a fence and began to climb up Fisher's Hill.

A short distance up the hill we met Sheridan, though all of us may not have seen him. Gen. Beal, thinking that it might be well to form a brigade line here, asked Sheridan if he should do so.

"Go on! go on!" said "Philip."

He also told our General that the rebels had gone from their works and had left behind every gun but two.* And in one way and another we gradually learned that the rebels had evacuated the first line of works. Again and again the orders were shouted, "Forward!" "Go on!" "Don't stop!" and still on we climbed, many men actually crawling up the steep hill-side on their hands and knees. The most of our regiment went up the hill on the pike with Gen. Beal, while the other regiments scratched along farther to the right, racing with Molineaux's men to plant their colors first on the rebel works. I noticed that our 153d N. Y. and Molineaux's 155th N. Y. arrived there almost at the same instant.

We halted a moment at the works to take breath, and it was noticeable how quickly and easily the regimental lines were formed again. We had charged almost a mile, and a full half of the distance on the run, but the men had kept near their colors; or sometimes whole companies and battalions had kept together pretty well, nevertheless the movement was nothing more nor less than a scramble.

Once in the breastworks, we caught breath and sent up one of those hurrahs for which the army is famous, and which echoed and re-echoed from Three Top to North Mountain, and mingled with the great shout which was going up for miles around.

Again the order came "*Forward!*" We passed the second line of works farther up the hill. Here were guns on platforms, and ammunition chests taken off their carriages, which showed how secure the rebels felt. The regiments of the brigade had been

*How he could have learned that at this stage of the battle I cannot explain. But so much is sure, we never had a commander who knew so much about the rebels as Sheridan.

collected, but without halting. The horses came up (all our field and staff officers had of necessity gone in afoot), and an orderly night march soon resulted, the regiments moving in many parallel files, only we hurrahed and made every other kind of noise we could.

About this time Gen. Emory gave Gen. Beal one of the severest damnings it ever fell to his lot to receive—not that he deserved it at all, for his brigade had done well, but it was a pleasantry of the "old man," and was gentle talk to the blessing he gave some of his subordinates who had gone wrong. We had learned the General by heart and expected a rich treat of this sort from him whenever we did anything pretty smart.

We had gone three or four miles from Fisher's Hill before the corps was organized. Hitherto every organization had hurried along as fast as possible, in fifty parallel columns. The 6th and 8th corps passed to the rear, and our Second division took the lead and threw out skirmishers, but we ran them down, for they could not march so fast in the field as the army could in the pike. We were hungry and faint, but victory had given us strength, and had quieted the grumblers withal.

At Tom's Brook, about five miles from Fisher's Hill, the advance ran into the rebels, who discharged their muskets and received a volley in reply. This sent back upon us a legion of non-combatants, skulks and spare horses, and a panic seemed imminent, but instantly the regiments of our brigade swung into line, the men and officers seeming to feel instinctively what was needed, and requiring no order from the General.

This done we started on again marching in line, over every sort of obstacle, and the night being very dark and cloudy there was no fun in it, that is sure. Pretty soon a shell came flying over the heads of the 2d division, followed by another, and others still shortly after. Then we had to halt and form brigade line of the three regiments, for Col. Davis had run away to the front with the 153d, where Sheridan took them as the first thing handy and put them in front of the 2d division!

This halt delayed us a half hour or more, during which Sheridan came around and happened to overhear Gen. Dwight tell the

men to keep quiet and not be so anxious to rush ahead. He misunderstood Gen. Dwight's intention and gave him the most unreasonable and profane rebuke that we ever heard from our distinguished commander.

Sheridan then told us in his way that this shelling came from the only gun that the rebels had saved. I believe this was not exactly so, however, but we believed it then and hurrahed with all our might for Sheridan.

After this delay, we marched on again—a small body of cavalry taking the lead, and the way we trotted off the miles in the darkness surprised us. We had but little time to visit orchards and rob hen roosts; so at last darkness, hunger, sleep and fatigue made the march a dreary one. We passed burning wagons and ambulances, and the citizens told us that the rebels were ahead, running like hounds;—this was almost as good as a supper!

About 3 o'clock in the morning, we halted just outside of Mowerytown, near Woodstock, having marched about ten miles, which is six or seven miles more than any other general would have dared to attempt, even after the victory had been gained, yet Sheridan, in his report, says: "The darkness and consequent confusion made the pursuit *slow*." We ache to think how we should have had to trot had it been sunrise instead of sunset when this battle was begun.

Casualties at Fisher's Hill.

H.	Coburn, Geo. B.	1st. Lieut.,	Leg, in charging the pens.
E.	Hoyt, Benj. G.	Private,	Hand, in charging Fisher's Hill.
E.	Libby, Daniel	"	Jaw, " " " "
G.	Hill, Willard B.	"	Little finger right hand shot off in charging the pens.

These all were compelled to go to the hospital, where they recovered. Hoyt and Hill lost each a finger, and the others escaped amputations.

No killed, no missing,—"an absurdly small loss," as Gen. Wright styled it.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UP THE VALLEY AND BACK TO CEDAR CREEK.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1864, *Friday.* We were permitted to sleep only two hours, and at daybreak marched through Mowerytown and Woodstock, stealing every hen and whatever else could be seized in a hurry. The brigade filed into the fields beyond Woodstock, while our regiment passed to a hill farther on, and did the picket duty for the army, and foraging for itself.

Then the teams came up, unloaded and turned about, so that at noon we were on the march again. We finally bivouacked in line beyond Edenburg without excitement, though we heard picket firing by the small cavalry force that went on picket ahead of us. The day's march was five miles.

SEPTEMBER 24th, *Saturday.* The army marched early in many parallel columns, and reached Mt. Jackson without incident. Here we saw, on the highlands beyond the town, and across the Shenandoah, the tents and wagon covers of the enemy. Without the delay so common under the circumstances, the brigade turned off to the right; crossed a mill-stream, deployed and advanced by brigade front with skirmishers out; these had orders to connect with those of the 6th corps across the river and to "*go it.*" That was the word then. The 6th was delayed in crossing, and we pushed up the left (north-west) bank of the Shenandoah, without waiting, but found only a few mounted men of the enemy, who presently crossed the river. We followed them after a short rest, during which time the 6th corps came up with and went ahead of us.

Now Sheridan began to press things a little, though not so frantically as at Fisher's Hill. About once every hour the rebels made a halt and sent us a shell or two. To prevent delay from this, our skirmishers were reinforced again and again, till every yard of front had a man on it,—the heaviest skirmish line we ever saw. With the 116th N. Y. also as a reserve, and the brigade in line, the rebels must have felt anxious to travel. This they did in line also, with a line of skirmishers much lighter than ours behind them. But their march, though often hurried, was always in pretty good order, and highly creditable to them. Our brigade was on the right of the pike, and out of range of the farm yards for most of the time, but the army plundered every store, robbed every hen roost and broke every pump on our route. All the afternoon we pressed on in this manner, halting, when the enemy made a stand, only long enough to reply with our artillery, for two or three batteries marched with the reserve of the skirmishers. The celerity, ease and safety of every movement was remarkable. We had seen nothing like it before.

Late in the day we spied a wagon train of the rebels. At this our boys grew frantic. Gen. Beal begged permission of Gen. Emory to hurry and capture it ahead of the 6th corps. It was a rich sight to see the "old man" just then. True to his duty, he refused to grant permission, but in such a way that we thought he would be glad if Gen. Beal would take the responsibility. In another minute the brigade was working ahead almost at double quick; the skirmisher's fire grew sharper, and we were only waiting to see that "one gun"* open before starting on the run, when out rode an aide from Sheridan, who couldn't stop to send his commands through the "regular channels," with the order to halt and to guide on the right of the 6th corps as before.

After sunset the enemy was more obstinate, and we were surprised that Sheridan should halt for the night when there was yet a half hour of twilight. The brigade bivouacked in line, though in musket range of the enemy's skirmishers, built fires, made their coffee and went to sleep. Two men were hit, but

*There were more saved by the rebels, but we talked only of the "one gun."

were not seriously hurt, however, before 9 P. M., while lying in rear of the stacks, and had the enemy only dared to, he could have shelled out every man of us. We pitched our tents and brought the brigade wagon up in full view, perfectly confident that we should not be harmed. The day's march, from point to point, was twenty miles, though we traveled five more and were off the pike all of the time. Our camp that night was five miles south of New Market, near a little village not shown on the map.

The enemy escaped in the night, the cavalry failing to accomplish the mission they had been sent on, and the infantry saw nothing more of him for some days.

Next day, 25th, we marched to Harrisonburg.

Prisoners and tobacco are abundant of late. Can't say so much of regular rations—and if we live here long, there will not be a thing eatable left for the people.

While here, the men of the army had a way of grating corn on graters made out of their canteens. Thus, when green corn failed, the ripe helped us to piece out the short allowance.

SEPT. 29th, *Thursday.* The 6th and 19th corps marched up to Mt. Crawford, seven miles, as a support to the cavalry, which had found more of the enemy than it could have attended to safely had he pressed hard.

This evening the cavalry returned from Staunton, burning mills and wheat everywhere that they found it. The spectacle was truly awful. At our prayer meeting (153d N. Y.) we could see to read the fine type of the Christian Commission's hymn book by the blaze of these fires. I am heartily thankful that it is not our business to do this cruel work, but the sentiment of the army is that this destruction is right and best.

The next afternoon, Sept. 30th, the army returned to Harrisonburg. Two hogsheads of tobacco for our brigade was the reward of our move to Mt. Crawford.

OCTOBER 1st, *Saturday.* Capt. Nye returned, and on the 4th he took command of the regiment.

OCT. 3d, *Monday.* The regiment, excepting Co. E, whose rolls had not been made in time, was paid by Major Charles F. Wilson, for May, June, July and August, and an instalment of bounty,

making $104 or $114 for the privates. The Major gave us all a $100 "seven-thirty" bond, on which about a dollar's interest had already accumulated. The pay of privates had been increased to $16 a month. Capt. Nye sent home $5,000 for the Lewiston boys, and I sent about $1,300 for the Portlanders, and $6,000 more a few days afterward.

October 5th, *Wednesday*. The non-veterans of Cos. A and D, twenty-five or thirty in number, started home under Capt. Adams and Lieut. Fowler. The organization of Co. A expired by limitation, and the regiment was now left with only nine companies until Capt. Butler's Co. A reported.

This was one of the thirty companies of one-year men that were raised for the purpose of filling up vacancies in the regiments in the field. Capt. Edward S. Butler was well known to us, for he had served a long time as acting regimental quartermaster of the Tenth. 1st Lieut. Freedom H. Lander and 2d Lieut. Charles W. Gerrish had both been officers of the 23d Maine. There were a considerable number of "1st" and "10th" men in the company, and the 23d Maine, moreover, was so well represented in our regiment that it was not like coming among strangers to be consolidated with us. The company was a good one. We made sport of and nicknamed it the "Star company," but you must all admit that they were a fine body of men, and in the brief term of their service they did much better than the average of new organizations.

October 6th, *Thursday*. The army fell back toward its base of supplies. We marched at sunrise at short notice, but without delay or inconvenience. Our regimental line was re-organized this morning, to conform to the changes of relative rank of the captains. Capt. Adams, as just stated, had gone home to be mustered out. Capt. Beardsley had left us while in camp near Berryville, to accept promotion in the colored troops, and Capt. J. M. Beal had been discharged for disability. This gave Nye the right, Turner the left and Pray the colors, and hence all the other companies were changed. The new formation was:

Left. | F | B | E | H | A | I | D | G | C | K | Right.

The cavalry burned every hay or grain stack and every barn with grain in it. All day long huge jet black clouds of smoke rolled up around us.

Our army has destroyed all the grain and provender it could find. It has taken nearly all the sheep, swine, cattle and poultry, and has eaten all the fruit and vegetables in its line of march. This, with knocking over stone walls and burning rail fences, must tell fearfully against the resources of the confederacy. This is cruel, but the question is whether our enemies or ourselves shall suffer. Our hearts do not enter into this work, but our heads tell us it is a means of putting down the rebellion. It reverses Gen. Bosquet's opinion of the charge at Balaklava, "*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" for this is *war*, and it is in no sense splendid. Our camp was three miles north of New Market, and the day's march twenty-one miles.

October 7th, *Friday*. We took the east side, and the 2d brigade the west of the pike, and marched at 10 A. M. as rear guard of the army. Fires and destruction were in order again to-day. We marched slowly, formed line and halted often, and lost our patience. At Mt. Jackson the rebel cavalry came up, but kept out of range of the artillery. They captured forty or fifty stragglers, who had managed to flank us. We camped, after nine o'clock, among the rocks and pine saplings north of Woodstock, tore down a barn for fire-wood, and went to bed cross as bears. The day's march was seventeen miles.

October 8th, *Saturday*. Marched at 5, the advance of the corps. When near Fisher's Hill, Sheridan halted the army. The rebel cavalry under Rosser—a new name to us—was pressing Sheridan's rear with an impudence quite refreshing. Our regiment was detached and sent up Round Top Mountain to guard the signal station there, and we thus had a chance to see part of the fight below us, and returned in the evening, without any very exciting incident. We camped at night behind the rail pens which we had captured at the noon charge, Sept. 22d. The day's march was nine miles, which our tramp up and down Round Top nearly doubled. The cold north wind made a great deal of suffering in our army that night.

Next day, Sunday, we shivered and cried in the smoke, listening

to the pounding of the light batteries on the other side of Round Top. The diary says:

We had a union prayer meeting this evening—the 153d N. Y. with the "29th." The good news that Mr. Knox is coming pleases us all. Our meeting was almost broken up by the official announcement that the cavalry had turned on their rebel pursuers and driven them to New Market [Sheridan says Mt. Jackson], captured eight guns [eleven], and burned all their wagons. The Johnnies saved one gun, and they say that Gen. Custar got so excited that he cried out "*A thousand dollars to the man who takes that gun.*"

October 10th, *Monday.* The army fell back five miles to Cedar Creek in peace. We suffered for want of clothing and shoes. Sheridan had only been able to supply us with rations up to this time, and it was many days before we had clothing enough to meet our wants. Once back on Cedar Creek we saw, or thought we saw, that all was over for the present. Gen. Beal's application for a leave of absence was returned approved. This was proof positive that the Valley campaign for 1864 had ended, for before this all leaves had been refused except to the sick. The General went home October 13th, and Col. Davis, of the 153d N. Y., took command of our brigade; he was popular from the first with all the officers and men of the brigade.

Before Gen. Beal had been gone four hours, the sound of a gun and the whistle and explosion of a shell brought us all on our feet. The story goes that the rebels had crept so quietly and quickly upon the unsuspecting pickets of Crook, who was between us and Strasburg, that they were able to plant a battery in range of his camps, and the first shell fell in the best place it could fall —Gen. Crook's headquarters.* There was something of a fight immediately, though few of the popular histories of the day mention it. From a rebel diary, which fell into our Capt. Redlon's hands a few days later, we have learned something of interest about it, and have inserted it here.

This diary is in a book bearing the marks of bullets, and was found on the Cedar Creek battle ground by Capt. Redlon, near where Birge's brigade had camped. It is a Roman Catholic book,

*So went the story—and I have never seen or heard it disputed, by union authority, though Early says, that the troops he attacked had just moved out to their position.

entitled the "Sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ." On the fly leaf the following is written:

"Captured in battle near Strasburg, Va., Oct. 13, 1864, from a yankee who was killed. Given to me by one of the men.

H. B. McCallum, 15th S. C. Vol."

Then upon the margins of other leaves are the following, in the same handwriting:

"Oct. 13th. The battle to-day was a gallant affair. Our brigade charged the enemy posted in superior force behind a rock fence, killing and wounding many, and capturing just 100 prisoners. I saw a yankee colonel commanding a brigade (name I think Wells, of Boston,) borne from the field by a yankee captain and two lieuts. and another prisoner. The col. afterwards died. We lost the brave Col. Rutherford, of the 3d, mortally wounded. Gen. Connor lost a leg. Our whole loss about 132 killed, wounded and missing.

"Oct. 17th. Moved just after daylight, down the Valley, by what I suppose to be the Middle Road.

"Oct. 17th, 8½ A. M. Resting in line of battle. Men have built large fires and are comfortable.

"Oct. 17th, 9½ A. M. Rosser was sent this morning to surprise the enemy. Pegram went to support him; we to support Pegram, so I hear. Rosser has just returned with 30 prisoners, including a colonel. Pegram has also returned. We are waiting orders.

[Not dated.] "Returned to same camp."

From Gen. Early's book we learn that the movement of Oct. 17th was made by the entire rebel army, to protect Rosser, each of whose troopers had taken an infantry man on behind his saddle (pity the poor "doughboy"), and gone out to surprise a cavalry camp, but had found only a picket guard to capture.

To us who were in camp, not dreaming of a rebel nearer than Mt. Jackson, this cannonading was an order to assemble. Immediately came the order to pack up and form line. Then our Gen. Emory, whose caution and foresight are not excelled, made work enough for us that night in preparing for a fight. Rations, clothing and ammunition were issued. Twenty-five "sharpshooters" were sent out toward North Mountain, every man to be his own captain, and to come back at 4 A. M. and report all he had seen. They all came back one after another, but none of them had seen more than a company of cavalry, and were unable to state whether that was union or rebel. For some weeks after this, these twenty-five men were excused from all duty out of camp, and kept constantly ready to start on a similar errand again. Ozias Mullen of C, and Oran Hilton of E, were the two of our regiment.

Soon after the first sound of the battle, the brigade was ordered across Meadow Run, to resist any attack that might be made on the right flank, and we went to sleep at night understanding that we must be up and ready to fight at dawn of day. The 6th corps had started for Washington this morning, and we knew nothing of the whereabouts of the cavalry. The prospect was not altogether flattering, for besides this weakening of our forces, Kershaw's division of the enemy had reinforced him. But we had unlimited faith in Sheridan; therefore, none of these things troubled us.

For the next day I give you the diary:—

Oct. 14th, *Friday*. Pleasant and warmer, still cool. Up at 2.30. We then packed up and ate breakfast. Bets about fighting next, shivering all the while. Stood behind stacks a long time, and then, as no orders came, after daybreak one by one squatted down and went to sleep. All of us at brigade headquarters were snoozing quietly, when five or six musket shots were heard from just up the hill where the brigade was yesterday. I went up and found out the cause, and this is the story:

A man has deserted from the Rhode Island cavalry, they said, and turned "bushwhacker," *i. e.* he kills and robs his late friends. He is an enemy of the cavalry particularly, and he has been caught by them in the bush all alone. This seals his fate. They brought him in last night, looked him over, and concluded they would shoot him first and get permission afterward. This morning while we are shivering and sleeping, they dig a hole up on the hill, twenty inches deep, tie the man's hands behind him, detail six men and load three of their carbines with ball and three with powder only. They bring their man up and make him kneel at the edge of the hole with his back toward it; they pull his old slouched hat down over his eyes and *tell him to keep quiet!*

Six triggers are pulled; three balls go through the victim and pass over into the First brigade, from whence cometh the usual cries "Put him in the guard house!" "Give him a furlough!" "Bucket of water!" etc. The traitor tumbles heavily into his hole, the cavalry-men pack him down flat with their feet, the doctor gives him a punch in the stomach and says "He's dead!—he may gasp once or twice, but he's dead!" The cavalry-men tell the crowd to "get out," and then shovel the earth over him. The crowd says "Good!" "Bully for you!" "Served him right!" "That's the way to do it!" and in ten minutes' time from the first appearance of the party with shovels, the thing is all over. I have seen twice the excitement over the shooting of cattle, but never half so much satisfaction as this summary punishment to traitors.

That's the story—you may moralize upon it. It is no use to deny that it increases our good opinion of the cavalry.

About noon the 6th corps began to arrive, having been recalled, and the position of the brigade was again changed. The 90th N. Y. and our regiment, however, were kept on the right bank of Meadow Run, while the 116th and 153d N. Y. built breastworks in front of our old position on the other side, and the 30th Mass. and 114th N. Y. camped on the hill side, near Sheridan's headquarters. We staid here some months. The spot is indicated on the plan upon page 532 by a little block on the left of the line of the 6th corps. A little picket firing was all that we heard to-day.

That night our division and McAuley's brigade of the 2d division received orders to go on a reconnoissance in the morning. Most of these orders were issued in the night, and were executed with a promptness worthy of note, and without the fuss peculiar to the first years of the war. We proceeded to Strasburg, found a few videttes there, and chased them home. Gen. Emory at last ordered us to show ourselves, but this drew no fire and we returned to camp. We noticed that the enemy was cutting the timber from the western slope of Round Top, so that their signal men might keep a better eye on North Mountain.

A part of our Second division worked all night, throwing up breastworks, and we were turned out before daybreak next day (Oct. 16th) to strike tents, load the brigade wagons and wait two or three hours, when the 6th corps reveilles sounded, and we were permitted to break ranks. The diary states that the swearing and grumbling on this occasion was terrible. We thought "Old Brick Top" was unnecessarily cautious, but time has shown us that he knew more than we. The diary notes, also, that our brigade was at work all day slashing the timber and building breastworks, and that our picket line was strengthened.

About this time Gen. Grover preferred charges against Gen. Dwight, for making statements, in his official report of the battle of Opequan, slandering the Second division. The case was never brought to trial, but Gen. Dwight was put in arrest, and the

command of the division was turned over to Gen. McMillan. We saw a copy of the report and the charges, and in our own minds acquitted the General.

Oct. 18th. The trains and mail arrived, bringing joy to body and soul. Capt. Nye was mustered in as major, and Kingsley and Greene each went up a peg in consequence. Scouts came through the picket line of our brigade this afternoon from Fisher's Hill, and they say the rebels are preparing to evacuate their stronghold. (Faithful scouts! you should have staid a trifle longer and learned which way they were to retreat!)

The event of the day to us, however, was the arrival of Chaplain Knox. In the evening we had a meeting of welcome, in our camp, which was well attended and very interesting, though the evening was cold and windy. It was a source of great comfort to the good man, and during the few days of life which were left to him he used frequently to express his joy that the last service of our regiment, before it was called to battle, was to meet the Lord in prayer. The infidel may claim that the prayer meeting and the battle have no connection. I will not argue the case here, but as your historian it becomes me to chronicle these facts;—our prayers were earnest and sincere; a majority of the officers were present and a great number of the men. It was a blessed hour to us all. And as for the battle, there is only one word about that; the 1–10–29th regiment never *began* to fight any where else as it did at Cedar Creek!

CHAPTER XLVIII.*

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

October 19, 1864, Wednesday.

We count it the glory of our regiment that we fought at Cedar Creek, and that we fought so well.

In a few minutes after our prayer meeting of the evening before, we were asleep. This morning, at dawn of day, we heard the reveille of some troops of Grover's division, who were getting ready to go out on a reconnoissance. Mingled with the jargon of drums and bugles, was the rattling fire of the skirmishers of our brigade and the 6th corps. This woke all but the heavy sleepers, and we formed line at once, but it left us in doubt as to what was coming next. We could see but little, for the morning mist had not lifted and the day had little more than dawned. In from five to twenty minutes after this, we heard the crash of musketry and the shouts of the victors in exactly the opposite direction, and a mile distant from the first firing. There was no mistaking these sounds, they meant a battle.

The arrangement of the camps of our army is well shown on the plan. It will be seen that a crescent or an ox-bow gives something of an idea of its shape, only that the three corps were arranged in echelon. The rebels had indeed "evacuated" Fisher's Hill as the scouts had told us, and leaving in camp everything that would rattle, even to their canteens, they had crawled along

* The references made in this chapter to the authority of E (Gen. Emory), are quotations from an article by our old commander in the Washington Chronicle of March 14, 1870. This newspaper article is the General's reply to a review of the "Vermont brigade in the Shenandoah Valley."

the front of our left wing composed of Crook's command. The waiting for morning, they dashed upon him, ran over his pickets and fell upon his camps, shouting "*Another union victory!*"

The front division of Gen Crook, we understand, was surprised, but its men claim to have made more of a fight than they are credited with. The reserve division had fifteen minutes time to prepare for the rebels and manœuvred a little to meet them, but they were completely overpowered and flanked right and left. So before the hour was out they were all killed, wounded or on the road to Winchester or (Richmond!), and the rebels came streaming across the pike, where they captured a large part of the ambulance train and a hundred small side-shows which were camped near by, or ran them off.

Grover's division, of course, was not surprised—that is, it was not caught napping—no troops under Emory's eye ever were, I reckon. His camp was next in line, and the fight of his men, it is claimed, was plucky and effective, but we saw nothing of it by reason of the mist. They were not so suddenly sent to the rear, and for that matter many of them had to fight facing the rear, but in time, one after another, they came out of their works and went we know not where. The diary says it was like peeling the bark off a switch, the way the rebels handled our 2d division, a simile which applies to both the 8th and 19th corps. During all this we remained in or near our camps. Our Second brigade was sent* under Col. Thomas,† a fighter of the bull-dog kind, to reinforce Crook's command, and they made a bull-dog fight of it, across the pike near the camps that Crook had been driven from, as the many dead in blue and grey testified to us who saw them there next day. But this fighting by detail, though sanguinary and plucky, did not keep back the enemy.

Col. Davis sent for orders, but none of his staff could find McMillan, who was perhaps off with his own brigade. Not a

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*The commander of the 19th corps was ordered to detach a division or brigade to re-occupy the position from which the corps on his left had been driven. The order was instantly obeyed, though it was designed to use the brigade differently. "E."

† McMillan commanded the division this morning as Gen. Dwight was in arrest. Our Third brigade was still doing duty as escort to the train.

great while after this Gen. Emory passed in rear of the works of the 153d and 116th N. Y. He was afoot, for both of his beautiful white horses had been disabled. From him Col. Davis got orders to leave his exposed and now useless position.

About this time the 114th N. Y. and 30th Mass. were sent into the battle by Gen. Emory himself.* They had simply to file by the left to their rear and fire their muskets toward Sheridan's headquarters, which had previously been behind their camp. Demoralizing as it is to have one's retreat cut off, these two regiments fought till they lost about a third of their numbers, in killed and wounded alone, and then receiving the command to retire, they did so in good order, though surrounded on three sides.

THE TWENTY-NINTH MOVES.

During all this hour or more, we were standing in line or packing our kits and waiting for orders. At length the command came to go over and reinforce the 114th N. Y. Thereupon Maj. Nye promptly faced us to the right and broke the head of the column to the rear.

The camp grounds of the 8th and 19th corps were in possession of the enemy, excepting the little corner where our 1st brigade had been stationed, and we were moving over into the fog and smoke to defend this remote position.

The right companies had crossed the run and had pushed aside a mass of stragglers from Grover's division, when Gen. Dwight, who was still in arrest, and therefore had no proper command over us, told Maj. Nye that the entire corps was retreating, and that he could do nothing with his small force, but as this information

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*Clearly, the only thing left [for the 19th corps] was to change position. * * there was interposed between the enemy and the line of the 19th army corps the corps headquarters' guard, composed of the 114th New York volunteers, greatly reduced in number. It was one of those painful cases where it is necessary to sacrifice a smaller force for the greater. The 114th [and 30th Mass.] was ordered to stand fast and fight the enemy while it could. General Moulineau with his brigade was ordered in person to descend from his line below the crest of the hill and make a flank movement as rapidly as possible to the rear. Other brigades and regiments were ordered to do the same thing by aides-de-camp. This movement, considering the circumstances, was executed with surprising order and effect. While it was being executed the gallant 114th was almost cut to pieces. E.

did not justify the Major in disobeying orders, he hesitated a moment, when Gen. Dwight gave him the command to return to his camp!

Thus we were saved from utter annihilation.

We countermarched and returned to our old position, only that now we faced the brigade headquarters, which previously had been behind us. While down in the ravine, Private Greenlief, of Co. A, had been shot dead, and on our way back to camp the bullets came showering across our path from the left, that is, from Sheridan's late headquarters, telling us plainly that our moment for battle had come. The 90th N. Y. followed us in this movement down to and back from the run, but on returning took position somewhere in the rear of us instead of going back to its camp. The other regiments of our brigade—the 116th N. Y. and 153d N. Y. with Tafts 5th N. Y. battery,* came out of their breastworks on the hill and filed across to our side of Meadow Run. Capt. Taft, fearing the loss of horses and capture of his guns, moved down the hill by a "cross cut," upsetting three guns, by so doing, which he was compelled to abandon. These movements were simultaneous with ours. All the infantry crossed above the ford where Greenlief was shot, but the battery and some wagons came over on that ford and went through our lines, making much confusion.

Just before these regiments and the battery left the hill, I noticed that the enemy's bullets were coming from exactly opposite directions, and were striking all around these troops, some from across Cedar Creek and others from Sheridan's headquarters.

Gen. Birge's brigade, whose camp was not far from ours, toward the pike, had filed out and gone toward the 6th corps just before this, but we could not or did not notice their course by reason of the mist and smoke into which they soon disappeared.

At length all of our friends were away from our front (our *new* front), and seeing squads of the enemy over in the breastworks of the 116th N. Y., and all around on the other side of the Run, the Major ordered "Fire!" It was a fine volley, and as

* Not the 1st Maine battery, as many of you understand it.

few of you noticed its effects from where you stood, I am happy to tell you that we who were with Col. Davis in another part of the field could see the rebels scampering back before it at a pleasing pace. Even nearly as far back as to Sheridan's head-quarters a line of troops, which some one had formed and was leading out to attack our brigade, fell back in confusion.

We fired only four or five rounds, and then Major Nye received the order to fall back. The rebels at this moment held the entire front and left of the old camp of our army. They were also, if I understand it correctly, very nearly into Middletown with their right. Therefore, our brigade could not retreat directly to the rear of the army, without passing along the front of the enemy. It was Gen. Emory's plan* now to place his corps in connection with the troops of the 6th corps, which had moved out of camp and were in a line stretching from the pike toward the camp they had quitted; and as we were nearly cut off we had to make a detour to accomplish the object. In truth the enemy might have pushed us into Cedar Creek had he had men enough to whip us.

THE SECOND STAND OF THE TWENTY-NINTH.

When the order came to Major Nye to retire, our regiment was all alone and on the right of the army—in rather a critical position. He gave the command "By right of companies to the rear!" and we ran as fast as legs could carry us down the hill to the west and up the next slope until we had gone perhaps 500 yards, when the Major halted us and formed line again. In this movement we were again broken up a little by the wagons.

I remark here that such a *run* might have been made in 1862, but it is doubtful if any but old troops could have *halted* and formed line as promptly as we did. I have heard of but two men who skulked during this move. Perhaps some may blame Major Nye for attempting a run, which is so apt to develope into a panic, but he had unlimited confidence in the "29th," and the run saved many lives without doubt.

On this hill-side, or "second line," we fired a few more rounds

*Newspaper article of "E."

at the rebels who had already taken possession of our camp. The direct fire from these fellows was not very severe, but it was trying in the extreme to stand quiet under the zipping of bullets which came raking along our rear from left to right, fired by loose gangs of men hidden among the buildings around Sheridan's headquarters. We also had a sharp fire upon our right flank, and to add to our discomforts, the 90th N. Y., which should have been on our right, was really up the hill in our rear, pretending to be firing at the enemy on our right, but in their line there were two new companies, besides a very large number of recruits which so swelled the other eight that it was almost a "*new*" regiment, and some of these clowns were firing at everything and nothing, as recruits do, and their bullets struck among us.*

We staid on this line only a few minutes, and then received the command, which emanated from Gen. Emory, to fall back. This was done in the best of order, at a walk, and you all agree that it was not the pleasantest feature of this move to climb over the stone walls that skirt the road to North Mountain.

After marching with a steadiness that must have given joy to the heart of Gen. Emory, as it most assuredly did to Col. Davis's, we halted again by order, near a white cottage house and a peach orchard.

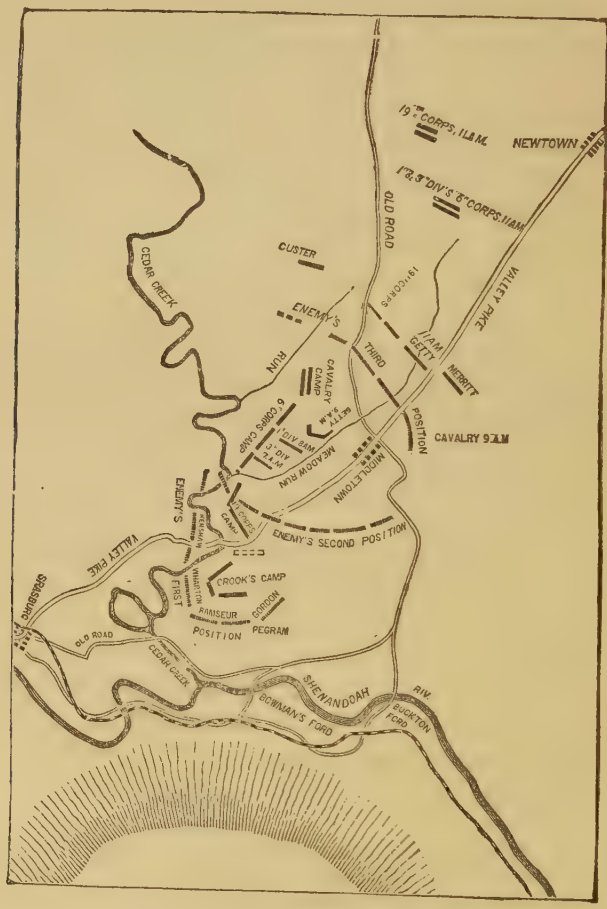
THE PEACH ORCHARD.

You all remember that fatal spot; it was a broad, open field of red earth, which the 6th corps boys had robbed and tramped over for a week until it was almost as smooth as a road, and absolutely shelterless.

The enemy who had pelted us all along our march to this position, was now forming behind the stone wall that we had just jumped over, but for the first time of the battle we had no flank fire to contend with. Still the position of the enemy was

* In further explanation of the difficulty of handling this regiment please remember that Lieut. Col. Shawman and Major Sharp were both wounded, leaving the command to Capt. de Parturelle, who labored under all the difficulties incident to the sudden change.

every way more favorable than ours, and they shortly improved it by sending a force to flank our right. We could see behind this wall their riddled and ragged battle flags and the heads of the men. I judged from the former that a division of the enemy was on our side of Meadow Run, but if the nearness of their flags is to be taken as the estimate of their numbers, and I suppose it must, we have to confess they did not so excessively out number the union force actually present opposed to them, as one might infer.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

It was on this line that Col. Davis succeeded in bringing four of his regiments together. The 116th N. Y. and 153d N. Y., after crossing the run had made a number of short stands near the banks of Meadow Run, and had been under as severe a fire as the "29th." They were nobly led however, and when they arrived near the peach orchard they were still "fresh," and in as good condition every way as our own regiment.

Gen. Birge also brought up the remnants of some of his regiments and placed them in the intervals between ours and upon the left. The number of muskets which he brought in was quite small, but they were well served. The few men who hung around their standards, honored the old flag and did their country a most valuable service at this time. It was a *few* men that held the balance of power all through this battle, and had these few been absent who can tell what results might have followed? I am glad to note that two sturdy groups were around the colors of the 12th and 14th Maine.

Gen. Birge shared the command with Col. Davis, and the two worked together very harmoniously. Their men were all of the 19th corps that were engaged on this line—the line that first fairly held the enemy against both force and strategy.*

Here our gallant brigade and Birge's fragment did infinite credit to itself. After a volley or two had been fired a little wildly, every one cooled down and made the most of the dreary position. Some cast off their knapsacks or kits and lay down behind them, others knelt or stood up, but all seemed to be taking good aim.

We fired five—ten—fifteen rounds, and looked anxiously about to see if the welcome order was coming for us to retire to a better position.

The skirmishers on our right announced a force approaching to flank us, and a cross fire confirmed their report. Col. Davis compelled our skirmishers to keep them back. Capt. Turner, who

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* I was sent by Col. Davis, at this time, across the gully on the left of our two brigades to the troops nearest us, who were at least an eighth of a mile distant, and found them to be the 9th N. Y. heavy artillery of Ricketts's (3d) division, 6th corps. There were no intervening troops, not even a skirmisher.

was field officer of the day, and Lieut. McKeen, who commanded the detail from the "29th," stand credited with this; but I do not mean to say that the "29th" men alone were thus engaged.

We took the cartridges out of our pockets and haversacks—those same cartridges that we had sworn about so many times, and fired them at anything that appeared to be a rebel head, but still no order came to retire.

Lieut. Hoyt was killed in quitting the second line. Capt. Blake was hit soon after, but with characteristic pluck he hung to us, till, faint from loss of blood, he was compelled to leave. Capt. Kingsley was also sent to the rear by a bullet about this time, and all the sergeants being disabled, Corporal Sam. Jumper took command of K. He did so well that Lieut. Greene, then acting as adjutant, promoted him sergeant on the field, a well-merited reward for one of our bravest men. And at length, Major Nye, who persisted in keeping mounted, stopped his horse a moment, when a bullet struck his teeth and knocked him off in a flash. Capt. Turner was away on the flank of the army with his picket detail, therefore the command fell to Capt. Whitmarsh, who led us well from that time on.

All four of the regiments of our brigade were now in command of captains, and many companies had no officers; but the discipline of years told; the regiments and companies held together admirably.

Small squads of the enemy ran out to their front and hid behind various shelters, and we thought we noticed a general tendency of the enemy to crawl in on our flank, but we sent them all home again. There was one poor drunken fellow who charged out alone, solemnly and grandly. He had on his head about a dozen yankee caps, and was perhaps in search of the thirteenth, but he dropped.

Few noticed these things in the excitement of battle, but all saw their little pile of cartridges grow smaller and smaller, and we looked around again to see if either Kinney, Stacy or Eddy was coming with the order to retire, but *time* was needed in the rear and so we were suffered still to battle on.

Then we took out the cartridges which were packed in the lower tier of our magazines, and fired first one paper, and looked more anxiously than ever to the rear. The wounded were going away but nothing was coming to the front.

We searched the boxes of our dead comrades and fired the cartridges that we found in them.

And finally, one man after another fired his last ball, then grasped his bayonet, and grimly fixing it lay down.

It was my privilege to be sent to the regiment by Col. Davis on some errand, and I esteem it a rare good fortune to have been among you at that time. This seems to me to be the proudest moment of our history. Yet there was nothing tragic nor enthusiastic in your conduct, nothing that could be re-produced with effect upon the stage. But having seen so much confusion and skulking, so much fear betrayed and courage lost where danger did not exist, it was grand to ride into the hell where you were, and see you await a tragedy with a patience that in itself was strength.

GEN. EMORY'S LINE OF DEFENSE.

When our corps commander had established his shattered forces on a line a mile or more from our old camp ground, he sent orders to Birge and Davis to retire and join the corps.

The rebels fired at us as long as we were in sight, but they did not jump over the wall and chase us up, and they were so slow in starting out their skirmishers that it may be said we were not molested after leaving the peach orchard. Plainly there was no Jackson behind that stone wall where the rebels were sheltered.

The new line was about half a mile in the rear of the peach orchard but nearer the pike, and on approaching it we were posted with the troops of the Second division, and received many orders from Gen. Grover. The 114th N. Y. and 30th Mass. joined the brigade here. This stand was the first one made in which all of the army took part—that is, all that was organized, and excluding the cavalry.

It was then very nearly 9 o'clock by the watch. We were in an old road, and were finely protected by the stone wall or by the rails which some of us gathered up in a hurry. The rebels brought up by hand some of our own artillery that they had captured,* and fired solid shot at us. The sharpshooters also crept up and picked at us a little. This made lively work for the mounted officers and for a column of cavalry which was passing in our rear, but none of our regiment were hit. The rebel infantry did not advance far after we retreated from the peach orchard, and hence we had no occasion to discharge our muskets on this line.† After staying here about half an hour, during which ammunition was brought to us, the entire army, we could not understand why, was moved to the rear. The march was very quiet and orderly; and after going a distance estimated by some of us at a mile, and by others at only a quarter of a mile from the line that we had retreated from, we halted and went into line again. We were shelled about this time, while making a series of movements in the woods which none of us understood. Nor do we know who fired at us, but as the shells were from light rifled guns, and came from the direction of North Mountain, which was on our left as we retreated, we always speak of having been shelled by our own cavalry. No one of our regiment was injured by the shells.

We halted here another half hour or more, during which a skirmish line was thrown out, but if we remember rightly it was not attacked in any way. This was the last stand of the 19th corps in retreating.

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*Common report.

† "It was a line that would have done honor to the best regular troops in the world. * * * * The enemy did not see fit to come on this line, with either bayonet or with musket balls, but he opened on it all his artillery, which included a great many pieces taken from our army in the morning. * * This line was formed with the expectation, which was not disappointed, that on its left would be found the 6th army corps not far off. * *

"Now what the writer avers is, that the 19th army corps was ordered by Gen. Wright in person, to fall back from this line; but he does it in no spirit of criticism or fault-finding, for he could not see what was going on on the left, which was cut off from him by a strip of woods; and he did not then and does not now undertake to judge of the propriety of the order.

"The 19th corps did fall back in perfect order and in full view of the enemy." E.

Then again, and without any apparent necessity,* we took up a regular order of march in retreat by the right of companies, or divisions, to the rear, while the brigades and regiments preserved their proper intervals.

All excitement had died now and we began to feel blue; we understood that we should bring up at Harper's Ferry, where all the causes of our disaster would be learned in due time. But after retreating leisurely some distance, a staff officer rode to Col. Davis with orders to halt, and added "*Sheridan has arrived, and he says that we've got to go back to our camp.*"

There is no describing how that news affected us. In the abstract we had very little belief that the thing could be done with such a used up army as ours. But this was our first knowledge that Sheridan had been absent;—and now the morning's disaster was accounted for, and if he had returned, and if he really said that he would go back—why—*of course*, we should go!

So back we went to the front, and at a pace very much faster than we had gone to the rear, and halted a short mile north of Middletown, and a trifle more than a mile from the pike. It was about noon time, or a little after, when we finally arrived on this new line. Referring you now to Sheridan's report and to the engraved plan, you will see that our corps went nearly to Newtown, and so had two or three miles to march † to join the line which had been established by Gen. Getty, who commanded the 6th corps at this hour of the day.

At first our 19th corps was formed in two lines, but soon after

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* "And now the writer of this comes to a second averment, which he makes in the same spirit as the first, viz: That a staff officer of Gen. Wright gave him a distinct and positive order which the circumstances of the case required to be repeated more than once, that he should abandon that position and continue the movement to the rear." E.

† The plan on page 532 is printed from a wood cut that was kindly lent to us by Col. Walker, the author of "Vermont brigade in Shenandoah Valley." The cut was made from a map obtained at the U. S. Engineer's office, and was said to have accompanied Gen. Emory's report. This map and Gen. Sheridan's report were the good reasons why the Colonel's reviewer stated things about the 19th corps that Gen. Emory objects to: one of which was, that the 19th corps went two or three miles to the rear of the 6th. The General states positively that he guided as directed upon the left of the 6th, a statement which I think many of our corps can testify to.

it was deployed into one.* Some other changes were made, if we remember, but once in position, we threw up a very rude shelter of rails and stones and went to sleep behind it, leaving the skirmish line to wake us if we should be needed. When the time arrived for the grand opening of the afternoon battle—the victory—the formation of the army was as follows:

First, on the right was a fragment of Gen. Crook's command, 50 to 70 men,† supporting two guns. (2.) Next to these was Gen. McMillan's brigade (2d brigade, 1st division), composed at that hour of but two regiments,‡ the 8th Vt. and 160th N. Y., two noble regiments nobly led. They may have had 300 men in line, though my own estimate was but 225 for the brigade. (3.) Then came our brigade, the best we believe, the fullest we know, of all the 19th corps. (4.) Then Birge, with what was left of his fine brigade (1st brigade, 2d division), beyond which were (5.) Col. Molineaux's (2d brigade) and Col. McAuley's (3d brigade). One Col. Shunk, commanding the Indiana brigade (the 4th), was also in line, but failed to move at the proper moment and wandered about very loosely for a long time, till at length he got behind us, and his skirmishers fired into our backs,—a smart thing for Shunk! "Give him a furlough!"

Next to our corps came the 3d (Ricketts's), 1st (Wheaton's), and 2d (Getty's) divisions of the 6th corps in the order named, and finally across the pike was an exceedingly small remnant of an exceedingly small force, called Kitching's provisional division.

The mass of the cavalry was posted a long distance on the right of Crook. The formation of troops in our corps is shown on the next page.

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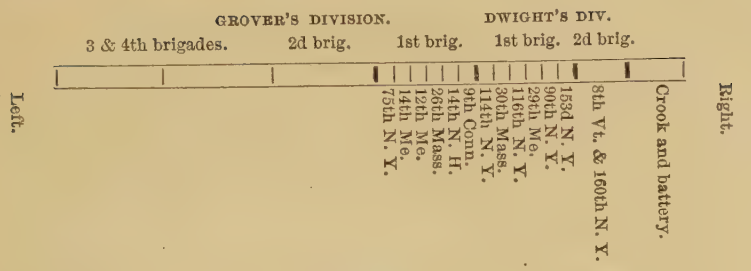
*Newspaper article of Gen. Emory before noticed.

†Gen. Dwight assures me of the corps of these troops. He says that he saw and talked with Gen. Crook. Their small numbers is abundantly testified to by himself and very many others.

‡It is stated that this brigade suffered the greatest proportionate loss in killed and wounded of any engaged on the union side. The two regiments named mustered rather fewer men in the morning than the average of regiments of our corps, and after their heavy loss could not be expected to have a half of their men on duty.



About 3 P. M. the enemy made a very feeble attack* upon the front of the 19th corps, driving in the skirmishers promptly, but falling back before our volleys. Few were wounded in our brigade at this time, and I doubt if many of the rebels were hit, as we could not see them, and the woods were deep.

DAVIS'S CHARGE—FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

A little before four o'clock we received orders to prepare to advance. Col. Davis was told to "keep up a constant touch to the left," and this order was probably general in the 19th corps. We were to start when the Second division should. We waited but a few moments before we heard the cheers and firing on our left. We knew the time had come again. Once more there was a feeling of "goneness" in our stomachs, but in full faith that Sheridan was managing rightly, we stepped over our rude protection and advanced.

Our charge was along the top of a wooded ridge, but a few minutes brought our brigade out of the timber into a clearing, in which were troops far down the slope to our left. The enemy was finely posted in a road behind walls and fences on the other side of the clearing. This was not at all inviting, but the sight to our left was almost disheartening. The Second division was

*In some accounts this attack is represented as having occurred soon after the arrival of the 19th corps on Getty's line. I am sure that we had become very tired of waiting, and many of the men had fallen asleep long before it happened. Whatever the attack may have been upon the 2d division I do not know, but upon ours it was quite feeble; I remember that *our* skirmishers fell back, not from the fire of the enemy, but the fear that we should fire into their backs. The Second division was the first to open fire on the enemy, and I think it received a heavier attack.

there at bay. They had reached the clearing a moment ahead of us—probably it was their firing that we heard before we started. As far as we could see there was not a regiment moving ahead except those in the left of Birge's brigade, while his entire right was falling back, exposing the left of our brigade. The whole charge *appeared* to have failed—to have been repulsed almost at its beginning.

Still farther to the left and front we could see the smoke from the rebel lines and hear their yells. On our right the prospect was fully as dismal, since the rebel lines extended a long distance beyond the union. We could see one flag in particular waving defiance at McMillan. That General was mounted and gallantly leading his two little skeletons, but the rebels with commendable promptness, swung their overlapping force (apparently a brigade),* by a full right-wheel, and poured a tremendous fire upon our poor friends' flank. They could not withstand it; their right fell back a trifle, and their left still pressing on, they soon were faced nearly at right angles to the line of advance. They fought splendidly, but they could not, unaided, carry out the order of Gen. Sheridan to "advance and crush the enemy's left."

Directly in front, also, the situation of the rebels was all that they could ask for; they were behind a stone wall, and apparently their lines were continuous. The 153d N. Y., being on the right of the brigade, suffered severely in common with McMillan's men, and the right companies were compelled to halt and face the flanking party of rebels. The 90th N. Y. had a great deal of trouble from its recruits. Our own regiment, which came next, had a momentary benefit of the shelter of a clump of woods which projected into the clearing, but once out of these woods, we found ourselves the farthest to the front of all the corps, exposed to the flank fire which was so withering to McMillan, and also the best target for the rebels directly in our front. We discharged our muskets at the latter, and had the satisfaction of seeing them duck their heads and keep quiet a second. Excepting this crawling movement in the center of our brigade and in one or

*Probably Evans's brigade. See Early's "Last Year of the War," page 110.

two regiments of Birge, the advance had been checked both right and left, everywhere that we could see.

Our hurrahing stopped and the rebels took up their yell just where we left off. In this simple fact there is a depth of meaning. To us it seems that this was by far the most critical moment of the battle.

We have always claimed for our gallant commander that the First brigade won the battle. Perhaps this is more than the others will admit, but it is past doubt that if we had given way, the rebels could have swept the 19th corps to the rear with immense loss. The right man in the right place was needed just here, and such Col. Davis proved to be. He quickly comprehended the situation and saw that the battle depended on the good behavior of his brigade. He sent his staff to the other regiments with the order "Tell them they *must* go forward! push them over that fence and *make them go!*" Then taking off his hat he dashed his horse into his own regiment (the 153d N. Y.), righted the line almost instantly, compelled them to cheer once more and started the charge. The 153d ceased firing, and started with cheers; the 90th could but follow such a splendid example, and with the "29th" moved slowly toward the enemy. This was hard work, and though a great many of the men needed only the command, I noticed that the officers' powers were taxed to the utmost in starting the majority. For this none should be blamed; we could all see that the charge had failed on the right and left, and the prospect of "butting a stone wall lined with rebels" never had an inviting look. But from the moment that Col. Davis put himself at the head of our brigade, there was no doubt that he would succeed. The hesitation I have described was not of two minutes' duration, for as soon as his staff could bear the order to the left regiments, which were too far down the hill to be much affected by the flanking fire, they went forward at a run, breaking up their organization at the outset. Probably this rush, more than the plucky, bull-doggish fighting in our right, and in the 2d brigade, broke the rebels' line. As soon as the brigade was fairly started, the rebels in front jumped up, showed us their backs and

disappeared in the woods behind them. From that moment to the end, all was excitement and success.

THE CHARGE ON EVANS'S BRIGADE.

Col. Davis's horse received two wounds* on this charge, and another ball pierced the saddle and went on, wounding the Colonel so that he could not sit down for a fortnight. These balls all came from what I have said was Evans's brigade, and our commander naturally turned his eyes to the right now that he had cleared the front.

Davis was a master-hand at manœuvring troops—the best I think that we ever noticed. The movement which followed shows that he is an officer of unusual talent, for quicker than I can write it he halted his brigade, swung it to the right, and started it on the run to help McMillan "clean out" Evans, and the way those "gray-backs" vanished and went running down the hill for Cedar Creek was a sight to behold.

In both of these charges we fired our muskets very few times, for we were so scattered ourselves that it was dangerous to do so, and Louville Smith of B was killed by a careless shot from the rear.

It was a great misfortune that our cavalry was not nearer; together we could have bagged the entire brigade of rebels, for their rout was complete. We saw them running down the hill for dear life, and fired at them, but were forbidden to follow. This refusal, I believe, came from Sheridan, who had previously commanded "Guide left!" and now, I judge, was unwilling to allow a larger gap between Emory's two divisions.

We halted, therefore, a few moments, re-formed and moved forward a few steps, all the while enjoying the sight of the retreating rebels, and the cavalry charge on the ridge next beyond ours.

Then Sheridan himself came to see us, and didn't it cheer our hearts to look at his jolly face once more and see him shake his head as he told us what he was going to do? We hardly knew him at first for he wore an old slouched hat and private's overcoat.

*The Colonel and horse were "scratched" seven times, I think, during this battle.

He had changed his black horse for a small white one, and he rode right through us, saying, "If I'd been here."—"We'll get a twist on 'em."—"We'll sleep in our camps," and other curt phrases. Then we hurrahed, and off we went along the crest of the ridge toward our old camps, which were three or four miles ahead. We halted a moment to throw out skirmishers, during which Shunk's men fired into us, as before stated. There was a long and narrow belt of woods on our left, and we had not gone far before our skirmishers beckoned us to come in, and hardly waiting to hear whether or not it was Col. Davis's order, we swung to the left and were soon on the other side of the woods. We ran off a line of rebel skirmishers here, and captured some of them. We were now moving south-easterly; in charging Evans we had run north-westerly.

THE THIRD CHARGE.

Once out of the woods we saw that we were opposite Middletown and far in the rear of the rebels,* who were finely posted behind the stone walls on the northern edge of the town. We fired at those nearest to us and off they started, followed by the next and the next—we became excited and broke. Reuben, our color-bearer, saw some other color-bearer running to the front and became frantic. Gen. Dwight sent orders for us to keep together—we understood that he meant for us to run for the men ahead! And didn't we run? It was down hill. The fields were open and rail fences gone. Of all the flying and panic on our side in the morning, there was nothing that we saw like this flight of the rebels from the left and center of their army. Col. Love of the 116th, who with Gen. Dwight had been released from arrest by Sheridan, dashed out with Lieut. Stacy of our regiment, and others, and soon brought back a rebel flag. Love was covered with glory for this. He was even sent to Washington by Gen. Sheridan, to present to the war department various flags captured from the rebels during this

*"The 1st brigade, with unparalleled intrepidity and fleetness, completely enveloped the enemy so that the left of the 19th army corps, which was joined to the right of the 6th army corps, was greatly in rear of the 1st brigade." E.

battle. Stacy meanwhile staid at home and searched in his dictionary for the meaning of such words as Hero, Valor, Fearless and Illustrious, and wondered how any of these words could be defined as the running down of three or four unarmed cripples.*

The rebels at length managed to send us a respectable fire, but it did not retard us. Then a rebel battery opened with canister only a few yards from the right of our brigade. It was an enfilading fire and did some damage for the brief moment of life remaining for that battery.

De Parturelle shouted "F'ward!" to his 90th boys, who were all mixed up with ours. At the second discharge of the guns some halted, while others rushed ahead to get past the line of flight, so that its effect was to check the advance no more than the musketry had.

Just then a battery on our other flank—the left—fired all its pieces, loaded with shells and solid shot; this was also an enfilading fire, and I want the general reader to understand that one's en-

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*Capt. Stacy has furnished me with the following:

"Soon after our several charges upon the rebel line in our front, and upon their flanking party on our right, I discovered a rebel making his way across the field at our right, and towards the Creek, with what I took to be a flag under his arm.

"He was accompanied by two or three stragglers, who had thrown away their arms, and were making the best time possible to the rear. I put spurs to my horse and gave chase, but soon came to a ditch which my horse at first refused to cross. While I was urging my horse to cross the ditch, Col. Love, of the 116th N. Y., rode up and attempted to cross, but his horse also refused to leap the ditch. At length I rode a little farther to the right and found a more favorable place, and succeeded in getting over. Col. Love followed, and we both made for the flag the best that we could. I was a little ahead, and first seized the flag and wrenched it from the firm grasp of the rebel. Just at this moment Col. Love came up, dismounted, and seized hold of the flag, and ordered me to let him have it, which I refused to do until he told me that I should have it again. He took the flag, and we separated, and it was half an hour or more before I saw him again and he then gave me the flag, and I carried it fastened upon my saddle the remainder of the day.

"After our return to 'the old camp ground,' about dark that evening, we dismounted and sat down to rest; but in a few moments orders came for our brigade to move out to the front and form a picket-line across the Valley. On looking for my horse which had been left standing near by, he could not be found. Horse, flag and all had gone together.

"Some three days afterwards, by diligent search, I found the flag in the possession of a colonel in Gen. Wheaton's division, 6th corps, and recovered it and turned it over to Col. Davis, then in command of the 1st brigade, 1st division, 19th corps, and of which I was acting assistant provost marshal, and yourself acting assistant adjutant general."

thusiasm must be high when it is not cooled off by canister raking along the right flank and shells along the left, with musketry in front.*

We still ran for the rebels who were trying to make a stand. De Parturelle of the 90th, with true military instinct, had rightly divined that the shelling was from the 6th corps, and shouted "Meestake! Meestake!" for the encouragement of such as might hear him. Just then a solid shot struck under him. He turned "cart wheels" and double somersets, but soon picked himself out of the heap of dirt that had buried him, and as if to show how harmless union shot was upon union soldiers, he exclaimed again "See! Meestake! I say! meestake!—F'ward te Ninetee N'Yoark! —Doo-blie queek!"

In almost an instant the entire rebel army was on the run, and though Early says hard things of his army concerning this retreat, I think it was very plain that a better general was needed rather than better soldiers on the rebel side at that moment.

After this we still ran on, gradually turning to the right, that is, toward our camps. We soon lost all pretence at organization. Sheridan was putting us through in cavalry style, and a good style it is with old troops, if there are no fresh troops of the enemy at hand. The union army was scattered all over the vast open fields on the west of Middletown, running for another crowd not a whit more *scattered*, but considerably more anxious to travel. In all our service we never saw such a mob; 19th corps men were running for the pike, the 6th corps men were running for North Mountain, and all were hurrahing and howling as if the safety of the army depended on the noise.

Once as we neared our old camp ground of August 12th–15th, the enemy made a stand more plucky than effective, and again another in the woods, north-east of Sheridan's headquarters, but

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*"And I now come to the third averment * * it is this:

"That a battery of the 6th corps actually fired into the right of the 19th army corps from its own line of battle, and the battery could not be stopped till the commander of the 19th army corps sent his aide-de-camp, Colonel French, who is now a resident of Sag Harbor, and an estimable gentleman and citizen, to that battery at the risk of his life, for it was most convenient to approach it in front. In truth the 1st brigade, which was then near, if not in the camp left that morning, was mistaken for the enemy." E.

at neither time were there more than a few hundred men thus gathered.

It was now dusk, and the excitement was abating, because, as is always the case, the pursued made better time than the pursuers. We came in sight of our camps, saw a cloud of dust coming from near our "29th" camp, and knew by the shouts that the cavalry was at last getting into the fight—*our* fight, I should say. They crossed Cedar Creek and obeyed the great order of this campaign, "Go it!" most effectually. We heard their pistols snapping farther and farther away, and knew by the everlasting bawl they kept up that they were making great havoc.

THE PROMISED CAMPS.

As Sheridan had said that we should sleep in our camps, and as darkness had now overtaken us, we instinctively "came home to roost." It hardly needed the order, which however was given, for each man to return to camp. Some of our men had brought up in Crook's camp, others had followed Cedar Creek down home. As for our commander, Col. Davis, he also came back; but he had an odd adventure near Sheridan's headquarters, which I quote from the diary.

As I returned to Col. Davis a bullet struck Capt. McGonnigle, a quartermaster on Sheridan's staff, with whom the Colonel was riding. It entered McGonnigle's breast, just above the heart, and came out well down the back, and then struck Davis on his right leg, but the ball had spent its force and did not pierce the Colonel, though it pained him so severely that, unable to sit down he got off and rolled around on the ground in agony, assuring us meanwhile that it was nothing.

But the poor Captain's behavior was entirely different. He drew up his horse and gave a look such as a man gives only once in a life time, and took no notice of Capt. Kinney, who dismounted and ran to help him.

"*I am dead!*", said the Captain. "No!"—"I cannot go to the rear"—"I am dead."—"Take me off here!"

A quartermaster, mortally wounded in the very front of the battle, unwilling to get out of danger, and talking of death as if it were a very simple thing—we had none such in the first years of the war.*

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*I believe the Captain recovered and is now in the regular army.

Next we ate our suppers and talked over the events of the day, till nine o'clock, when two or three brigades, including ours, were designated to go to Strasburg and——shiver. We crossed the creek and marched along the pike a short distance, when we came to something looking very much like a gun-carriage, and surely enough it was a gun, gun-carriage, harness and dead horses all in a heap. Then there was a wagon that some "Johnny" had been trying to drive along the ditch with the wheels in the air, —he had not succeeded well, and had been relieved by a union trooper. Then another gun and an ambulance upside down, the poor wounded fellows crying piteously. Another wagon might have gone along the road-side but the mules were contrary and stopped, one on one side of a tree and the other on the other. What a depth of despair must have reigned in that poor darkey driver's breast when he discovered the off-mule in such a "fix"!

We were compelled to take the road-side, and even there our path was often blocked by captured guns and vehicles. There were four or five miles of this ruin with short distances between the wrecks, and I think if they had all been put in one line it would have been continuous from Cedar Creek to Strasburg.*

Just before reaching the village, we filed off on very much the same track that we took September 21st, and after going half a mile from the pike, halted, threw out pickets and staid around our stacks all night without fires, one-half awake and moving about to keep warm, while the other half slept.

The formation of our regiment during this battle was the same as that adopted at Harrisonburg.

Left. | F | B | E | H | A ‖ I | D | G | C | K | Right.

But the companies were more or less broken up by the wagons and stragglers running through us, and by the run from the camp to the second line. It appears that Cos. K and C were both split in two and their fragments were put into the left wing, and a part of Co. A by some means got on the right.

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*It is difficult for citizens to understand this statement except as an exaggeration; but a mile of wagons is not much for an army, as a very little calculation will prove. About one-half of the stuff was our own re-captured.

No attempt was made to rectify the formation while under fire. In the afternoon we started right, but in common with all the army broke into a grand crowd and dispersed all over the field, every man for himself, as before stated.

Justice to the brave souls who were faithful, compels me to insert a fragment of the diary in closing this chapter:

When we started to re-capture our lost ground, perhaps I myself had some gloomy forebodings of the result, seeing how few there were around any of the colors, but I knew this much, that we could depend upon the *men*. Those who had hung to their flags thus far would not leave them now.

Let sickness and hard campaigning take away the puny men from a regiment, and let a disaster in battle send the skulks and the timid to the rear, and I tell you there are left a gallant few around the old flag who will hang till death. Such was our army when we started at 4 P. M. to redeem the day.

NOTE. For reasons there stated, the list of casualties and the roll of the officers and men of the "29th" present in this battle, are placed among the last pages of the volume.

CHAPTER XLIX.

REVIEW OF THE BATTLE.

The battle of Cedar Creek presents a field for study to those who love the art of war. It is a chapter that fully verifies the adage "truth is stranger than fiction," and it is a great misfortune that so much exaggeration and fiction have been built upon the plain facts in the case. The facts are what we want. I beg to submit a few, though hardly "regimental," and more especially to question some things that pass for truth.

The popular idea of this battle is that of a great and total surprise to our army; Crook's men run to the rear disgracefully; the 19th corps is overpowered and whipped, and the 6th, by performing prodigious service, save the army from extinction. Early is drunk; his men quit the ranks and go to plundering. Sheridan in Winchester hears the battle, mounts a horse "blacker than night," and rides twenty miles at the rate of three miles a minute or less. Every straggler sees him dashing up the pike and at once "spoils for a fight," and therefore turns about. Hence the union army, which before was scattered along the pike for twenty miles, is once more gathered together and Sheridan leads them on to victory.

In the first place Crook's men claim that they have been badly abused. They admit that there were stragglers and cowards in their ranks, as they say there were in the 6th and 19th corps, and that they were overpowered and could do no more than they did. This argument is entitled to more consideration than their excuse

for being asleep at dawn of day when their pickets had been disturbed during the night previous.

I have already written all that I wish to about the fight of the 19th corps. We are satisfied that it was as good a fight as the 6th would have made under the same circumstances.

All accounts agree that the 6th corps did well, and they ought to have done well. There is nothing better in battle than to go in last—we know that by experience.

. As for Early, what a fall was there my friends! In 1862 he was cited by the citizens as one of their most brilliant officers; and even in June, 1864, when Lee needed a man to head the perilous and very important raid against Washington, Jackson being dead, he selected Early. He was not recalled after Opequan and Fisher's Hill. The first tidings of his unpopularity came to our ears after these battles. Then we were suddenly told that there was a screw loose somewhere on the rebel side, and after reading that marvel of war literature "The Last Year of the War," we know how to account for the looseness.

Poetic license permits Buchanan Read to state that Sheridan was twenty miles away, for that best of reasons, that the word *twenty* sounds much better than *fifteen*, which is the distance from Cedar Creek bridge to Winchester. In point of fact, then, the 20-mile post is south of Fisher's Hill battle field, and Sheridan only rode from Winchester to the house of a Mr. Brinker, on the pike and on a line with the breastworks of the union army, just eleven and a half miles from the court house in Winchester.*

The next question is, how many men did Sheridan's presence bring back to the fight? Not a very large army, in our way of thinking; nothing like the thousands that some may understand. A word or two about this.

Of the men who go to the rear with the wounded, not half return to fight on the line they have left, while the skulks who deliberately run away from their colors, never return of their own will till all danger is over. The nature of the morning's fight afforded many opportunities for skulking, and those of the "29th"

*Mr. Ludwig's letter.

with whom I have conversed, who were in the rear, say that the crowds of men from the 6th and 19th corps were perfectly immense. This must have been so, for they were not in the ranks. It is stated in the diary that the combined force of Birge and Davis, while fighting in the peach orchard, was less than that of a new regiment on parade—800 men. I am sure that the number was exceedingly small, for I took particular notice of the line from many stand-points, and the opinion of other staff officers agrees with mine that it was an exceedingly depleted command. The stand that was made at 9 o'clock was another favorable opportunity to see the length of our line. We were then posted in Grover's division; you saw that the force on our right was not large, and that all the infantry in our sight was in one line. You remember the position of the rebel guns which shelled us at this time from the woods near Sheridan's headquarters; we overlapped them, it is true, but was the union right at that time farther from the pike than the distance from the camp of the "29th" to the pike? I think not, and the map from the Engineers' office, which shows the route taken by the several corps in retreat, favors this impression. In brief, the army was at that time deployed on a line which was not continuous, and which before the battle gave room only for the 19th corps. The retreat from this place was very slow, and together with the rest behind Getty's line, was a favorable time for those who so desired to return to the ranks, but how many men did we have in line for the afternoon charge? Were there many more in the "29th" than we took out of the peach orchard?

"Disaster and shame lurk in the rear." A man once out of the fight and away from his officers becomes another sort of being. His courage vanishes, he believes all that he hears, and he hears nothing but discouragement. He may have been a good soldier before, but he gives way to the influence of the professional skulks and the great gang of demoralized men, which are constantly being sent to the rear by the enemy. Sheridan can inspire the man in the ranks, and he may bring from the rear a few who are not too far demoralized, but for ninety-nine in a hundred of men out of the ranks, there is only one way to get them back into the

fight, and that is, to pound them with the back of your sword or give them a "right smart" kicking. What I mean to state as my belief is, that there were not in the four large regiments of our brigade many more men in the afternoon fight than we had on what I have called "Gen. Emory's line."

HOW MANY MEN WERE PRESENT FOR SHERIDAN.

The number of men engaged in the morning's fight I cannot state. It is generally understood that Early fed rather fewer men than Sheridan, but the enemy always had a way of making every man fight, whereas, there were a great many able-bodied men excused on our side. And right here I want to remind you of that vicious system which was in vogue in the army, both west and east, that of detailing so many men for servants and excusing them from battle.

But whatever may have been the relative strength of the two armies, there was no reason why Early should not have driven us out of the Valley after he once got us started so finely. A few more men would have pressed us out of the peach orchard, and a few more men would have pushed Getty off the pike. Or even had the enemy fought with that persistent energy which characterized his fight at Antietam, I question if those actually in the rebels' ranks would not have accomplished this object. But Jackson and his best men had gone before Cedar Creek was fought, and the day had come when union generals could profit by the errors of the rebels. Hence, this great victory, I should say; though as just stated, had the enemy's efficiency been equal to that of former years he could have commanded men enough to whip us.

In common with all the army I took a great interest in learning of this battle (after it was all over), and a few days after our return to Cedar Creek, after having ridden around a great deal and talked much with union officers and rebel prisoners, I recorded in the diary:

> Sheridan regained the battle with but three-eighths of his infantry, and after having lost twenty-four guns. The cavalry did not engage the rebel infantry in the afternoon until it had been routed.

This statement was not made at random, nor indeed was it made upon a full knowledge of the facts. But the more I have investigated it the more I am convinced that it can be proved. I cannot undertake to do this here, but wish to give our testimony, and also a few hints. Col. Walker, the author of the "Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley," and an eye-witness, gives the following as the formation of the 6th corps for the afternoon charge (pages 149–51):

"* * The 6th corps, our [union army] left, was drawn up in one line *considerably extended*, while the 19th corps was massed in two lines, its flank weighted by the cavalry."

The 19th corps was, however, deployed in one line previous to the charge. Speaking of the opposing force he says:

"Their stragglers had been collected, their line was well closed up and strongly posted. * * * The long, thin line of the 6th corps was thus hurled against a very heavy line of the enemy, covered throughout by a series of stone walls."

In this charge the left brigade (3d) was repulsed, and the other two brought to a stand by reason, the Colonel claims, of the superior numbers and position of the enemy.* He says:

"Officers sent over the hill to reconnoitre found a rebel line of battle and a section of their artillery nearly on the prolongation of our line, and it was considered that we should be doing extremely well if we were able to hold our then position, being, it will be remembered, the extreme left of the army [which was commanded to move slowly while the 19th corps turned the rebel left], with a heavy force in front, and even extending across the pike, where we now had no troops except a regiment or so of Col. Kitching's unattached provisional guard train and some cavalry."

They staid there half an hour, unable to carry off their wounded, so hot was the fire, and then the rebels gave way, having been flanked.

The 1st division (Wheaton's) was next in line, and the 3d (Ricketts's) on the right. What little there is in print of these two divisions, confirms what we already know, that they were very badly cut up in the morning's battle. They charged on the rebels but did not drive them till after the success of Dwight's division of the 19th corps. The formation of the 19th corps at the time of the charge, was in one line and continuous—as has

*"The attack on Ramseur's and Kershaw's fronts was handsomely repulsed in my view."—Early's Last Year of the War, page 110.

been stated. Every man of our regiment who can remember, says that the rebel fire along our brigade front was also continuous.

Outside of the regiment I have found others who agree with us in the last particular, and some also who think that Early may be right in stating what follows in regard to an interval. Gen. Early says:

"A portion of the enemy penetrated an interval which was between Evans's brigade on the extreme left and the rest of the line, when that brigade gave way and Gordon's other brigades soon followed." Last Year of the War, page 110.

The General's description of the way it was done is not exactly correct, nor did we penetrate the very small interval, which if it existed at all was opposite the right of McMillan, who as we have seen was held back by Evans. There is nothing surer about this battle than that Dwight's division confronted a superior number and drove them out of their strong position, and that our division was overlapped. Our own eyes beheld this.

But to come back to the statement that Sheridan had but three-eighths of his infantry in the afternoon; it was entered in the diary upon the following considerations: After much inquiry, I found that no portion of our corps had kept together so well as our own brigade. Yet in ours, the 90th N. Y., for reasons stated, lost heavily in straggling, and the 30th Mass. and 114th N. Y. were almost knocked out of existence in the early morning, and the other three regiments lost one-fifth of their numbers in killed and wounded alone. Judging by appearances, there were not more than one-half the men in even the 116th, 153d and "29th," and in the others there were less than a half of what should have been mustered in the morning. And this was the condition of the best brigade of the 19th corps—the one that lost the fewest from capture or from straggling.

From all that I can learn or read, I infer that our brigade was also in far better condition as regards the number of *officers* present than the average of the 1st and 3d divisions of the 6th corps.

Observation convinced me and all others with whom I conversed at the time, that the other brigades of our corps were

reduced at least one-half, as before stated, and McMillan's brigade had but from 200 to 300 men in line. I remember looking toward Birge's brigade while it was confronting the rebels' stone wall, and noticing that it was about the length of a regimental line of 700 to 800 men, or rather more than we used to turn out in Augusta. The regiments of the 6th corps were contemptibly small. It is true that we did not see them until the army was well broken up, but the mass of laggards that kept behind the crowds near the colors did not indicate respectable numbers, and it is fair to presume that in the 1st and 3d divisions, which lost heavily and moved about somewhat in the morning, they would have lost nearly as many men by straggling as the 19th corps.

Crook's command and Kitching's fragment virtually amounted to almost nothing in the afternoon fight. And I was about to say that Grover's 4th brigade did nothing in the afternoon, but I hardly like to state it as a fact upon insufficient evidence.

With all of Crook's command gone, and a half of the 19th corps, and nearly a half of the 6th corps, there will be about three-eighths remaining.

But a better and surer test is this. The ridge where our brigade charged at 4 P. M. is the same one on which our old camp was, and the distance from the pike to the camp of the 29th Me. is about the same as from the pike to the spot where we (29th Me.) formed for the charge. Now the army was formed for the charge in one nearly straight line; yet extended as the two corps were, they occupied no more ground than was allotted for the camp front of the 19th corps. But in camp, the regiments were not all in line, for in some of the brigades one or two regiments were crowded out of the works, as in the case of the 114th N. Y. and 30th Mass. This leaves the 6th corps, Crook and Kitching out again, and they were five-eighths of the infantry.

Still another confirmation of the record of the diary, and the surest one that can be applied at this late day, is the length of the works which the army occupied in the afternoon. When our brigade started on what I have called the "third charge" of the afternoon, we were about as far from the left of the army as we had been, in the woods on "Getty's line," yet a very little marching

to the left brought us in long musket range of the village of Middletown, and brought some of us into the midst of the 2d division, 6th corps, and you remember seeing their flags, the white cross, at this time. This fact has led nearly all of our regiment with whom I have conversed to believe that we were not a mile from the pike when behind the rails on Getty's line. Now if Sheridan had the 20,000 infantry which some union historians say he had, it would have taken more than a mile and a quarter of front to have deployed three-eighths of them (7,500) in one line of two ranks without intervals between the regiments, and with fifteen per cent. of them in the rank of file closers. I presume no one will pretend that such a crowded formation existed at any time during the battle.

Once more, it is extremely difficult for the majority of men to estimate correctly the numbers of men which they may behold. But we can remember the appearance of the troops as they advanced across Mansura Plains, and probably all of you cast your eyes behind you occasionally during the afternoon of September 24th, when we were chasing Early from Mt. Jackson, but in neither of these cases could our eyes take in the whole of that part of the army which was in sight, yet what we did see was altogether and overwhelmingly in excess of what we saw of our army this afternoon, and here we could at times see nearly all of the infantry that claimed to be "in the fight."

I suppose it will not be questioned that the length of the line being known, and the intervals between regiments being given, the number of troops in that line can be pretty nearly stated. Therefore I sought to learn the length of the line of troops which started on the four o'clock charge, and thought that among many friends I might find some one who could tell, but I could not, and so I had the ground measured.

Mr. Amos B. Ludwig, a citizen of Middletown, has kindly furnished me with the data. He has measured in a straight line,* beginning in the middle of the pike at Mr. Brinker's house, which he says was a "part of the union breastworks," and ending in the

* April, 1871.

BREVET CAPTAIN 29 TH ME. VET. VOLS.

middle of the "old road" (see plan on page 532), at the point where the citizens of the neighborhood say the union breastworks crossed it.* His map, also, which is drawn with the assistance of people who know exactly where our old works were, shows that he has located our army correctly, and that the line of breastworks was a little zig-zag; but a straight line as above described measures 382 rods, or nearly 1⅓ miles. It was near this "old road" that the section of artillery was posted, with Crook's fragment supporting it. Still beyond were the skirmishers that were posted by Lieut. Fillebrown of our regiment, who was then, as during the entire campaign, on Gen. Dwight's staff. The mention of the Lieutenant's name reminds me that I am largely indebted to him for many little helps on this history, and particularly here in the formation of the right of the army.

We want next to know how many men were posted along these 382 rods of breastworks.† And in this matter I can only say that we *know* the intervals between the regiments in our vicinity were quite small, probably not more than twenty feet on the average. Col. Walker writes me that in the 6th corps there were no intervals, which can hardly be accepted literally, for under the circumstances of the formation there would have been numerous small intervals, even had none been intended. In order to approximate the number present on this basis of calculation, I have supposed seventy regiments and batteries in line—though I think that there must have been more than seventy in the 16th and 19th corps alone. Allowing for very small intervals and for occasional gaps, especially in the 19th corps' right and 6th corps' left, there could hardly have been present 6,000 line officers and men of the infantry and artillery. Indeed, I think that it is placing the number of union troops very high, to state that there were 6,000 line officers and men of the foot artillery and infantry present at that hour. It is much more likely that there were less than 5,000; but neither estimate is based upon statements beyond dispute.

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* There are no signs of them left now, he says.

† To be exact I should state that the works themselves were extended beyond the old road, but were not occupied at the time of starting on the charge.

An easier and more profitable task than the solution of this question is to learn the comparative strength of the two armies. Our cavalry gave us a numerical preponderance and caused Early and his troops much trouble in anticipation. We want now to know how many union cavalry-men fought on foot, and what real service they accomplished besides being a continual menace, previous to five P. M. If anything important was done it should be known, for common report has it that they were not called into service against infantry until the enemy was completely routed and driven out of our camps.

Now, although I have very far from *proved* it, I think that I have assisted in demonstrating that Sheridan started the afternoon charge with fewer foot soldiers than Early had "in hand." Perhaps Early's line was not so crowded as Sheridan's, but it overlapped it considerably right and left.* The truth appears to be that two exceedingly depleted armies confronted each other at four P. M. The rebel commander confirms this by attributing his defeat to the fewness of his numbers, and of the great strength of Sheridan's *cavalry*, but what shall we say of Sheridan's numbers if Early, besides overlapping him, had men enough to repulse all but two of his brigades?

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*Mr. Ludwig's letter states that Evans's brigade overlapped the union right forty rods by his measurement, and Early's book shows that there were even more men overlapping Sheridan's left than his right.

CHAPTER L.

A PERIOD OF REPOSE.

During the night of the 19th, a man of the 153d N. Y. escaped from the rebels, and came through our lines with the information that the enemy was preparing to leave Fisher's Hill. At daybreak (Oct. 20th) we stood to arms an hour, then sent a skirmish line almost to Tumbling Run. The cavalry started in pursuit shortly after. Fires were now permitted, and we spent the day in sleeping and keeping warm. The 153d searched every nook and corner of Strasburg, trying to find Gen. Pegram, who was said to have been concealed there, but they found only a half dozen soldiers and no general. The prisoners that we saw and talked with felt decidedly blue! They talked more willingly of the past—of Cedar Mountain and Antietam, and of Jackson—than of the present and Jubal Early. The diary notes the conversation with a prisoner belonging to the Louisiana brigade, who said:

> There were originally two Louisiana brigades, but they had never received a recruit, and the deserters and furloughed men never returned, and now, although the two brigades had been consolidated, there could but 200 to 300 be mustered for this last fight.

I think this may be true. But what a loss! from 10,000 to 250! The other prisoners re-affirm what we have often heard before, that their government puts every man that can walk into the army now.

On the 21st the brigade returned to our old camp, and we spent a good part of the day in looking at the prisoners and trophies which were paraded near Sheridan's headquarters, and

in visiting other parts of the field. The joy of seeing these almost compensated us for the cold we suffered.

On the 24th the regimental formation was changed again as below, Captain Nye's promotion making it proper to do so:

Left. | I | A | E | C | K || G | D | H | B | F | Right.

Everything indicated rest once more. On Oct. 25th the clothing which we had stored in New Orleans arrived and was distributed, and finally on the 29th the regimental wagons came up and were permitted to remain. So at last we had the luxury of a change of underclothes once more, which the general reader must understand was a luxury indeed.

Oct. 30th, *Sunday*. Mr. Knox had religious services in camp of the "29th" to-day, and nearly all of the regiment attended of their own accord. In the evening, too, we had a good social prayer-meeting in front of Capt. Turner's (headquarters). Almost the last words the good man said were "We want *all* to give their testimony *now;* we cannot tell where we shall be next Sabbath evening."

The next day, Oct. 31st, Gen. Emory sent a broad invitation for the field and staff officers of his corps to accompany him to witness the review of the 2d division, 6th corps, near Strasburg. Mr. Knox had no horse of his own, and therefore Capt. Turner generously lent him his (formerly Maj. Knowlton's). The horse's mouth was tender from a change of bit that had been made a day or two before, and the Chaplain had hardly pulled the reins before the animal reared. Mr. Knox fell off backward, striking his head on the uncovered ledge. The horse also fell over backward, and the pommel of the saddle came down on the Chaplain's left leg with the entire weight of the animal; this ruptured the main artery. Either of these blows would have proved fatal, yet between them both the good man lingered in great agony till after four P. M. Those of us who stood near him during his last hours will not soon forget his thanks to us for our attention, nor his appeals to "remember the poor wounded soldier." His own agony increased his pity for them.

Geo. Knox.

CHAPLAIN 10TH ME. REGT.

"Tell all the soldiers to be Christians, they then can die in peace."

And though he suffered great pain to the end, his noble christian nature forbade him to complain. He put his arms around us one after another with a womanly affection, inquired our names (the blow on the head had blinded him), kissed us, begged us to remember the poor wounded soldier, and died at last in peace. We can all say in truth, that we loved him and he loved us. How few there were of the many chaplains who were commissioned in the army, of whom this can be said!

The body was embalmed by Dr. Day, and on Nov. 3d it was sent north in charge of Capts. Blake and Kingsley, both of whom had been wounded and were suffering for want of better conveniences. The officers and men subscribed $420 to pay the expenses of transportation and to present the widow.

Nov. 2d, *Wednesday.* Col. Nathan A. M. Dudley, 30th Mass., after a long absence on other duties, assumed command of the brigade. He was the senior colonel, and by law he should have succeeded Gen. Dwight when the General left the brigade at Grand Ecore, only that at that time he was in command of a cavalry brigade. We have always imagined that his misfortune as a cavalry commander and his very peculiar disposition induced Gens. Banks and Dwight to recognize Col. Beal's veteran commission, instead of Dudley's real rights. But we had changed departments now, and what was more unfortunate, Gen. Beal was still absent, so Col. Dudley, on his being relieved from a cavalry command, came in. Col. Davis was generously given thirty days' leave, on account of wounds, and the rest of us smothered our grief as best we could. We never had a man over us whom we so disliked and distrusted as Col. Dudley. He was a regular army officer, and we never saw his equal as a drill master, and it is said that he could bring order and life out of demoralized troops, but he was all out of place over the First brigade. Lieut. Stacy and myself improved our first opportunity to return to the regiment, and a part of the headquarters' guard followed us by order.

Nov. 3d, *Thursday.* Major Nye returned to duty and took

command of the regiment. Then for a week all was quiet, save when Dudley trotted us out for review, inspection or drill.

Nov. 6th, *Sunday*. We were routed out early, and stood to arms again till dawn.

Nov. 8th, *Tuesday*. We chose electors for President, though a number of men would not vote. The Lincoln and Johnson candidates received 175, and the McClellan and Pendleton 41; Cony for Governor 138, Howard 3. The election was without excitement, for no stump orators were permitted to visit the army, and the re-election of Lincoln was conceded.

The next day, Nov. 9th, was warm with a little rain. By previous order the army fell back to near Kernstown, to a place which Gen. Sheridan named Camp Russell. Our division and some portion of Crook's command were posted between Newtown and the Opequan, while the main army went across—north of the creek, and camped nearly on the ground where Shields and Jackson fought the first battle of Winchester. Breastworks of rails were instantly erected, and the next day we strengthened them with spade and shovel, and for a fortnight worked more or less upon them, receiving whiskey rations (so called) sometimes. On this same day Lieut. Col. Emerson came up from Washington on a visit, and twenty-five recruits arrived.

We were routed out quite early in the morning of the next day, November 11th, and our house-building operations were frequently stopped by orders to "Fall in at once." We heard picket firing and saw our cavalry running about all day, but we refused to be excited thereby.

Nov. 12th, *Saturday*. This morning we were up at four and shivering in the cold wind. The 25th N. Y. cavalry made an inviting movement in front of our picket this forenoon, and were instantly driven in by an overwhelming force of rebel troopers, but beyond a waste of ammunition and horse-shoes, nothing was done that we could see. Late in the day our brigade was ordered to advance beyond the picket line. We did so under Col. Dudley, who put us through almost every movement laid down in Vol. III of the tactics.

We at length blundered upon a brigade of rebel cavalry, which was filing across our front. Capt. Turner, who commanded the skirmish line, rode almost into their midst. They were nearly all past before we discovered that they were the enemy, and no shots were exchanged. Barton H. Ross, of Co. B, had been wounded on the skirmish line previously. This was the only casualty in our regiment, and was the last one from a rebel bullet which we were called upon to suffer. We did not then know in our regiment what we have learned since, that Early's whole army was out in our front at that time.

Nov. 14th, *Monday*. Gen. Beal returned and assumed command of the brigade; Col. Dudley retired to his regiment. That evening our regiment went out to Newtown to capture a squad of rebels, but did not find them.

Nov. 16th, *Wednesday*, the diary records:

Dudley and Beal are having a great fight for the brigade. Dudley does all the quarreling, and Beal sits back and lets him kick!

On the record of the 18th, however, it appears:

Gen. Beal is without a command. Col. Dudley has proved to Gen. Emory that a brevet rank in volunteers is only a compliment; and that the President has not assigned Gen. Beal to this command. Dudley is right, and Col. Beal is really only fifth colonel in the brigade.

Of course Gen. Beal did not rest contented under that decision. His friends in Washington soon obtained for him a commission as brigadier general of volunteers. In the meantime we had Dudley to swear by, and the gospel according to Dudley on Sundays, and a wretched gospel it was, too, in our mode of thinking.

Nov. 25th, *Friday*. Brigade drill without overcoats. Everybody is as green as the recruits, except Col. Dudley, who knows the tactics by heart. Nobody has an ambition to trot at double-quick through the slippery mud, when his hut is lying half finished. So the drill was far from satisfactory to Dudley or any one else. We are still kept on field rations, which means that one day in three we go without anything of consequence. We can't swear against Sheridan, since he is such a "*clever fellow*," but you bet the boys give *Dudley* a blessing for all these shortcomings.

The 6th corps left us in detachments for Petersburg during

the first fortnight of December, and the 8th corps went off a day or two later for Western Virginia, so we were told. The enemy also fell back to Waynesboro, and detachment after detachment of them went to Petersburg. We lived in constant expectation of going too, but the order never came.

Dec. 7th, *Thursday.* Gen. Beal received his commission as brigadier general, and on the 12th was firmly settled at brigade headquarters, after a long and unpleasant quarrel with Col. Dudley.

On the same day that Gen. Beal's commission arrived, the officers of the regiment met and expressed their choice that Major Nye should be made colonel. The result of this meeting was that the Governor commissioned him as such.

Dec. 19th, *Tuesday.* The officers met again to express their choice for major. You did me then an honor, brother officers, which I never expect to repay.*

In consequence of these changes Lieut. Greene, of K, was commissioned adjutant. Then followed the promotion of 2d Lieut. French, of Co. H, to fill the vacancy in K, and he turned his shoulder straps over to Sergeant Nathan H. Lander, who wore them with honor till the end of our service.

Dec. 17th, *Sunday.* We hurrahed ourselves hoarse over the good news from Gen. Thomas. In the evening the brigade was massed in front of the 153d N. Y., and Capt. Kinney, A. A. A. G., read aloud the details of the battle in front of Nashville. We hurrahed and howled like maniacs, and as the custom was, every other regiment in the army followed suit. So with hurrahing and echoing there was noise enough. But Gen. Dwight came over about that time and made us a speech, and happening to allude to "perfidious England," the Irishmen interrupted him,

* These were not "*elections*," but expressions of feeling. The Governor commissioned whom he would. It is not known to most of you, that he had signed my own commission and started it on its way south before the second meeting was held. This subject is a delicate one for me to write upon, but I cannot let this opportunity pass to pay a tribute to the officers who were "jumped" on this occasion. They were my best friends before, and have continued so since. Whatever you may say of my course, praise only can be bestowed on theirs for the self-denial that they practiced, and the good feelings which they maintained ever afterward.

with "Good! "Good!" which was soon turned into a hurrah, and around and around the army it went again, from center to flank, and back came the echoes from Blue Ridge and North Mountain.

There is not a word of complaint noted the next day, of mud or short rations.

Dec. 22d, the cavalry returned from a scout, and re-assured us that "Jubal Early was played out."

As early as November 17th, we received the order to build winter quarters, or to "make ourselves comfortable," as the wording was when it left Sheridan. We did not build good huts here, but contented ourselves with "schbangs" made of rails, fence slats and the lumber from a barn or two. The stone walls near us furnished an abundance of material for chimneys;* so we lived comfortably but not luxuriously.

Dec. 30th, the long expected order came for us to fall back to the railroad, where we could be supplied the better. We marched at daylight over the frozen ground through Kernstown and Winchester, and at noon were on the new grounds in the woods a half mile to the north-west of Stevenson's Station.

The diary has a page of interest:

All the baggage, bricks and sawed lumber will be hauled to us in a day or two. It is rather a dismal sight to see hundreds of men walking up and down these cold woods, with only a coat, blanket and a piece of shelter tent. But this is nothing. The cry of "*Hard-bread!*" goes through the brigade with almost mutinous accent. We all believe Sheridan is incapable of doing us a wrong, and so the boys have cursed everybody else vigorously.

The diary closes the year rather briefly, for it was not easy work writing that day:

Dec. 31st, *Saturday.* We woke up to find it snowing hard. Not half the tents were pitched, and therefore the men were lying buried in the snow. It was cheerless work to turn out and stand to arms, but we kept warm out of

*Major Greene and myself visited the Valley in 1867, and rode past our camp before discovering it. We should have missed it entirely, but for noticing that the stone walls were down; and the fact seems to be, that you and I "borrowed" the stones from Messrs. A, B and C, and carried them over to the lands of D, E and F, who now have "heaps" of stone for sale, while A, B and C have none.

sheer madness, till broad daylight, when arms were stacked and all went to work making quarters. We laid out camp pretty nearly by rule—but with only one row of tents to a company, so as to have all the doors open to the south. It does me good to see the men so cheerful under adverse circumstances of short rations and no axes. In 1862, we should have been long-faced and sour. But now the effect of victory extends to every portion of the army, and is felt by every man. Because we have whipped the rebels, therefore we can bear cold and starvation! The year ends gloriously. I see no reason why we cannot begin the final campaign next spring.

This was the sentiment of the army, north, south, east and west. But it would have been hard to convince us that we had fired our last shot. Such was the fact, however.

THE NEW YEAR.

At Stevenson's depot, or "Camp Sheridan," as the army called it, we made the best of huts. Some of Company D's men made Gen. Beal a house of hewn plank, which was a marvel of axmanship. Capt. Turner dug a well in front of Company F, but after going down twelve or fourteen feet, the natives told us that forty or fifty feet more of digging *might* possibly bring water, and we had the laugh on Turner.

JAN. 5th, our 3d brigade, under Gen. James D. Fessenden, went to Winchester, and the next day the 2d division started for ———(?). We all wanted to know where, but did not learn till it brought up at Savannah. This left only the cavalry corps and the three brigades of our division in the vicinity—the 2d brigade being at Summit Point. The corps and division headquarters still remained with us at Stevenson's. On Jan. 25th we received orders to build cook houses. This was in order to make the rations spend better.

Leaves of absence and furloughs for twenty days were granted freely, from New Year's day till Feb. 23d, and nearly all the officers and about a hundred of the men were thus enabled to visit their homes in Maine. For duty, we had a very extensive picket line to maintain, and each man was obliged to go on every three or four days. We still went through the formality of turning out under arms during the drumming of the last beat of

the reveille. Then followed roll call—the forming of the regimental line—the least bit of a drill in the manual—the stacking of arms—a pretence at waiting for the enemy to show himself—a very speedy taking of arms—a speedier dismissal of the regiment, and a still quicker breaking of ranks. The whole ceremony, from the first tap of the drum to the breaking ranks, occupied five or six minutes by the watch. It thus became habitual for us to form line with great promptness. For a long time this was our only military ceremony. We had no camp guard, except a sentinel over the horses and an orderly at headquarters.

With the return of spring we had dress-parade by regiment and brigade, and a little drilling, and frequent inspections by every inspecting officer in the corps. The winter was quite severe, but all were in good spirits, and nearly every day brought us good news from the other armies of our country. The severe weather kept us in-doors the most of the time, but the diary states:

March 13th. The mud is drying and the men are out playing ball, pitching horse-shoes and wrestling. The camp is noisy enough, and in strange contrast to what it was a month ago, when all was as quiet as a Sunday in the country. At night we received orders to be on the alert. A rebel raid is mentioned as possible.

We obeyed the order but lost no sleep.

Guerrillas and the rebel cavalry were heard of quite often during the winter. In one of their raids Gen. Crook, at Cumberland, Md., once more paid the penalty of defective picketing, and made a visit to Richmond. Our Second brigade, which had a very extensive camp, was visited by the guerrillas, who did some slight mischief. But at Stevenson's depot, where "Old Brick Top" had the oversight, no guerrilla ever came very near. The General (Emory), however, on March 1st moved us out of our camps in the woods to the open ground near the railroad depot. We did not like this at all, though the wagons hauled all our huts and furniture for us.

Sheridan left us the last of February, taking nearly all the cavalry with him. They rode almost unobstructed to Waynes-

boro, and there captured the surviving remnant of Early's army; only Jubal himself, with a very few others, managed to escape.

March 8th, *Wednesday.* The prisoners, numbering 1300, were brought in, and our regiment turned out to guard them. They required little attention, for our cavalry, with some rebel cavalry at its heels, had hurried them down the valley without sleep or rest, which they now wanted more than liberty.

March 10th and 11th. We were paid for September, October, November and December, by Maj. C. F. Wilson, and the men who had enlisted as recruits previous to Oct. 24th, 1863, instead of receiving bounty, found their pay stopped on account of bounty already paid to them. This was in conformity to the law and orders of the war department, but it was a merciless disregard of the promises made the men by every State and U. S. official at the time of enlisting, but more of this by and by. We sent home considerable money at this time. Adams's Express took some, and the furloughed men more. Dr. Day took $2,200, and I gave checks, mostly to the Portland men, for $8,320.

March 14th. A review of the U. S. forces at Camp Sheridan by Gen. Emory, came off. In the afternoon Lieut. Col. Sizer, 116th N. Y., who was Gen. Emory's inspector general, hunted us over for our weak points, and very readily discovered a want of familiarity with some of the movements taught in the tactics. The officers blundered and appeared ridiculous, and the report was unfavorable. We cared little for this, for the excuse was good, and we then thought and still think that the inspector had a personal interest in making us appear at a disadvantage.

Some days after, Gen. Beal, accompanied by Capt. Chitty, the inspector general of the division, gave us a still more searching inspection with a view of modifying Lieut. Col. Sizer's report. The Captain reported us as in excellent condition everyway. In consequence of all these inspections the diary has the following:

DISCIPLINE.

This word has a great range of meaning in the army. Fine dressing, neat and soldierly appearance, promptness of motion, good drill, correct performance of guard duty, and prompt salutes, are reckoned as good discipline. And we

also consider good discipline to be obedience, *real* respect to superiors, knowledge of duty and an easy and ready execution of orders. The "regulars" strive to have their soldiers perfected to both these standards, but few regiments of volunteers in the field can hope to become noted under the first head, though our old 10th Me. was a *very* superior regiment in this particular, and an exception to the general rule. The "29th," for want of opportunity, has not attained to the excellence of the "10th" in the first meaning of the word, but it is *far* ahead of it in the second; and very far ahead of the majority of regiments which we see in other commands. Any sensible order can be understood and enforced with perfect ease, and then there is a very commendable harmony between the officers and men, which is everything for troops in the field.

During the winter we received many recruits, who had enlisted to serve one, two or three years. Many of these had been in the army before, and the regiment was benefited on the whole by the addition. Convalescents (so called) did not return as promptly as we thought they should, though 1864 saw some improvement in this respect over the evils of 1862.

Sheridan left us February 27th, with the cavalry, as before stated, and Gen. W. S. Hancock, who had been assigned to the duty of organizing and commanding the 1st or "Veteran" corps, being senior officer in the Middle military division, took command of it about this time. We knew him as a "fighting man," and the gallant commander of the old 2d corps of "the Potomac," and the impression which he first made was favorable, but—

March 17th. We received an order from Gen. Hancock, forbidding the *infantry to wear boots!!* and also forbidding the sutlers of infantry regiments to sell boots upon penalty of confiscation.

This order recalled memories of John Pope's famous pronunciamento, and it is fearful to think of the swearing and grumbling that our division indulged in when it was promulgated. We thought for a while, that the order would be quietly tucked out of sight by the subordinate generals, but a pretence of inspection was made one day, whereby a few men were literally scared out of their boots. This boot order is worth a moment's consideration. In our way of thinking Hancock had better have blown his brains out than have issued it. Tell us if you can how it happens that so simple a thing as this can destroy all confidence in a gallant and accomplished leader, when years of positive disaster

under Gen. Banks, only served to give us greater respect and love for him.

March 30th, *Thursday.* The long expected order* discontinuing the 19th corps arrived. Our division is now called "*Dwight's division of the army of the Shenandoah.*"

Gen. Emory's command is defined as "the infantry force guarding the railroad from Charlestown to Stevenson's, and the troops in and around Winchester," which almost the same as gives us two division commanders. The order specifying our transportation came also. We are allowed two wagons as ours is a large regiment.

The next day (31st), at eleven A. M., we received the order to escort the 5th N. Y. battery to Summit Point immediately. We wore overcoats and rubber blankets to keep off the rain, and left our knapsacks behind. By eight P. M. we reached the Point, having walked, run, slipped, slidden and waded, in all fifteen miles. The march was a very hard one for us, as we were all out of practice, and many of the men were recruits and convalescents. Col. Nye succeeded in "borrowing" a train of cars to take us home, and the luxuries of a dry hut and warm bed were appreciated that night if ever they were.

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*Gen. Order, No. 41, of the war department, March 20, 1865.

CHAPTER LI.

SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

April 1, 1865, *Saturday.* The general situation of the union armies is as follows:

GRANT is still before Petersburg, and just now is making a grand movement on the South Side railroad.

SHERIDAN with the cavalry, is "out" with Grant.

SHERMAN is resting a moment at Goldsboro', N. C., having marched through Georgia and the Carolinas, and united with Schofield.

THOMAS is out west, with force reduced. We hear little of him lately.

WILSON, the trooper, is raiding everywhere.

HANCOCK is quiet in the Valley, with one eye on his "veterans" and the other on the "dough-boys'" boots. Here is the "29th."

Gold is tumbling. It now takes $1.55 in greenbacks to buy $1.00 gold.

The next day we hurrahed incessantly on learning that the army in front of Petersburg had fought three days, and that Sheridan had captured three brigades of infantry, with the cavalry and the 5th corps. One of the chief joys of this news was that it was "official"—we knew it to be true. In the newspapers which gave us the details, we were pleased to notice the part taken by our cavalry acquaintances. The name of our old friend Gen. Crawford was also conspicuous.

From this time Camp Sheridan became a prison to us. Perhaps we were not "spoiling for a fight," but we were thoroughly uneasy—we wanted to do something more than go on picket twice a week.

The day after (April 3d), while at brigade drill, the official announcement was received that Petersburg and Richmond had

fallen. It was therefore a day of wild excitement and enthusiasm with us. A quantity of "commissary" was "drawn," and having said this I must not fail to note that I saw but one man drunk in the brigade—none in our regiment. We have been told that at home the jubilee of this day, or night, was one that a man sees only once in a lifetime. It was not so memorable an occasion with us.

We had been packing our surplus baggage for some days, and so were well prepared for the order, which came at night, to "send the baggage to the rear at once, and march at 10 o'clock in the morning."

April 4th, *Tuesday*. We sent our boxes and trunks to the railroad depot to be forwarded to Frederick City, Md. It rained or drizzled all day, but about 4.30 P. M., after one or two false starts, we began our last march up the Valley. We understand that this movement of Hancock's force was made to prevent Lee's army from escaping by a north-western route. It was dark when we bivouacked, having passed through Winchester and halted in Camp Russell, a mile in rear of our old camp. The day's march was eight miles, and it ended our advance.

Here we remained two days, and on the 7th fell back to Abram's Creek in the suburbs of Winchester—four miles march.

While in this camp, we received dispatch after dispatch of battles won and prisoners taken, till at last the climax was capped a little before midnight of April 9th. At that hour an orderly waked up Col. Nye, and gave him the "official" of the surrender of Lee. Thereupon, the Colonel turned out the regiment with the band, drum corps, clerks, cooks, sick and all, to read the dispatch to them.

We had hurrahed for a week, till now it was an old story, but this called for all the life which we had left; so right there in the dead of night, on the hill where Banks had made his plucky stand nearly three years before, we stood in line and cheered away as only those who have waited four years can cheer. The other regiments of the army turned out also, and we all hurrahed till

daylight. But there are better pens than mine to describe our joy, which was not simply regimental but national.

Next week Joe Johnston "went up"—and sometime afterward the shockingly exaggerated story of Jeff. Davis being captured in woman's dress amused us and all the loyal of the land. The old cry "I want to go home," which had become a jest in the army, was now spoken in earnest by all, and it is useless to deny the painful fact that peace demoralized us.

One more march in the Valley was in store, however. On the 10th, the morning of the news of Lee's surrender, we all fell back to Summit Point in the rain, marching eighteen miles or more in the mud, which was deep wherever the pike was poor. The object of this movement was to give us a camp on the line of railroad, and also to produce aches, blisters and profanity, so "the boys" said. They further asserted that it was done on a rainy day that we might see how much better shoes were than boots. Once in camp we fell to making ourselves comfortable, and had, or pretended to have, our daily drills and dress parades.

While here (April 15) we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. What higher tribute can we pay to his memory, than to say that he was faithful to us, and we trusted him from first to last? Of whom else of all our *prominent* public men or generals can we say this!

The next day, which was Sunday, Gen. Beal ordered the brigade out to religious services appropriate to the national calamity, in which all the chaplains of the brigade took part; and again on the 19th our Chaplain Webster "delivered before the troops a feeling and forcible address."*

On the 20th of April we bade good bye to the Valley forever. We made quick work of going aboard the cars, and parted from the scenes of so much pain and bloodshed without any exhibition of feeling. Then passing slowly by rail through Charlestown we refrained for once from playing "John Brown," for the good reason that we were so crowded that the men of the band could not use their instruments.

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*Dr. Beecher's history of the 114th N. Y.

Next, at Harper's Ferry, we bade good bye to Virginia, caring more for the fog and the threatening rain, than the matchless scenery and the land we were leaving. Then we went on very slowly, going by the places familiar to the old 10th Mainers, and passing a night of misery supreme, "stowed heads and points," as Gen. Nye's pocket diary has it, till we reached the Relay House, where we were switched off on the still more familiar track of the Washington branch.

Shortly after this our train stopped on a siding, while the funeral train carrying the body of Lincoln, passed on its way west. We had gone out of the cars and were separated from each other, but as the train approached, draped in black, we all uncovered with one accord without orders to do so. We soldiers, who have to show so much honor to our superiors as a matter of duty or under compulsion, could not in any other way have exhibited more genuine love and respect for our martyred President, than by this simple, voluntary act. We arrived in Washington at ten o'clock A. M. of the 21st, and at once marched out to Tennallytown, four miles, and camped on the same spot that we occupied the night when we landed from Louisiana—July 13, 1864.

The armies of Meade, Sherman and Hancock were concentrating around Washington, and as we were among the first to arrive, we were besieged for a day or two with sutlers, pie-venders, peddlers and strumpets. We had brigade dress parades here and many other ceremonies, and put out a heavy guard in front, in hope of preventing the assassins of Lincoln from escaping, for they had not then been discovered, and another in the rear to keep the men from going into the city; this made "flanking" necessary if one would go to town. We still maintained pretty good discipline, however.

April 27th, the brigade marched around on the military road to the Baltimore pike—retracing the steps taken July 13th. Our new camp was along-side the Baltimore & Ohio railroad track, between Mount Olivet cemetery and the house of Clark Mills, the sculptor, which every soldier knows by the prominent bronze statue of a horse in front. Here we had the regular camp duties,

and swore hard about them. Besides this, we amused ourselves by putting percussion caps on the railroad track for the engine to explode. In this fun we were reinforced by our old neighbors of 10th Maine memory,—Cothran's battery, who, after their grand march with Sherman, were now camped near us. They put their friction primers on the track, and these made such a noise with the cracking of the caps that the sport was spoiled by orders to quit it.

Chandler had been sent for to take charge of our band once more, and came out. Then we had fine music for a while, and for a while also—*we didn't!!* (None but the "29th" can see the point of this, so pass on).

There was nothing new in life around Washington. The chief thought was of going home, and as we saw hundreds go past every day in the trains, we kept on thinking vigorously. The only other excitement was in seeing and visiting the troops concentrating around us.

On May 4th and 5th, we went into town to guard the assassins and their accomplices.

May 9th, Quartermaster Rankin brought our surplus baggage from Frederick, and we had better cooking after this. The diary notes a little drunkenness, and but little, about this time.

May 12th. Inspection and review by Gen. Wilcox, of the 9th corps, to which Dwight's division had not been assigned, but merely "tacked on" for present purposes. It would have been as dull as usual had not Sheridan been there. We hurrahed for him:—this hurrahing at inspection and review, the citizen reader must understand, is like clapping hands in church.

By and by the grand review was announced, and soon after a letter came requesting the commands to appear with white gloves. Considering the fact that we were all dressed for field service, this request, which had about the force of an order, was not favorably received, but a little pressure from above, and the knowledge that all the other regiments would wear gloves, converted us. Therefore behold us on the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, when the unexpected command to "move immediately"

arrives. We form line, take our position in the brigade column, and go into the town and out again on another road, and camp for the night near the Poor-house north of the capitol, with the troops of the 9th corps all around us. A camp guard is put on, and neither officer nor man can pass out. We at once declare that the grand review is a humbug. Next it rains, and being exceedingly vexed we join the others of our division and all the 9th corps, in yelling, and in bawling out, "*white gloves!*" "*paper collars!*"

THE GRAND REVIEW.

May 23d, *Tuesday*. The Grand Review was indeed a grand exhibition, though it might have been vastly finer. The wonderful effect of the moving of masses was all lost by reviewing us in the streets of the city instead of in the open fields. The prescribed route was from the Capitol to the White House, at which latter place sat President Johnson, who, as Commander-in-chief, was the reviewing officer. His stand was placed on our left flank instead of on the right, and at least our division was not notified of this departure from the common custom, so our guide was wrong, and the field and staff officers were posted wrong, which made us look as if we or some others were green. All the infantry battalions were formed with a front of twenty men, making with the guides forty-two men to the company. Fortunately our regiment turned out a few over 420 men, and so kept its ten companies intact.

We were up at three A. M., breakfasted and sent our knapsacks, and everything but canteens, muskets and accoutrements to camp, and waited till 7.30, when inspection was ordered. Then we moved, and moved again, finding ourselves at last in East Capitol street, in rear of the 9th corps. At 10.30 our division started, and we ceased being vexed, for the first moment since the afternoon of the day before. Our line of march soon brought us into the throng of spectators who had come from east and west to see the review.

The troops marched in close columns, (six paces from one front rank to another), and in splendid order as far as we could see. The general reader must know that only old soldiers can march

massed so closely as this; all new troops will continually waver, crowd and open. The streets were cleared sufficiently of the throng of citizens to allow this immense mass to wind snake-like through it. Cheers greeted us, and the shouts of our friends who had come from Maine to see this great review distracted us, but the same even, measured step was kept. We passed the President, about one in a company getting sight of him, and then went back to camp to dinner. The review was of little interest to us, the actors. The spectators say it was grand indeed to see first the cavalry, the heroes of a hundred charges, then the provost guard and engineers, followed by Burnside's men (9th corps) who a year before were nearly all new troops with full ranks, and were now as tough, and nearly as small in numbers as the rest of the army. Behind the 9th corps was our Dwight's division, then came the old 5th, 6th and 2d corps, whose histories are almost identical with that of the army of the Potomac.

It must have been interesting to be a spectator that day, but for us there was nothing so pleasant as the children around the Capitol. The diary says of these:

The newspapers say there were 2,000 of them, all dressed in white, and decked with wreaths and flowers. They were singing, and their voices drowned our drums and broke up our step. If you would know how sweet and pure they seemed to us, you must live years in the army, seeing only the hard, browned faces of men. Accustomed as we are to seeing only such men as these, the little creatures in white dresses and flowers, with their bare arms and necks, looked like angels to us. Who knows but King David might have just returned from the wars when he wrote "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." I noticed that Nye was wiping away the brine, and before I knew it I had the same to do for myself. At the Treasury buildings seats had been erected, and a great number of elderly people were there ssembled. As we marched by they were singing, to the old John Brown tune, these matchless words:

"As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory—Glory—Hallelujah, &c. &c."

On the front seats were a number of gentlemen and ladies whose silvery hair caught our eyes at once, for you must remember that we do not often see old people nor hoary locks in the army. The tears were rolling down

their cheeks, and when they brought out their "Glory—glory"—we had to be human and let our tears come too. I thought of what the nation had suffered since our old First Maine marched around the same corner, nearly four years ago, but this didn't help me dry the tears.

But do not understand that the Colonel and Major alone were affected. It was so with a majority of us, if all that I hear is true, and the case of two noted "roughs" of our regiment must not be lost. In the evening one was overheard twitting the other of being "so soft as to blubber at seeing the babies," yet he confessed at last that he himself had not been able to keep dry eyes in marching past the children.

I have said that as a military ceremony it was not so exceedingly grand; but it was a grand conception to mass the two armies of the east and west around the Capitol that they had saved; and then disband them. The foreign officers who may have seen some things in us to criticize, cannot sneer at the eagerness and ease with which so many thousand veterans became good citizens again in almost a day.

After this ceremony we staid in Washington only eight days. A great many of us witnessed the review of Sherman's army the day after ours.

One or two of our officers visited Señor Roméro, the Mexican Minister, to learn what inducements the Juarez government was offering to those who joined the Mexican army. The minister treated them well. He was thankful for the sympathy, and was anxious to know how many yankee soldiers our officers could enlist. At this point, the interview began to be dull, nor was a second visit paid the Señor, who, daily expecting advices from home, asked his callers to come again.

Under date of May 24th the diary says:

Our old friends, the 2d Mass. regiment, marched by us to-day. I saw only one familiar face, though I used to know the faces of all the officers at Stafford C. H. Chancellorsville and Gettysburg have done much, and promotion and detachment have finished them.

We watched carefully every indication that promised a muster-out, and were not a little disturbed, May 29th, by the order to make muster-out rolls of all men whose terms of service

expired before October 1st. And on the 31st, 3 officers and 190 men, including Capt. Butler's company, A, were discharged under this order.*

Besides these there were fifty-eight men in general hospitals, "discharged for disability" about this time, under General Order No. 77, war department, and a number of other men very easily contrived to get their "spread eagle," as the discharge paper is often called. So, with our occupation gone and our ranks thinned, the regiment's death struggle began.

I believe I state the exact truth when I say that nothing was so demoralizing to either of our regiments as the prospect of going home.† Disaster in battle, hardships, disease and death may have ruined individuals, but the regiment always had a life. The few, no matter how few, who rallied around our colors during the dark days, had a confidence in each other and a pride in our name. But the prospect of soon being a citizen discouraged both the officers and men, and destroyed the *esprit de corps* so needful in any command, and when one company entire, and more than a hundred other men, including many hospital "beats," were discharged, we grew more restless than ever, and the regimental life began to ebb. The diary states that the sight of six troop-trains passing by every day, each composed of thirty or forty cars, did not pacify us at all.

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*Mustered out by Capt. E. P. Pellett, under General Order No. 53, Middle military division, and sent home under instructions of General Order No. 94, war department.

† On page 293 the 10th regiment is excluded from this charge.

CHAPTER LII.

GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the same day of receiving the order to prepare the muster-out rolls of Co. A and others named, we heard that the division was to be sent to Savannah, Ga., and the order to prepare for the voyage came on the 30th. This settled the question.

JUNE 1st, *Thursday.* We hurrahed for Co. A, the recruits and "battalion" boys who were going home, and then marched into the city and down to 6th street wharf, whence we were taken by steamer to the Ariel, which lay out in the river. She was a fine sea-going steamship, and we had ample room for our 350 men, though the 1st Maine battalion, about 300, and brigade head-quarters, were aboard with us. We sailed next day at sunrise and anchored off Tybee Island Sunday night, after a very pleasant voyage, without an incident worth noting.

Monday morning we sailed over the bar into the Savannah river, and anchored. Then some of us went ashore, visited the old Martello tower, an oyster shell structure, and wondered why, when and how it was made. The Ariel took us up to the city on the flood tide. The sail was one of interest, but it failed to make us enthusiastic.

We disembarked at seven P. M. and marched through the city with hundreds of negro children following our band, and then camped between the lines of earthworks built by the rebel and union forces, the latter being on the edge of the city. The diary states that "Savannah is the prettiest southern city we have been in. The trees remind us of Portland." The next day we had a fine camp laid out, and Lieut. Rankin drew mosquito nets for us.

We found a part of Grover's division in the city, and noticed that other regiments of our own were arriving. But our brigade had been broken up at Washington, first by the departure of the 116th N. Y. and then the 114th N. Y. The 153d N. Y. had been transferred to the 2d brigade while in the Valley, in order to give Col. Davis (Brevet Brigadier General) command of that brigade, and excepting the 30th Mass., we saw no more of our old friends after going south.

JUNE 14th. We sailed for Georgetown, S. C., this evening in the Ann Maria, and arrived there next day at five P. M., relieving the 157th N. Y., one of the old regiments of this department, and camped in the streets on the outskirts of the city adjoining Willow Bank plantation. Cos. I and D did not arrive till the 17th. This old town, with its ancient church and other reminders of revolutionary days, had been pretty well cleared out by sword and fire, and after one look at it and one tramp around its streets in the everlasting sand, we grew homesick enough. The diary states that—

> The people are poor as death, almost starved, poorly clad, and with pale, cadaverous expressions. The "nigs" are jubilant and frisky enough, though they are poorer still.

We soon learned that the policy of the government in sending us south was to garrison the country with small forces scattered in every village, and to allow the regiments whose terms of service had nearly expired to go home. To Gen. Beal was assigned the command of the military district of Eastern South Carolina, embracing the territory east of the Wateree river and north of the Santee. The 15th and 29th Me., 30th Mass. and 1st Me. battalion were designated as his force.

The diary shows daily our dislike of the situation. The rations were poor, old and scanty. The fleas and flies almost devoured us, and we were prostrated by the heat. We received no mail in June till the 19th, and in all our service we were never so completely out of the world as during our first fortnight at Georgetown. Then on June 19th affairs changed a little. First, Companies F and H, under Capts. Turner and Blake, with Dr. Cotton for medical officer, marched to Kingstree, starting on the evening

of the 19th. Co. H remained in Kingstree, while Co. F went on by rail to Florence, a place made important by the crossing of railroads.

Captain Blake's memorandum of this march is far more interesting than anything which I can make from it, and so I give it verbatim:

"Capt. Turner and Dr. Cotton left on the 18th, or in the morning of the 19th, and the companies marched between five and six o'clock P. M.; distance from Georgetown to Kingstree forty miles, though we marched fifty-three. We were directed to keep straight ahead till we came to 'Potato ferry,' but we should have turned a little to the right about four miles out of Georgetown. We went on up the Santee River road six miles, when we found we were on the wrong track, but kept on in hopes to find a road that would take us across. We marched fifteen miles and stopped for the night at a place called Dutch Church. This village consisted of a meeting house, one dwelling house, a hitching post and a pine stump. The next morning we marched between three and four o'clock, through the pine woods part of the way, and came out at the ferry all right before noon, thirteen miles. Crossed and partook of 'hog and hominy' with an old woman, paying her well therefor, but *did not* commit the depredations that she reported to Gen. Beal the next day. I can tell you all about it but 'tis not necessary, suffice it to say that the men never behaved better. Marched 10 miles that afternoon, and went into Kingstree (10 miles) next morning and relieved a battalion of N. Y. troops. Co. F went on by rail to Florence next day, Lt. Winter in command.

"The people were very much prejudiced against us at first, supposing, as we were New England troops, that we should hug all the blacks and kick all the whites. But we didn't do the first at all, nor did we kick the whites—except those that deserved it. They soon learned that we were there for the benefit of both parties, *and not merely to show our authority*, and began to respect us. Our surgeon's calls were like 'angel's visits'—in one sense at least. Dr. Cotton was able to make us only two very short calls during our stay of nine months. There was considerable sickness amongst the men, and they would have suffered very much but for Dr. James Brockington, an ex-rebel surgeon and a gentleman, who attended the men as faithfully as though they had been his personal friends, without any expectation of pay. After we were paid, the men made up a purse—the officers adding to it—and made him a present."

June 23d. Capt. Jordan and Lieut. Bangs, with Co. C, were sent over to Judge Duncan's plantation on the Waccamaw River, to quell a mutiny among some negroes, who had an idea that a white man has no rights which a black is bound to respect. Our force returned on the 26th, without having had any serious trouble. Also on June 23d, Capt. Whitmarsh received the order to mount Co. G and do duty as cavalry, and just as they had learned how to mount their "architectural steeds" and a few other first principles, the order came to dismount and return the horses!

"Stiddy G!"

Co. G was thereupon constituted a headquarters' guard, and afterward a provost guard.

JUNE 27th. Cos. B, C and D were sent by steamer up the Pee Dee,* to the place where the Northeastern railroad crosses it. Here was a navy yard of the late confederacy, with two torpedo boats on the stocks, which the natives said would have sunk our entire blockading fleet had they *only* been finished. Capt. Redlon remained here with his company, B, about a month, when he reinforced Co. C at Marion, leaving only a squad at the navy yard. Capt. Jordan, with Co. C, at once proceeded eastward to Marion C. H., where he created a great deal of hard feeling and indignation among the residents, by doing about as he pleased and disregarding their kind advice!

JUNE 29th. Co. K, under Lieut. French, Capt. Kingsley being brigade commissary at this time, marched for Kingstree and reinforced Co. H. These two companies had the most agreeable reception from the people of any of us; a credit to both citizen and soldier.

Headquarters and Co's E and I, with the band, were still at Georgetown, and we celebrated Fourth of July by firing muskets and drinking a ration of whiskey (so called) that is often provided on great occasions. The next order was for the five companies of 30th Mass. (the other five had gone up river before) under Lieut. Col. Whittier, the two companies of 29th Me. under Maj. Gould, and the four companies called the 1st Me. battalion, to march to Florence. Col. Nye was on a military commission at this time, and Lieut. Col. Emerson at the north. We marched early Thursday morning, the band and Co. G going with Gen. Beal to Darlington C. H. by steamer and rail. The first day's trial put an end to traveling in the sun. We passed over Black River, marching sixteen miles through an almost uninhabited country, and halted at noon. We started again at 11.30 P. M., and marched till 6.30 in the morning of July 7th, and halted at Poplar Hill Grove, having gone twelve miles through a desolate pine barren, abounding in mosquitoes and fleas.

* Local orthography.

JULY 8th, *Saturday.* Leaving camp a little before midnight we marched fourteen miles during the early morning; crossed Lynch's Creek and slept during the day on the grounds of Widow Davis. Here we left the sick, belonging mostly to the 1st Me. battalion.

JULY 9th, *Sunday.* We started Saturday evening at eight o'clock, and halted twelve miles out of Florence an hour or two after midnight, having gone sixteen miles. Sunday night we marched twelve miles and reached Florence. This ended what may be called the last march of the regiment. Co. D joined us the 11th, coming by rail from Pee Dee bridge, when our three companies, and some of the 30th Mass., proceeded to Darlington C. H., where the district headquarters were. Near Florence is a prison pen, which from shorter existence and smaller capacity, is not so notorious as the one at Andersonville. We visited it and saw the dead line where our poor comrades had been murdered, and also the vile bog whose malaria had poisoned all the inmates. Outside there was a grave-yard, where 2,600 union dead had been buried in six months. The graves of the Free Masons had head boards with the names on them, but everything else in the grave-yard and in the prison was unchristian and barbarous. The *locality* of the pen alone is the strongest evidence of the villainy of the Richmond authorities. We have since heard the people, white and black, confirm the horrible stories which the world knows about these pens, and the conclusion is irresistible, that the authorities at Richmond designed all the starving, poisoning and brutality. They seemed to be unable to find a tool for Florence so faithful as Wirz of Andersonville. We became acquainted at Darlington C. H. with Major Warlley, once the commander of the Florence pen. He was a gentleman of generous nature, incapable of abusing a prisoner, and truthful. We believed him when he stated that he did everything in his power to feed his prisoners, but the officers above him made it impossible to carry out his plans. His command was of brief duration—he was unfit for the place!

CHAPTER LIII.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Co. D was sent to Society Hill, July 17th. Co. I relieved F at Florence on the 22d. We were then split up as follows:*

Headquarters, Band and Cos. E and F at Darlington C. H.

Co. G, Darlington C. H., Provost Guard.

Co. D, Society Hill and a squad at Dove's depot.

Co. I, Florence.

Cos. B and C, Marion C. H., with a squad of B at the navy yard.

Cos. H and K, Kingstree.

The southern sun and miasma were too much for us, and our sick list became large, though all the localities except the navy yard were reckoned healthy. During the second week of July, Major C. F. Wilson visited all of the companies and paid them for January, February, March and April, after which we were again able to piece out our scanty and miserable rations by purchase. As for duties, the officers at least had their hands full. First, the amnesty oath † was administered by the provost marshals to all who could take it.

The next duty of importance was the approval of contracts between the planters and the negroes. This point may need a

*The disposition here given was further modified Oct. 28th, by Co. C going to Florence. Oct. 30th, Co. D came back to Darlington C. H., leaving small squads at Society Hill and Dove's depot, and Nov. 1st, Co. K under Lieut. Gillisple came to Darlington C. H.

†I, A. B, do solemnly swear that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the constitution of the United States and the union of the States thereunder. And that I will in like manner faithfully support and defend all laws and proclamations that have been issued during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. So help me God.

little explanation. President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued Jan. 1, 1863, but was a dead letter until the rebel armies were dispersed. When Sherman's army marched through the south, his troops proclaimed as they went that the slave was freed. Later still the army of occupation told both black and white to keep at work on the crop then growing. The simple blacks, of course, listened to all of the many stories which the soldiers told them, and believed only those most favorable to them, and when we arrived in South Carolina they were all "demoralized," whether you take the word literally or as army slang. The sentiment, if not the words, of that famous chorus was firmly fixed.

> "It must be now the kingdom's coming,
> In the year of jubilo."

They expected the yankees to divide old massa's lands and turn them over to them, and throw in a mule or two. They wanted the growing crop, of course. We had to dispel all these illusions, which was something of a task, and also to pound into the darkey's thick head, which was still more difficult, a knowledge of what his share of the crop might be. Our orders were, to see that the planters made written contracts with their hands, securing to the latter one-half of the crop, after the owner of the work-animals had deducted seventy-five bushels of corn for each animal, to replace what it had eaten in making the crop. By reason of confederate legislation, the acreage of cotton had been small, and the old cotton fields were full of corn, but the sandy soil and the wretched system of agriculture in vogue, promised but little at the start, and a severe drought settled the fact of a short crop. We had trouble all the way through, first in explaining the meaning of the contract, and later in the season in dividing the scanty crop, but these were light compared to our efforts to keep the negroes at work. In all these labors, the non-commissioned officers and the "intelligent privates" assisted. But the most extensive service performed by the latter class was that of "safeguards,"—so called.

Wherever a planter complained that his hands were not doing well, or were threatening mischief, if desired we sent a man out to restore order. This was a favorite duty of the men, and it

kept a quarter of our force out of town nearly all the time These men were seldom visited by the officers, as they should have been, for the officers' duties kept them from going, but they were generally faithful and efficient. Occasional instances were reported where the "safeguard" had administered a little punishment by advice of the planter, and one outright murder was committed by a recruit, who would probably have been tried and executed had he not broken from jail. Generally the men did well, and at least were as faithful as the officers. Besides this duty, which was performed under instructions from the Freedman's Bureau, we had the law in our hands. A provost court* was established for the present relief of the injured, and though the proceedings were never published, yet I am able to affirm upon honor that some of its decisions and the manner of executing them startled the lawyers of the town! The majority of cases before our honorable body were those of hog killing and cotton stealing, but occasionally we had more serious matters. The court also took cognizance of cases where the possession, but not the title, of land and all other property was in dispute. It was an accommodating court, too; it traveled from point to point, horseback, and charged no fees of any kind, though the general order of the department permitted fees to be charged, and did *not* establish the court upon an "equestrian basis."

The officers who acted as provost marshals, however, attended to the great majority of these cases without referring them to the court. Sometimes, also, a non-commissioned officer would be sent out from sub-district headquarters (Col. Nye's) to the scene of disturbance to settle the matter there. A case of this kind has been recorded in the diary, where a widow having died near Hartsville, the heirs, mostly unmarried women, were seizing the property and dividing it according to the rule of might makes right. After much consultation at headquarters as to the man who might safely be sent on such perilous business as settling an old-maid fight, "Doctor" Russell was selected,—he that fought so well at Antietam. He was gone three days, during which he

*Composed of Major Gould, Capt. Turner, Capt. Pray, Lieuts. Harmon and Stacy.

labored with such coolness, such patience and perfect wisdom that he succeeded, so I learned from a neighbor, as well as from the "Doctor," in dividing the property to the satisfaction of every one, and all this, too, without seriously disturbing the affections of any of the women. "Hartsville" should be inscribed on the "Doctor's" colors for this clean victory!

An innumerable number of cases of hog stealing were reported, and nothing but the death of all the hogs put an end to the crime. Out of the hundreds or perhaps thousands of cases of this nature, hardly a dozen of the men accused could have been proved guilty in a court where the rules of evidence were applied. But the most serious thing to us was to punish the offenders after they were condemned, for they were generally negroes, though often only tools for white men. We had the district (county) jails at Darlington C. H., Marion C. H., and Kingstree, which were always full. We gave the prisoners our refuse rations, but they grew fat and saucy on them, and at last we saw what the whites had told us before, that "we were simply sending the nigger to heaven." I well remember visiting the Darlington jail at a moment when Sergt. Parker, the keeper, was busy elsewhere. There were both men and women in the main room, while a few soldiers were in the one adjoining; among these last was Kehoe, a prince of deviltry, as you all know. The darkies had obtained a fiddle from the outside, and with Kehoe for prompter they were indulging in a tremendous break-down, and were happy and contented enough.

It was claimed by the old slave masters that whipping had been seldom resorted to in the good old slavery times, but after conversation with the negroes themselves we enlarged our knowledge of what "*seldom*" may mean, and we learned that light canings and a cut or two with a strap or switch were not reckoned as whippings. The officers were almost daily importuned to permit "just a little wholesome correction,"—"simply an exhibition of authority,"—"something that will stop this intolerable insolence and restore discipline." The persistence of the planters in this matter was a source of much merriment to us, though I think a large majority of us finally believed with them that a little "show

of authority" would benefit the crop, but our instructions were too emphatic on this point to allow it. Nevertheless, though I regret to own it, some of our officers and a few of the "safeguards" yielded to the planters' advice and their own inclinations, and in return they too were punished for their wrong doing.

Our military duties were slighted. A few of the companies drilled once or twice, and at Darlington C. H., we had dress parades occasionally in the winter.

Company inspections were regular, and though we lost much of our old excellence in some particulars, shed our blue clothes for citizen suits of linen, and wore straw hats, yet the soldier was visible still, and we did not fall back to the shiftless ways of recruits. The equipments and muskets were always in the best of order, and the men were always obedient and respectful in presence of their officers. The absence of all civil officers encouraged our vicious ones to commit many misdemeanors, some of them of a very grave nature, for though we had an efficient police force, yet no soldier would "peach" of his comrade, nor was every culprit known. The diary notes a case of cotton stealing illustrating this point. The side of a barn near Darlington had been ripped open as early as ten in the evening, and loose cotton loaded into a wagon; the tracks of the mules and wagon were followed into the C. H., where the cotton was found and identified, but the thieves could not be guessed at. The police failed to get a clue, and the blacks, whose knowledge of tracks is wonderful, gave it up. At last the owner of the cotton discovered the fact and mustered courage to say, "*them tracks are you gentlemen's!*" and with this hint an officer took the matter in hand and discovered at length that a sergeant and three or four privates, all in liquor, one of them belonging to the quartermaster's department, had boldly gone at tattoo to the stable, where the quartermaster's man easily satisfied the sentinel of his right to a team and obtained a wagon. Then driving out of town, bawling and singing, they ran directly past the door of the owner of the cotton, without waking him up enough to excite his suspicion, and made so much noise in tearing down the barn that the men in camp heard them. This done and the

cotton loaded they drove to the trader's, dumped their cotton and sobered off; and sober indeed they were in the morning. The enormity of their crime impressed every soldier who heard of it with the necessity of keeping a closed mouth, and as the trader who received the cotton was one of the leading "colored gentlemen," all the blacks kept mum about it, too, and only the plainness of the case revealed it. We had more cases at Darlington, some worse even than this last.

Eight or ten men, whom you of the "29th" know very well, did the planning of all the mischief, and brought a very hard name upon our regiment for it. We tried to swear it off on to the Dutchmen—the 30th Mass.,—but the Darlingtonians knew better than to believe it.

The butchering of hogs and stealing of cotton by the blacks, was not ended nor even checked while the supply lasted. The blacks were very cunning, and they rarely witnessed against each other, nor against a white if a black was mixed up in his affairs. No cases occur to us now, where the blacks committed assault and battery upon any person in order to steal. But they were vigilant and untiring. They stole from the fields, sheds and houses. They must have had the connivance of the house servants in the latter cases, and they were rarely found out. They had a horror of fire-arms, and a funny thing happened in Darlington C. H., to a minister, who believed that "Servants, obey your masters," was the chief text of the Scriptures. He had a large quantity of bacon, which, for security, he had carried into his house and locked up. Then at night he was almost always crawling about his garden with his gun, and occasionally let off one or both barrels, simply to inform the negroes of the town that he was on the alert. This annoyed Gen. Richardson so much that he advised us to put a stop to it, but on learning the facts we concluded to let the parson go on. One night the minister was called away for a few hours, and when next he visited his bacon-room every leg was gone. Not the least track or sign was left, nor any bacon either. Hence no more was stolen from the parson.

Our communications with the outside world were very poor. The bridges over the Santee and Pee Dee were both destroyed,

making it difficult to obtain supplies from either Charleston or Wilmington, and the post office department had not contracted for carrying local mails when we arrived. Corporal Edwards (Co. K), our famous mail agent, by permission of Gen. Beal and the army mail authorities in Charleston, undertook the task of carrying and delivering the citizens' mail, as well as that of the army, and succeeded in doing what was in fact a charity to the people, for there was no pay for this increased labor.

If our service in the south was disagreeable, it was valuable in giving us the opportunity to see and talk with the old rebel soldiers. We had indeed before this conversed with many rebel prisoners, but had never received a good answer to our question "What are you fighting for?" Nearly all of the volunteers gave as their excuse for taking up arms against their old flag, that they were defending their State or "southern rights," though oftener they had "gone with the crowd." Among the more aristocratic the spirit that seemed to animate them was a hatred of yankees and yankee innovations. Their ideas of right and wrong on this question were absurd and ludicrous to our understanding. But now, when we came to mingle daily with the common soldiers of the late rebel army, we learned much that was valuable. They told us of the rapid strides which the confederate government made at the last toward putting them down to a level with slaves. How the rich and the aristocratic were favored and exempted from field service, while the poor were hunted, imprisoned and driven into the ranks. After a few months of this they began to see that the yankees had never disturbed anything but "the nigger," while their own government was destroying the very liberty and equality they were fighting for. Then they lost faith in the confederacy.

The south spent her last dollar, and sent to war every man that could be sent under the vicious and partial system of conscription. Few have an idea of the sacrifice the southern people cheerfully made of men and property, but this is more to be wondered at than commended. The leaders were terribly in earnest and mad; they fought with persistence and perseverance,

and showed a wonderful energy, but the war has proved to us that the southern masses were finally an impartial jury which decided against themselves.

Ignorance was the great sin of the masses; they knew nothing of us when they began the war; on the contrary they believed all the lies that they had heard from stump orators, or had read in the worthless newspapers that the south abounds in.

Concerning these old rebel soldiers we have many good words to say, for they appeared to us to be the most promising portion of the southern people, and I fear that I was hasty just now in condemning the southern press, when the political sheets of the north at this present moment are so far from being sinless.

CHAPTER LIV.

"I WANT TO GO HOME."

If we spent a day of contentment after leaving Washington, it is not recorded in the diary, and it has also gone out of memory. The heat and miasma made sad work with us, both in body and spirits. As early as July 11th the diary notes:

Co. C has twenty-three men sick at "healthy and beautiful Marion." B at Pee Dee Bridge is nearly as poorly off, and D came to Florence to-day with only enough well men—eight—to move the sick ones. Co. F's boys at Florence are living in barracks and are healthier, having escaped with only one in ten being sick; Cos; E and I have also kept pretty well.

The men of the 1st Me. battalion had a very hard time of it, though they were sent to the sand hills at Cheraw. The 15th Maine men also suffered severely in the same vicinity, and still further north, but they had staid in Georgetown longer than we, and a majority of them were also recruits.

Our duties were not to our taste, so we desired and talked of nothing but going home, and we daily had rumors about it, but on July 17th, so the diary states,

Lieut. Col. Emerson returned after an absence of eleven months. He is not well yet, but looks worse than when he left us. He came from Hilton Head to Charleston with our Quartermaster, Rankin, who had seen Gen. Gillmore disapprove Gen. Beal's application for the consolidation of the "29th" and 1st Me. battalion, for the reason that we should both be mustered out soon.

This, and the news that the provisional corps at Washington, had been mustered out, though it had been organized expressly with reference to staying in the service, made us very uneasy. But

the next week (26th) the telegraph operator, in the innocency of his heart, divulged the great secret to Eaton, the adjutant's clerk (afterward sergeant-major), that Gillmore had telegraphed to Gen. Beal to prepare muster-out rolls for the veteran regiments of his command. What followed these great expectations may be briefly summed up as follows:

I. Vexation and loud talk at brigade headquarters.

II. Disappointment and loud swearing in the Darlington camp, and all sorts of rumors at Florence, Pee Dee and Marion.

III. A new telegraph operator;—after which all was quiet.

All of us, from the Colonel down, were desiring to have the regiment mustered out. We watched every little indication and so kept up the fever, and it often appeared that the day of liberty was near. But as the months rolled on and all the novelty of our new work wore away, we grew sick of our duties and neglected them. A few of the men who had influential friends at home, succeeded in getting a discharge by order of the war department. The sick in the general hospitals north, were usually discharged instead of being returned to the regiment, and this depletion discouraged both officers and men, till they lost all interest in their duties.

After the first year of the war it was as difficult for an officer to obtain a discharge as it was for a man, but with peace came the good news that resignations would be accepted.

Lieuts. McKeen and Cushman resigned at Washington, and Quartermaster Thompson, also got out in some manner and went into business at Darlington with our old Captain, Jonathan Blake, of the 10th Maine. Lieut. Winter died suddenly, June 26th, and Chaplain Webster's resignation was approved July 18th. The majority of the officers intended to stay by and go home with the regiment, but when the day of muster-out was put far off, one after another resigned. Capts. Turner and Kallock left us in the fall of 1865. Capts. Kingsley, Whitmarsh, Millett and Jordan went in February and March 1866, within seven weeks of each other, accompanied by Dr. Swett, and at the end of the list of "loss of officers" appears "Major John M. Gould, March 24,

1866," who has never ceased to regret that he did not "see the thing out." I have an admiration for those who staid by the sinking ship and helped to encourage the men who could not resign.

A cruel order from Gen. Richardson, in the month of January, 1866, compelled the company commanders to drop, as deserters, all who were absent without leave. This cut down our force on paper fifty-nine. Furloughs were granted, and the men often managed to bring up in a general hospital, instead of returning, and there they easily obtained a discharge. Generally the officers were glad to help their men out of the service in any way by which an honorable discharge could be obtained.

Our band, also, which had been a rich treat to the Darlington garrison, was finally broken up. Chandler was first compelled to quit the country or shake to death, and left us. The band was immediately furloughed, and never played another note; though a part of the musicians returned and went on duty of another nature.

REPUBLICS ARE UNGRATEFUL.

We have already alluded, on page 568, to the stoppage of bounty of some of our men, and we will now give the history of their case. A bounty of $100 was given to a recruit who enlisted for three years from the commencement of the war up to Oct. 24, 1863. At the last date an order, or circular, from the war department, announced that $300 would be given to such recruits. It had previously been decided that a soldier should serve at least two years as an enlisted man, or be discharged for wounds, to obtain his bounty; but if he died at any time during his service his heirs could collect it. Any one can see that the "non-veterans" who enlisted in our regiment before Oct. 24th, had no *legal* claim to more than $100. But it was *understood* when the order was published to us, that all the recruits should receive $300, and the first, second and third instalments of $60, $40 and $40 respectively, were paid to them.

Instead of receiving the fouth instalment in March, on the roll of Dec., 1864, Paymaster Wilson deducted from their regular

pay the $40 that he had paid them in October (on the August, 1864 roll), leaving the men still with $100 bounty. Here was a breach of promise on the part of our officers, who, it is true, had been misled by U. S. officers, but *misled* nevertheless.

We thought the next best thing to do was to apply for their discharge, and Gen. Gillmore approving this, the eighty men present were sent to Charleston, S. C., Aug. 15th, and were there mustered out on the 22d by Capt. T. J. Robinson, A. C. M., acting under instructions from Gen. Gillmore, which were endorsed upon Col. Nye's application.* The eighty were then put under charge of Adjutant Greene and sent home by way of Hilton Head, at which point insult was heaped upon abuse, so they thought, by a guard of colored soldiers arresting a number of them for undressing to bathe on the beach! But another kick was waiting them at Augusta where they went for pay, and were told by the paymaster, that having served less than two years, and being neither dead nor discharged for wounds, they *were entitled to no bounty at all.* Therefore he deducted from their regular pay the $100 that had already been improperly advanced, which, it is quite needless to remark, "strapped" our gallant eighty, and induced some of the wildest profanity ever known in or out of the "29th."

But this is not all; they have since fallen a prey to those sharks, the claim agents, and the climax was capped in the case of Bob. Gibson of C, who sued his agent, lost his case and had to pay $30 costs and fees!

Besides these means of discharge, the men also began to desert. In time of war, this act is disgraceful and cowardly, though generally our deserters had been worthless characters; but now our good men and even the non-commissioned officers took "French leave," being completely homesick, disgusted and tired of "watching niggers and cotton."

There was something inexpressibly sad in this breaking up of our regiment after such a splendid record had been made and so perfect an *esprit de corps* established. A citizen cannot fully

*There was no other authority issued.

understand the feelings which a soldier has for the company or battalion where he has served. It is not for any one or any number of men or officers, nor for the old riddled flag that he has such a peculiar regard, but for them all collectively, and when this feeling is once destroyed, the soldier looks only to his own interests. I have not a word of blame for the men for losing their interest in the regiment, nor even for deserting; under a more rigid discipline many of the evils might perhaps have been avoided, but in common with all other volunteer troops we began a downward course the day that the war ended. We were not offended by the report of Gen. Grant, that for this reconstruction duty "the volunteers are worthless." These remarks reflect upon our officers, and I suppose that I must bear more than an average part of the burden, but we have a good defence. We had all been chosen or promoted for constant and faithful service *in the field.* There had been officers in the "1st" and "10th" who would perhaps have done better in the south than many of us did, but "the field" was too much for their health and tastes, and so their useful services were lost. It was perhaps the best that could be done under the circumstances, but it was unfortunate for the country that the government put volunteer troops on this duty; for the officers of the "regulars" are commissioned for life, and so they make a life-long effort to keep their commands in good discipline.

But we contend that the most serious evil in our disorganization was not in ourselves, but in our superiors. In the first place, the rations were poor and scanty enough to have provoked a mutiny among undisciplined troops, and then every officer over us had "cotton on the brain," and could not attend to his legitimate duties. Had Banks or Butler, or some other politician commanded us the world would have heard of the thieving ere this, but somehow the world does not care to trouble the "shoulder-straps" which are outside of politics. So until that frightful chapter is written on the military occupation of the south, the world will go on in ignorance. One little story of the many will illustrate these cotton transactions.

During the war a large number of bales, variously stated at 250 to 500, were carted into a swamp not many miles from

Darlington, to avoid destruction from Sherman's army. It became liable to confiscation from having been contributed (if I remember rightly) as a part of the celebrated "cotton loan." Single bales, and even cart loads of this cotton, were hauled off between the time of Sherman's passage and the arrival of the army of the department of the south, but the great mass of cotton remained and was seized in the name of the government and shipped out of our sight at government expense, as far as we could tell. This was all right as far as it went. But when the former owner of the cotton applied to the U. S. Treasury for indemnification, under plea (I believe) that the trade between the confederacy and himself had never been completed, and the bonds had never been accepted for the cotton, he must have been surprised to learn that the records of the department did not show that any cotton had ever been taken from the place under the circumstances described.

It is a matter of regret, that one or two of our number were found who would connive at the villainies of superior officers and of the treasury agents. They damaged our good name, but to punish them was impossible.

The discipline of this department was in striking contrast to that of our old 19th corps. In the latter the least departure from duty was known by Gen. Emory, who stirred us up well for the error and corrected it at once. Inspections, also, by well trained officers of the inspector general's department were frequent and searching in the field. Perhaps Gen. Emory, had he been in command here, would have been unable to correct all of the many evils which naturally arose from having the Freedmen's Bureau and the treasury agents in his department, yet in a measure out of his control, but the conduct of the 29th Maine would have been vastly better from first to last had he gone south with us. As for inspections we went a long time without seeing an inspecting officer. Then a young whipper-snapper was sent up to overhaul us, and was so much surprised because some sick recruits failed to salute him, and because some acting staff officers wore the gilt cord of the general staff, that he hurried home without stopping

to look after the cotton thieves or much of anything else. After him came another, a good fellow enough, who had learned the ropes at Hilton Head, and of whom we will say no more.

Our life was free from excitement, and the few incidents of interest to the individual are not so to the majority of us, since we were so scattered that few were familiar with all the localities. I quote a few passages from the diary, which I trust may be of value to all.

July 28th. Private Holmes of G died, making the sixth during the six weeks we have been in South Carolina. We have not lost six men before in four months, even including the deaths at general hospital.

Sept. 2d. Gens. Meade, Gillmore and Webb visited Darlington C. H. and Florence to-day. There were no ceremonies, but in consequence of their presence the officers had to wear their uniform coats, and buttoned up at that, and the men were not permitted to be in the streets. We were glad when they had departed and permission to "peel" had been given.

Sept. 8th. Considering all the circumstances, the health of the men is good, though the sick list is still large. We allow all the men who desire it to take their rations to the people of the town and eat at their houses. As a military measure, this is demoralizing, but it benefits the health and saves life, for our boys can't live on the refuse rations in which this department abounds.

Sept. 11th. We hear that Gen. Beal has been brevetted Major General. Chandler has got the band in splendid drill now, only every day one, two or three men are down with the chills. They went off to-night to visit Florence, Marion and Kingstree.

Sept. 22d. This day the liberty pole was raised in the square by the freedmen of Darlington. The ultra-secesh were displeased at it, and we feared they would cut it down when the yankees left, but it still remains,* though it has been removed to our old camp-ground, and the top-mast replaced. The police force was strengthened during the day, but though the square and the streets were thronged with blacks nothing more serious happened than the rapid exit from town of some silly white gentlemen, who thought it best to thus show their contempt for "yankees and niggers."

There was no disturbance and no rowdyism among the thousands in town; they would even have gone off without hurrahing for the flag, had not Chaplain Whittemore run out and told them to do so. We were then not a

* Authority, Col. Fillebrown, who lives there now (1871).

little surprised at hearing the old familiar rebel yell, coming from the freedmen to salute the stars and stripes!! * * * Don't these people know how to hurrah? It seems not, else the blacks would have learned how too.

Sept. 24th. We had an illustration of the power which a white soldier has over a black man, this evening. I heard a tremendous yelling and pounding among some negro quarters after dark, and running down arrived there ahead of the police, and found two of our recruits, boys, in liquor, smashing things at a frightful rate. I suspect there were fifty blacks running about, hiding and barricading themselves in their houses, but not daring to do more than to defend themselves in this way. We make a practice of telling all the blacks who come to our offices with tales of being abused, to defend themselves—to strike back as good as they receive. This is not according to scripture, but if these freedmen don't learn to defend themselves better, their liberty won't be "worth shucks," as they say here.

Sept. 28th. The other day some gentlemen at Statesburg sent an invitation, through Lieut. Col. Whittier, 30th Mass., who commands in that region, to the officers to attend a grand ball. The invitation was so hearty, and contrasted so favorably with the usage that we have received from the commencement of the war, that there was no resisting it. Gen. Beal himself, looking at it as a peace measure, permitted about thirty officers from the two regiments to go, and Quartermaster Rankin gave them a special train. Our band also was taken, as it had been specially mentioned in the invitation. They are all back to-night. The band boys are hungry, having played all night on the leavings of the third table. The hotel keeper charged like a trooper, and the managers of the ball and all the ladies snubbed the "yankees" most shamefully. As well as I can learn, our officers were permitted to sit on the piazza outside of the hall all the evening, waiting to be introduced.

Oct. 3d. Gen. Saxton, of the Freedman's Bureau, has called for an estimate of the clothing, fuel and rations needed to supply the destitute whites and blacks for the remainder of the year. We filled up the requisition with 0, 0, 0, but Lieut. Col. Emerson, who is down from Cheraw to-day, says they must have clothing and rations up there or perish, and if *he* says so you may know it is true.

Oct. 15th, *Sunday*. Parson Gamewell, the Methodist minister, whose church adjoins our camp (at Darlington C. H.), gave "the garrison" a cordial invitation to attend his church, and we stacked his pews with blue coats pretty well to-day. The people kneel at prayer in all the churches of the town. They have very poor congregational singing, and the negro bawl which comes down from the galleries, sets a man's head buzzing. It seems odd to hear the minister read two lines of a hymn for the people to sing, and then two more while the people stop singing, and so on. The married people sit in the center pews with their families. But the strangers, and those who do

not go to church as "one of the family," separate—the ladies taking the right wing and the bachelors and soldiers (goats) the left. It's a mean place to go a-courting, this southern church. The negroes occupy the galleries, separating to the right and left by sexes, but in the afternoon it is colored service, and they then come down, and the few whites who attend go up stairs. They say these customs are in vogue in all the churches, of whatever denomination. These people show more respect for the house of God than we at the north do. Another item is, that prayer meetings and Sunday schools hardly exist in this section. Still another custom at the south, which always makes us laugh, is the fashion of saying grace at double-quick. At home this good old custom is kept up only in professedly Christian families, and great speed in rattling off the words is not considered essential, but here I judge that it is a matter of style—it is "gentlemanly" and "refined" to say grace at some rate.

Nov. 6th. The captains and Adjutant Greene are correcting the reports for Adj't Gen. Hodsdon (State of Maine). The work is not small since we had some 1300 names on our rolls, and only about 450 remain. The other 850 must be accounted for by remarks explaining the nature of the casualty. We hear of no other State's adjutant general, that is so thorough as ours in this matter.

Nov. 8th. The health of our regiment is most excellent, now that cool weather has come again. We haven't a sick man in the post hospital, and its only inmates are one or two, who insist on taking their corn in a fluid form. The 15th Maine recruits still suffer badly. Gen. Beal left us to-day for muster-out. Brevet Brig. Gen. W. P. Richardson, Colonel of the 25th Ohio, relieves him.

Nov. 10. ["A"-tents were issued to the troops at Darlington, to Cos. D, E, F, G and K, and winter quarters were at once built. Instead of using logs as we always had before, we brought boards from the confederate navy yard for walls, and so had a fine looking camp. For bricks the boys helped themselves at a brick kiln according to soldier-custom, but were in this case compelled to return or pay for them.]

Dec. 7th, *National Thanksgiving.* The natives of the country "don't see it."

Dec. 25th, *Christmas.* This is the great day of the year for the negroes. In slavery they did little or no work during the holidays, and they hang to that custom now. Young Africa is out and half idiotic with joy at having a few fire crackers to "pop."

CHAPTER LV.

HILTON HEAD—THE END.

About three A. M. Feb. 7th, the jail at Darlington was discovered to be on fire in the roof. The town and all the troops turned out, but the building was burned out. The cause of the fire was not evident, therefore the citizens naturally believed it was some yankee trick, and ever after during our stay they lived in constant fear.

Some weeks later, on Sunday morning, March 25th, the store of the Messrs. Early was discovered to be afire. It burned rapidly, and for a time it resisted every effort which was made to subdue it. The citizens and the soldiers generally, worked together with all their might, but a number entered into a dispute, in which each accused the other of being the incendiary; for once the "nigger" went scot free. The court house and more than half of the stores and houses in the square around the common were burned, and the beautiful Darlington oaks, a variety of the water oak, were ruined. The people and ourselves were much excited, and Gen. Nye stationed a heavy guard in the village, and thus prevented a general knock-down.

Our departure from Darlington took place in a few days, and we were hardly gone before a third fire, this one purely accidental, swept away every building remaining in the square. A board of inquiry, consisting of some of the most prominent citizens and of the officers of the garrison, investigated the cause of the first great fire, but failed to discover the slightest clue, and this seemed to both increase the excitement and suspicion of the citizens.

March 24th. The day before the great fire, the companies of

the 30th Mass., which were to relieve us, arrived in Darlington, and on the morning of the 27th we departed, taking in our companies at Florence and Kingstree as we went on. We arrived in Charleston at seven P. M., and next day went aboard the "Canonicus" and sailed through St. Helena Sound to Hilton Head, where we arrived after sunset. We here relieved the 21st U. S. colored troops.

Gen. Nye assumed command of the post, with Lieut. Greene for post adjutant, Lieut. Harmon provost judge, chief of police and post treasurer, and Lieut. Stacy as commander of Fort Welles. Lieut. Col. Emerson took command of the regiment. We had plenty of accommodation for officers and men, and lived luxuriously in that respect. The beautiful beach upon which we rode for pleasure, and the sea breeze were attractions too, and the rations improved somewhat, but the fleas kept us in a continual torment.

April 15th. The regiment was paid for Jan. and Feb.

April 29th, occurred one of the severest thunder storms we ever experienced. It blew down two of the barracks which were built for temporary use and of northern lumber, which rots very soon in this climate. A few men were injured, and Sergt. Nils Hanson, of Co. C, was killed. Hanson was a fine soldier, a native of northern Europe, and had been with us through thick and thin, in all three regiments. It was hard to lose so good a fellow in such a way; perhaps we felt it the more from his having been a foreigner, and so the better known and more missed.

On June 7th came the orders to prepare for muster-out. We had been working a week, without orders, to this end, and now the day of departure was at hand. Two weeks more of waiting brought Company I, 6th U. S. infantry to relieve us, and on the 21st of June (hurrah for that happy day!) Lieut. French, of our regiment, who had for a long time been detached for duty as asst. commissary of musters, mustered us all out of the United States service.

It must be recorded here, to the credit of our somewhat demoralized command, that even under this great piece of good

luck we all kept sober. That same night we left for Charleston, on the Canonicus, and the next morning anchored in Charleston harbor, where we lay quietly till afternoon, when the steamer Emily A. Souder came alongside, and we put ourselves and our baggage aboard her in a very few moments, and sailed for home. We neither hurrahed nor grumbled at all this, nor am I aware that any one was interested in the very pleasant voyage to New York.

On the 25th, we disembarked and were carried by steamer to Bedloe's island at four P. M., thence by steamer Mary Benton to Hart's island, where we went into barracks and into a rage besides. The officers' pay ceased that night.

Here we staid sucking our thumbs and growling till the 28th, when the paymaster paid the men, who now received the long looked for "spread eagle," and then were carried to New York city, where we arrived at six P. M.

And there upon the wharf, at six P. M. of June 28th, our glorious old regiment literally broke to pieces, every man going wherever he chose. The next day the officers received their discharge papers with their final pay, and scattered to the four winds.

The following table shows the number of officers and men who were mustered out on the final discharge of the regiment:

	Officers.	Enlisted.
Field and staff,	5	4
Co. A,	0	0
" B,	3	29
" C,	2	14
" D,	1	16
" E,	2	27
" F,	1	20
" G,	1	24
" H,	3	22
" I,	3	24
" K,	2	28
	23	208
Aggregate present and absent mustered out,		231

Organization of Twenty-ninth Maine,

WHEN MUSTERED OUT,

JUNE 21, 1866.

Colonel,	GEORGE H. NYE.
Lieutenant Colonel,	CHARLES S. EMERSON.
Major,	(None.)
Surgeon,	JOSIAH F. DAY, JR.
Assistant Surgeon,	HENRY C. COTTON.
" "	(None.)
Adjutant,	ALPHEUS L. GREENE.
Regimental Quartermaster,	(None.)
Chaplain,	(None.)

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major,	Samuel H. Jumper.
Commissary Sergeant,	John F. Chamberlain.
Hospital Steward,	Charles H. Crane.
Principal Musician,	Jacob J. Hammond.

A.

(No company).

B.

Captain—Benjamin M. Redlon.
1st Lieut.—Samuel E. Hunt.
2d Lieut.—Lorenzo D. Stacy.

C.

1st Lieut.—Charles B. Fillebrown.
2d Lieut.—Henry M. Smith.

D.

1st Lieut.—Charles H. Jumper.

E.

1st Lieut.—Charles C. Graham.
2d Lieut.—Gilbert V. Bangs.

F.

(Lieut. Stacy, of B, com'dg.)
Captain—Abel G. Rankin, (absent).

G.

1st Lieut.—Levi W. Harmon.

H.

Captain—Granville Blake.
1st Lieut.—George B. Coburn, Acting Reg't'l Quartermaster.
2d Lieut.—Nathan H. Lander.

I.

Captain—Almon C. Pray.
1st Lieut.—John O. Kidder.
2d Lieut.—Charles H. Pettengill.

K.

1st Lieut.—Hartwell T. French, Act'g Com'y Musters.
2d Lieut.—James Gillespie.

I have not attempted to learn how many men went through the war with us, from the organization of the 1st Maine to the surrender of Lee, but I know that the number is small. There were only nineteen that were mustered into the First Maine May 3, 1861, and continued till the discharge of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth regiments, and were then finally mustered out, June 21, 1866. These were—

George H. Nye, 2d Lieut. K, 1st; Capt. K, 10th; Capt. K, Maj. and Col. 29th.
Charles S. Emerson, Capt. H, 1st; Capt. H, and Maj. 10th; Lieut. Col. 29th.
Benjamin M. Redlon, 2d Lieut C, 1st; 1st Lieut. C, 10th; 1st Lieut. C, and Capt. B, 29th.
Charles C. Graham, Private I, 1st; Sergt. and 2d Lieut. I, 10th; 1st Lieut. E, 29th.
George B. Coburn, Private H, 1st; Corp'l and Sergt. H, 10th; 1st Lieut. H, 29th.
Charles H. Jumper, Private K, 1st; Corp'l and Sergt. K, 10th; 1st Sergt. K, and 2d and 1st Lieut. D, 29th.
Thomas Hanley, Private A, 1st; Private B, 10th; Sergt. and 1st Sergt. E, 29th.
Charles E. Jordan, Corporal C, 1st; 1st Sergt. C, 10th; Private and 1st Sergt. C, 29th.
George H. Gould, Private F, 1st; Corp'l and Sergt. F. 10th; Sergt. F, 29th.
James E. Mitchell, Private C, 1st; Sergt. C, 10th; Sergt., Private and Sergt. C, 29th.
Lewis E. Pearson, Private D, 1st; Private and Corp'l 10th; Private, Corp'l and Sergt. F, 29th.
Andrew Jackson, Private F, 1st; Private F, 10th; Private and Corp'l F, 29th.
Albert E. Hanson, Drummer K, 1st; K, 10th; K, 29th, and Corp'l K, 29th.
James E. Osgood, Private K, 1st; Private and Corp'l K, 10th; Sergt. and Private K, 29th.
Thomas R. Beal, Private H, 1st; Private [Drummer] F, 10th, and H. 29th.
Turner Carey, Drummer E, 1st; E, 10th; F, 29th.
John W. Pennell, Private I, 1st; I, 10th; E, 29th.
George W. Smellage, Private D, 1st; F, 10th; F, 29th.
Melvin Woodcock, Private K, 1st; Wagoner K, 10th; Wagoner K, 29th.

Of the enlisted men, Hanson, Carey and Beal were drummers, and Woodcock was a wagoner. Jackson was on daily duty and Jordan was sick much of the time.

1st Sergeant Thomas Hanley has fairly earned the honor of having done the most service of any enlisted man in the regiment.

B. M. Redlon,

CAPT. CO. B. 29TH ME. VET. VOLS.

BRVT. MAJ. VOLS.

A. Trochsler & Co Lith. Boston

He was faithful and honest, a thorough soldier and a good sergeant. His days were not spent in whiling away the time, but in doing genuine service for the nation. He was in every fight, skirmish and march of his company, and never lost a day by sickness during active service, but staid by his comrades from first to last.

Among the officers, Capt. Benj. M. Redlon is the only one that has such a complete record. "That's just like him," said a brother officer when I told him this fact, and so it is. Neither sun nor cold, rain nor dust, good dinners nor starvation, could affect him. He kept pegging away from the beginning to the end, the same old "Ben" from year to year. He was in every battle, skirmish and march of his company, and always did good service. As an officer he was strict and exacting, but his men liked him and gave him a sword at Stafford C. H. (I omitted to state this in its proper place), as a token of their good feelings and respect.

Lieut. Charles H. Haskell alone was continually in service in the "1st," "10th," 10th battalion and "29th," but he resigned before the muster-out of the 29th regiment, so there is no one to claim the honor of absolutely continuous service in our regiment, from May 3, 1861, to June 21, 1866.

THE TWENTY-NINTH.

We cannot claim for the Twenty-ninth so many distinctive features as we did for the Tenth on pages 308–312, but it was none the less a regiment with a history.

We must admit that the original members of the Twenty-ninth did not *average* as well as those of the Tenth. There were more men under twenty-one, and a great many more worthless characters which for want of more expressive names were called "beats" and "bounty-jumpers"; but when once the regiment had cleared itself of this scum it was then on as good a *war* footing, if not a better one than was ever attained in the Tenth.

The Twenty-ninth was pre-eminently the field regiment. It thrived when in motion, and always did well in battle. Victory and defeat were given to it, but the regiment always performed

its part successfully; and *it was never for a moment out of control of its officers.* There were very few regiments of which this last statement can be made.

I trust that those who are specially friendly to the Tenth will take no offence at this comparison; it would have been strange indeed if the experience obtained in the Tenth had not been used in perfecting the Twenty-ninth. To me at least, it is a source of ever recurring interest to trace the birth and development of our combined regiment. There were the old independent volunteer militia companies—rivals and almost enemies to each other, strutting around on great occasions in gay uniforms, full of wisdom and conceit. Out of these came the First Maine—a very good regiment for the times, and far more practical than its components. Then came the Tenth, which was favored with a long period of preparation and improved it well. The false ideas of the militia were rooted out. We were led to battle, and great changes came over our understanding—we learned fully in the Tenth that it was not sport, but the most serious reality to be a soldier.

Then the Twenty-ninth started out with all the experience of the past behind it, and an abundance of hope and promise ahead. War had become a business and a duty now, and the "veteran" portion of the regiment had learned to regard it in a light never conceived of in the early days of the conflict. We leave it with the reader to say whether or not the Twenty-ninth fulfilled all that was expected of it.

The Twenty-ninth was equally fortunate with the Tenth in having a corps of temperate officers. Discord and "family quarrels" were almost unknown. Indeed, the two principal paragraphs on page 311 may be brought over to this page, and will express the truth as correctly here with reference to the Twenty-ninth as they do there of the Tenth.

The dead list of the Twenty-ninth is painfully long, and fully sustains the common experience in all wars that exposure and fatigue kill more men than the bullet.

The following communication from Dr. Day explains the

reason of the great difference in this respect between the Tenth and Twenty-ninth:

ALFRED, ME., August 15, 1870.

MAJOR JOHN M. GOULD—*Sir:*—In answer to your request for information in relation to the sanitary conditions of the 10th and 29th Maine regiments, and the influences at work which had materially to do with the health of the men, I have the honor to transmit the following statement. As you well know, the health of the men in the 10th Maine was far better than it was in the "29th." And one looking at the list of deaths in the two regiments would naturally be led to wonder why such a difference should exist, the two regiments being to such a great degree identical. I shall first review the condition of and the circumstances surrounding the regiment while in service as the "10th," and will then subject it as the "29th" to the same scrutiny, when the reasons for the difference will be made apparent.

The 10th Maine entered the service in October, 1861, leaving the State of Maine at that time and going to Maryland, where through the winter they were quartered in comfortable barracks, and were subjected to no severe changes in the weather and were not called upon to perform any arduous service,—guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad being the extent of their duties until May, 1862, when for the first time the regiment was ordered to enter into the active duties of field service.

By this time the regiment had had time to free itself by discharge of all who would be likely to fail in the duties of an active campaign. And those who remained had become so inured to the hardships of a soldier's life that they were not much affected thereby, and so the regiment was led gradually on from one hardship to another. The hardships of the Valley campaign in May, 1862, slight as they were, prepared the men for the fatigues and trials of the battle of Cedar Mountain in the following August, and this last for the privations of the subsequent retreat and the battle of Antietam. From then till the discharge of the regiment the condition and duties of the regiment were much the same as during the first months of its existence.

When the regiment, however, as the "29th," re-entered the service, it had no such gradual induction into its hardships. The "29th" was composed of three classes of men: 1st, the old veterans of the "10th" and other regiments, who were well used to the hardships of a soldier's life, and knew how to take care of themselves and to make the best of every thing. 2d, old soldiers who had been discharged from other regiments for real or pretended disabilities, and who, under the stimulus of the large bounties paid in the latter part of the war, took every means to conceal such disability if any existed, hoping to get into a general hospital somewhere, and "play out" with the bounty money, only to go home and re-enlist and draw the bounty over again. 3d, entirely new men who had never seen service, and the most of whom apparently had postponed all those interesting diseases of childhood, such as mumps, measles, whooping cough, chicken pox, &c. &c., to this time.

The regiment thus re-organized left Portland in mid-winter, and on a steamship where the men were so crowded at night that instead of the necessary 1000 cubic feet of air for respiratory purposes for each individual, hardly ten were allowed. In less than two weeks these men were thus transferred from the snows and cold of a northern winter to the almost tropical climate of the sunny south. Such a change in so short a time could not fail to operate disastrously on the health of the troops. And then, instead of being put into a salubrious camp to give the men time to accustom themselves to this new order of things, they were immediately sent into active service in one of the most arduous campaigns of the whole war, i. e. Banks's expedition up Red River and back again to Morganzia. Our men went up the river very well, with perhaps no more falling out than might have been expected, and as to the services rendered you have spoken of them elsewhere.

The march up the river produced its effect on the men although not immediately visible. The long marches in those intensely hot days, and the filthy, slimy water of Red River, rendered still more filthy by being filled with dead mules and horses, and all the filth and offal of a large army, when used to drink could not

fail to leave the seeds of disease which would soon develop into malignant forms of dysentery, diarrhea and typho-malarial fevers. With the men then in this condition we returned to Alexandria, where we went into camp for a short time. Not, however, to rest and refresh ourselves, and thus in a measure overcome the effects of the hardships through which we had been, and prepare ourselves for those which we had still to encounter. Porter's gunboats were above the rapids, and the prospect was that the whole fleet would have to be blown up to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Lieut. Col. Bailey at this time built a series of dams below the rapids, thus deepening the water and allowing the fleet to escape. But the dam was paid for by many a life out of the 29th Maine, for our regiment was detailed for duty upon it. And for three weeks many of our boys worked in the water from their waists to their necks. This wakened the slumbering seeds of disease, and soon the hospital was full of 29th Maine men suffering from diarrhea, dysentery, and typho-malarial fevers. They were transferred as speedily as possible to the hospital boats for transportation to New Orleans.

A few of the men were taken sick at Morganzia after our arrival there, and some of them died, as a result of their exposure on the Red River.

Our regiment was shortly after this transferred to Virginia, where in the salubrious climate of the Shenandoah Valley the men rapidly regained their health, and the most of the deaths in the regiment while here, were caused by wounds received in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek.

After Lee's surrender our regiment was ordered to Savannah, Georgia, and from this place to Georgetown, South Carolina. Georgetown is one of the most unhealthy localities in the United States, particularly during the warm weather. The face of the country on the coast is low and marshy, and covered with rice swamps, the poisonous emanations from which speedily brought on malarious diseases of most malignant types, particularly the typho-malarial fevers. Our regiment was located here for a number of weeks during the hottest of the summer months, when

the natives flee to the piney woods away from the coast for safety and health. After the regiment was removed to Darlington and stationed through the eastern district, from Kingstree to Cheraw and from Darlington to Marion C. H., there was but a moderate amount of sickness in the regiment, the most of it coming from that portion of the regiment stationed in Florence, which was a very low, marshy place, and very prolific of disease.

I have the honor to be

Your Ob't Serv't,

JOSIAH F. DAY, M. D., Brvt. Lt. Col. U. S. Vols.,

Late Surgeon of the 10th and 29th Maine.

RELIGION.

The number of men interested in religion was larger in the Twenty-ninth than in the Tenth, and the religious exercises were very different. We needed a chaplain very much, and the hope that Mr. Knox would eventually join us prevented our having anyone else until he came. In Augusta we had no regimental services of importance as the churches were so near, but on arriving in Franklin, La., the christian brethren used to meet very often in the evening, just outside the camp, and hold prayer meetings, which were well sustained and abundantly blessed. On the Red River expedition no meetings of this nature were held, but I know of many quiet gatherings of "two or three" among the enlisted men, to whom God's promises to the faithful were fully verified. Corp. Greeley, of Co. G, was one who manifested a deep interest in religious things, and became a praying man a few days before the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, where he alone of all the regiment was killed outright.

After joining the First brigade some of us used to unite with the 153d N. Y. in its evening devotions, which were of a remarkable character. Chaplain Enders of that regiment comprehended well the meaning of these words—

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man. Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Psalms xxxi, 20.

And every pleasant evening he gathered his little band for prayer

and praise, not outside the camp but in the streets and among the tents, and there, regardless of the tumult around them, they held communion with their Maker and were completely alone.

At Morganzia our own evening meetings were held again quite frequently and were well attended by officers and men, and again at Cedar Creek, upon the arrival of Chaplain Knox, they were once more maintained with good results.

At Camp Russell the weather was generally too severe for out-door meetings, but occasionally a warm spell brought out the brothers and the meetings were always good. Chaplain Webster joined us at Camp Sheridan, and here the meetings were held in the Colonel's hut, which was very large and comfortable. An attempt was made here by Chaplain Webster and the chaplain of the 114th N. Y. to build a chapel hut, but the "evangelical" top-logs crushed the "liberal" foundations, and O, such a wreck as that "schbang" was when it was abandoned!

At Washington, after the war, our little congregation made a clearing in a dense thicket of pine and held meetings every pleasant evening, and it proved a blessed spot to many souls.

After this the regiment was together but little. At Georgetown, South Carolina, the christian members of our brigade opened one of the churches of the city and held services there quite regularly.

We did not generally mingle with the southern people in their devotions after we were split up through the towns of South Carolina, and for want of strength, the out-door meetings which were so congenial to our tastes were abandoned.

There was nothing of cant or hypocrisy in these devotions; men who do not live sincerely can never stand up in a regimental prayer-meeting.

It is painful to know how few professed christians there were in our large regiment—the number was under fifty—but beyond controversy the regiment was better every way for the presence of this little handful. Their example was good, for they were good soldiers—a christian soldier fighting for the right is always the model soldier. In every time of trial the regiment was

stronger for having its few christian men, and I have before said that I believed the battle of Cedar Creek was the better fought by our regiment for having had an earnest prayer meeting the night before, and here I add that the hard work of the afternoon attack that day fell to regiments where religion was encouraged by officers and men. And it was by this hard work that victory was accomplished.

FINIS.

With this I close the narrative portion of our history. Long as the story is there are many things of interest unnoticed, but I trust that my comrades will see many reminders of what they have passed through.

It is a frightful record—"war is a tremendous evil"—and the man who wrote of the blessings of war to a nation has different eyes from ours, and most certainly he never campaigned in Virginia and Louisiana.

There is indeed a strange fascination in dwelling upon all the sad and disgusting scenes through which we have passed, but no men know better than we, what a scourge and a curse war is. If these pages anywhere convey a different idea let it be dispelled here. We are glad that we could suffer for our country's good; we glory in our strength and in all that is creditable to a soldier, but war we hate; it shall never exist again if we can prevent it.

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain."

CHAPTER LVI.

Roll of the Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment.*

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

GEORGE L. BEAL,	Norway.
GEORGE H. NYE,	Lewiston.

LIEUT. COLONEL.

CHARLES S. EMERSON,	Auburn.

MAJORS.

WILLIAM KNOWLTON,	Lewiston.
JOHN M. GOULD,	Portland.

ADJUTANT.

ALPHEUS L. GREENE,	Portland.

QUARTERMASTER.

CHARLES THOMPSON,	Norway.

CHAPLAINS.

GEORGE KNOX,	Portland.
CHARLES H. WEBSTER,	Lewiston.

SURGEON.

JOSIAH F. DAY, JR.,	Portland.

* On these rolls every officer and man shows in the highest grade he ever attained in the organization where his name appears.

On mustering in and equalizing the companies, there were many transfers of enlisted men that are not noted here. These men are shown only in the company to which they were transferred.

But those individuals who served *any considerable length of time* in one organization, and were then transferred or promoted to another, are borne upon both rolls.

The residences here given are not reliable, since very often the men were made to hail from the town on whose quota they stand credited; see page 394.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

Horatio N. Howard,	Abbott.
Henry Carville Cotton,	Lisbon.
Atwell W. Swett,	Bangor.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANTS MAJOR.

Samuel Hanson,	Biddeford.
Thomas H. Briggs,	Hudson.
Franklin H. Eaton,	Portland.
Samuel H. Jumper,	New Gloucester.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS.

Cornelius D. Maynard,	Portland.
Thomas S. Bugbee,	Washburn.

COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.

Charles H. Pettingill,	Auburn.
William E. St. John,	Portland.
John F. Chamberlain,	Auburn.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

Lawson C. Allen,	Andover.
William W. Knight,	Portland.
Woodbury K. Dana,	"
Charles H. Crane,	Fayette.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

Horace N. Johnson,	Auburn.
Roscoe G. Buck,	"
Adoniram B. Crafts,	"
Jacob J. Hammond,	Westbrook.—13—17

Old Company A.

CAPTAIN.

Adams, John Q.	Saco.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Fowler, Edwin W.	Saco.
2d, Pierce, Charles E.	"

SERGEANTS.

1st, Tarr, James F.	Biddeford.	Bragdon, Edward P. M.	Biddeford.
1st, McKenney, Wilbur W.*	Saco.	Reardon, John	"
Berry, Horace C.	Woodstock.		

CORPORALS.

Collum, John Jr.	Saco.	Gould, Joseph	Saco.
Hopping, William	Biddeford.	Jennings, James	Biddeford.
Kenney, Dennis	"	Benson, Ephraim C.	Peru.
Leighton, Ivan	"		

MUSICIANS.

Brackett, George H.	Saco.	Hersey, Henry A.	Paris.
Hickey, Patrick Jr.	Biddeford.		

WAGONER.

Shapleigh, Henry H. Lebanon.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, William W.	Otisfield.	Kendrick, George W.	Saco.
Bailey, George H.	Bridgton.	Larrabee, Emery E.	Lewiston.
Ballard, Samuel F.	Fryeburg.	Lee, Edward	Magaguadavic, N. B.
Berry, Elbridge G.	Carthage.	Leighton, Moses	Saco.
Berwin, Joseph	Eastport.	Littlehale, Alanson M.	Newry.
Bodge, William	Windham.	Littlefield, Joseph	Kennebunk.
Carlton, William H.	Haverhill, Ms.	Makepeace, Charles	Saco.
Chappell, Joseph H.	Saco.	McDougall, Archibald	P. E. Island.
Cobb, Edwin A.	Bridgton.	McIntire, George E.	Dayton.
Coburn, Charles F.	Weld.	McLaughlin, Tyler H.	Weld.
Cole, Edwin	Saco.	Mitchell, Arthur S.	Carthage.
Cole, Henry F.	Woodstock.	Moore, Moses T.	Biddeford.
Cross, Thaddeus	Saco.	Moulton, Mathias	Portland.
Davis, William S.	Biddeford.	Newman, Albert A.	Weld.
Dobson, Wm.	Bridgewater, Mass.	Nutting, James	Bethel.
Dodge, William T.	Westbrook.	Paine, Frank O.	Windham.
Donihue, George L.	Freeport.	Rawson, Charles C.	Whitneyville.
Donovan, Jeremiah	Biddeford.	Ripley, George K.	Paris.
Dyer, Stephen H.	"	Roberts, Charles F.	Biddeford.
Emerson, Stillman H.	"	Rowe, Daniel M.	Saco.
Fletcher, Sydney W.	Saco.	Royal, Samuel N.	Wales.
Fox, George H.	Dexter.	Russell, James Albert	Weld.

* Supernumerary. He was 1st Sergt. of Co. B, 10th Battalion.

Galusha, Joseph	Richmond.	Russell, Willard M.	Weld.
Gillis, Edward	Miramichi, N. B.	Sanborn, Dudley F.	Lewiston.
Guiney, James	Lewiston.	Shaw, John F.	Naples.
Hanson, Daniel	Saco.	Staples, James Jr.	Biddeford.
Hatch, George W.	Kennebunk.	Stockbridge, Cornelius D.	Weld.
Hodsdon, Isaac W.	Byron.	Smith, David B.	"
Holman, Emery A.	N. Gloucester.	Smith, Louville	New Gloucester.
Hoyt, George H.	Portland.	Taber, George W.	Vassalboro.
Jepson, Leonard	Lewiston.	Thurston, James H.	Danville.
Jones, Albert N.	Weld.	Towle, Samuel T.	Rockland.
Jones, Gustavus W.	"	Usher, Joshua L.	Sebago.
Judkins, Eastman	Carthage.	Welch, Stephen E.	Sanford.
Judkins, Orville	Weld.	Wing, Samuel F.	Rumford.
Judkins, Willard W.	Carthage.	Witham, Phineas C.	Weld.
Keighley, William	Biddeford.		3—89

NOTE. The names of Isaac Webb and William W. Wilkinson were borne on the roll of Co. A, 29th Maine, until June 1864. See foot notes pages 380 and 259.

CAPTAIN BUTLER'S COMPANY A,*

OF ONE-YEAR MEN.

CAPTAIN.

BUTLER, EDWARD S. Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, LANDER, FREEDOM H. Auburn.
2d, GERRISH, CHARLES W. Lisbon.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Stevens, Abel C. T.	Auburn.	Wallace, John	Lisbon.
Noyes, George W.	"	Gardner, Almon J.	Lewiston.
Lowell, Dennis E.	Lewiston.	Lovell, Samuel W.	(Yarmouth) "
Emerson, John	Auburn.		

CORPORALS.

Leavitt, Volney	Livermore.	Bailey, Henry H.	Auburn.
Frost, Henry T.	Leeds.	Allen, Colman H.	Auburn.
Grover, William L.	Bethel.	Hatch, Alfred C.	"
Tarr, Alonzo L.	Webster.	Luke, Addis E.	Turner.
Milner, Henry	Sumner.	Wight, Jarvis S.	Bethel.

*This was the "First company" of "thirty unassigned companies of infantry" raised in 1864 and 1865. It was mustered into the U. S. service Sept. 16, 1864; reported to the 29th Maine Oct. 6, 1864, and was mustered out May 31, 1865. Excepting Sydney W. Fletcher, who was transferred from *old* Co. A, all were one-year men.

MUSICIANS.

Purinton, Alonzo	Bowdoin.	Howarth, John	Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Francis M.	Turner.	Lahey, Patrick	Lewiston.
Anderson, Edward J.	Lisbon.	Martin, Isaac B.	Auburn.
Ashton, William	Lewiston.	Maxwell, Alzamon H.	Lewiston.
Ayer, Zeba A.	Lisbon.	McIntosh, William	Durham.
Blodgett, Stillman	Bethel.	Merrill, Major B.	Auburn.
Blossom, Fernando A.	Auburn.	Merrow, Oren B.	"
Bridges, John C.	Lewiston.	Mitchell, Henry G.	Industry.
Bubier, George Jr.	Lewiston.	Murphy, John F.	Lewiston.
Butler, George H.	Industry.	Nash, Leonard F.	Livermore.
Butler, John P.	"	Penney, Aretas B.	Auburn.
Canwell, George	Sumner.	Polly, Thomas J.	Bowdoin.
Child, Marshall W.	Livermore.	Prout, Lindall A.	"
Collins, Addison F.	Industry.	Rackliff, Samuel	Industry.
Collins, James W.	"	Rounds, Virgil P.	Auburn.
Curtis, George S.	Bowdoin.	Russell, George G.	Sumner.
Daggett, John	Industry.	Shehan, John	Lewiston.
Decker, Selanus	Auburn.	Skinner, Dexter D.	Poland.
Ellis, Charles F.	Livermore.	Small, Horatio G.	Webster.
Farrar, Freeman	Sumner.	Staples, Azel Jr.	Auburn.
Farrell, Dennis	Lewiston.	Starbird, Almon T.	Sumner.
Field, David P.	Auburn.	Starbird, Freeland	Peru.
Fletcher, Sydney W.	Biddeford.	Stevens, Simon M.	Auburn.
Frost, Samuel A.	Monmouth.	Sweeney, John	Lewiston.
Gammon, Atwood	Norway.	Sweeney, Michael	"
Garcelon, William R.	Lisbon.	Tenney, Charles S.	Raymond.
Gardner, James H.	Leeds.	Tenney, Lafayette	"
Gerrish, Howard	Bethel.	Thompson, Franklin D.	Lewiston.
Gipson, Alonzo	Lewiston.	Thompson, Levi	"
Gipson, William	"	Thurlow, Erastus	Raymond.
Given, David	Auburn.	Trufant, Arba H.	Auburn.
Greenleaf, Andrew P.	Norway.	Tucker, Walter J.	Paris.
Hewey, Boynton C.	Webster.	Verrill, Emmons T.	Raymond.
Holmes, William W.	Turner.	Vickery, William R.	Auburn.
Houghton, James F.	Sumner.	Wheaton, George C.	Turner.
Johnson, Seth B.	Auburn.	Woodbury, Lincoln E.	Auburn.
Joice, Michael	Lewiston.	Wright, Ezra R.	Lewiston.
Jordan, Hiram	"	Youland, Thomas S.	Lisbon.

Company B.

CAPTAIN.

Redlon, Benjamin M.	Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Hunt, Samuel E.	Thorndike.
2d, Stacy, Lorenzo D.	Porter.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Smith, Henry M.	Portland.	Quimby, John F.	Lewiston.
1st, McFaden, Gorham P.	Lew't'n.	Fernald, Laban	Troy.
1st, Chase, Francis M.	Jackson.	Ross, Barton H.	Lewiston.
Smith, Albert P.	New Glo'ster.	Gilchrest, William H.	Thorndike.
Stevens, Lyman C.	Jackson.	Moody, Albion	Stoneham.
Clary, Dennison G.	Troy.	Bickford, Henry A.	Parsonsfield.
Cummings, Silas R.	Lewiston.	Cross, Benjamin R.	Detroit.

CORPORALS.

Johnson, Levi B.	Lewiston.	Berry, Ellis L.	Troy.
Bagley, John H.	Troy.	Fernald, George H.	Canaan.
Vickery, David G.	"	Young, Horace N.	Buckfield.
Gordon, Truman H.	Thorndike.	Holmes, Hiram	Jackson.
Page, John	Jackson.	Estes, Calvin G.	Lewiston.
Fletcher, Augustine	Troy.	Cates, John A.	Thorndike.
Maffitt, James H.	Thorndike.	McKenney, Lewis M.	Greene.
Prentiss, Rufus W.	Troy.	Owen, Eli	Lewiston.
McAllister, Elden B.	Lovell.	Putnam, William T.	Jackson.
Coffin, Isaiah B.	Thorndike.	Spear, Samuel J.	Stoneham.

MUSICIANS.

Furber, Frank M.	Lewiston.	Pike, Charles	Norway.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Jedediah	Sanford.	Lord, John	Thorndike.
Bagley, John Jr.	Troy.	Merrill, Amos G.	New Gloucester.
Ball, Benjamin	New Portland.	Moulton, Mathias	Portland.
Baisley, Rodolphus	Robbinston.	McDonald, William	Lewiston.
Bean, James R.	Jackson.	McGrath, Daniel	Waterville.
Bosworth, John E.	Perry.	Page, Albert	Jackson.
Bowman, George W.	Washington.	Parcher, Loring	Lewiston.
Bradeen, Erastus W.		Parker, David	Greene.
Brown, Henry D.	Jay.	Parker, Thomas	Hiram.
Chase, Eli A.	Unity.	Patterson, Charles W.	Lewiston.
Chick, Edwin		Perkins, Enoch	Auburn.
Child, Granville F.	Franklin Pl'n.	Piper, Charles E.	Greene.

Coffin, George W.	Portland.
Coffin, Milton	Thorndike.
Crosby, Jacob T.	Unity.
Cushman, Corydon S.	Lovell.
Dolloff, James W.	Thorndike.
Downes, Daniel	Jackson.
Dyer, Knowles H.	"
Eastman, John C.	Lovell.
Emery, Charles E.	Parsonsfield.
Fernald, Joseph	Troy.
Fickett, Perez	Princeton.
Foster, Nathan	Norway.
Fox, George H.	Porter.
Frost, David F.	Norway.
Furbish, Henry B.	Lewiston.
Gamage, Orlando C.	Auburn.
Goodridge, Lewis E.	Naples.
Gordon, George W.	Franklin Pl.
Gross, James R.	Thorndike.
Hall, James Jr.	Freedom.
Hall, John Wilson	"
Harris, Samuel R.	Lewiston.
Harvey, Hiram	Jackson.
Hillman, Alphonzo	Troy.
Hillman, Francis A.	"
Huntress, Joseph R. W.	Hiram.
Jameson, Edward	Princeton.
Jenkins, Albert F.	Temple.
Keene, Josiah	Turner.
Kilborn, Franklin	Bridgton.
Lewis, George W.	Porter.
Libbey, Charles	Troy.
Liberty, Frederick	Oxford.
Littlefield, John S.	Stoneham.
Purinton, Holman G.	Litchfield.
Redlon, Joseph S.	Porter.
Roberts, Moses S.	Parsonsfield.
Robinson, George E.	Chesterville.
Rosignol, James R.	Gardiner.
Russell, Nelson M.	Stoneham.
Shea, Michael	Alna.
Shea, Henry	Leeds.
Simpson, Moses E.	Alna.
Sites, Alfred G.	Unity.
Spear, Aaron N.	Stoneham.
Spear, True W.	"
Sprague, Ephraim	Princeton.
Starbird, William H.	Auburn.
Stearns, Charles H.	Jackson.
Stearns, David Jr.	"
Smith, Louville	Poland.
Sullivan, Jeremiah	Lewiston.
Toombs, Charles W.	Thorndike.
Towle, Samuel T.	Rockland.
Vanner, William	Washington.
Warner, David Greeley	Portland.
Warren, James G.	Otisfield.
Webb, Woodbridge	Thorndike.
Whitney, Charles P.	"
Whitten, Orrin	Parsonsfield.
Wiggin, George M.	Albion.
Williams, Charles J.	South Berwick.
Wilson, Henry S.	Falmouth.
Wing, Seth B.	Franklin Plantation.
Withern, Amos F.	New Portland.
Wright, Edwin R.	Jackson.
Young, Almon	"
Young, Addison S.	Byron.

NOTE. It will be seen on page 394 that this company was organized after the regiment as such was mustered into the service, i. e. after seven companies had been accepted, making ten with the three of the Tenth Battalion.

It was necessary therefore to muster in these men as "Recruits," and as fast as they reported at Camp Keyes their names were added to the roll of recruits, but when their number grew near a hundred Major Gardiner permitted their organization into a company, yielding to the argument that Co. B of the Tenth Battalion was more properly a "fragment" than this large number of recruits, quite a number of whom were "veterans."

Company C.

CAPTAIN.

Jordan, William P.	Portland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Stanley, Moses N.	Porter.
1st, Fillebrown, Charles B.	Winthrop.
2d, Smith, Henry M.	Portland.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Jordan Charles E.	Portland.	Hanson, Nils A.	Portland.
1st, Riley, Reuben M.	Bridgton.	Smellage, Charles E.	"
Roach, Jere. P. W.	Portland.	Mullen, Ozias	Embden.
Mitchell, James E.	Yarmouth.	Barbour, Amandel	Westbrook.
Wiley, Stephen J.	Fryeburg.	Scott, John A.	Portland.
Bickford, Irving F.	Troy.	Hart, Stephen	Biddeford.
Libby, George W.	Portland.	Clusky, Peter	Portland.

CORPORALS.

Foster, Thomas	Bristol.	Gage, George W.	Lewiston.
Colley, Albert F.	Gray.	Ware, Warren	Pittston.
Benson, Ephraim C.	Peru.	Grindle, John P.	Bluehill.
Sanborn, William H.	Portland.	Mason, William F.	Portland.
Bishop, Jesse	Peru.	Safford, George B.	Gardiner.
Stevens, Charles W.	Portland.	Jordan, Charles E. 2d	Westbrook.
Splan, James V.	Westbrook.		

MUSICIANS.

Hammond, Jacob J.	Westbrook.	Towle, Andrew J.	Westbrook.

PRIVATES.

Akers, Charles E.	Portland.	Lawrence, John O.	Winthrop.
Annis, Horace W.	"	Lee, William A.	Portland.
Baker, Charles P.	"	Libby, William S.	Bridgton.
Boothby, Isaac T.	"	Libby, William Jr.	Gardiner.
Brann, Lawson G.	Gardiner.	Livingston, John L.	Saco.
Brown, John J.	Portland.	Manchester, Greenleaf H.	Windham.
Brown, Charles L.	"	Mason, Edwin	Westbrook.
Carter, Dennis F.	Gorham.	Morse, William W.	Portland.
Chase, Wellington	Bingham.	Murphy, John T.	Wells.
Churchill, Amos G.	Madison.	Murray, Thomas	Richmond.
Coburn, George E.	Portland.	McGee, James D.	Bridgton.
Cony, Lucius	Augusta.	McDonald, Charles	Auburn.
Crummett, Orchard N.	Somerville.	Nealey, Franklin H.	Hampden.
Curtis, Boardman W.	Sherman.	Nichols, William A.	Augusta.
Damren, Charles M.	Belgrade.	Nickerson, Ingraham P.	Gardiner.

Day, Thomas W.	C. Elizabeth.
Devine, Anthony	Portland.
Durgin, Israel	Sherman.
Floyd, Osgood F.	Porter.
Fowler, Richard W.	Hartford, Ct.
Frost, Henry G.	Westbrook.
Garland, William	Gardiner.
Gibson, Robert	Portland.
Glass, George H.	Mercer.
Glidden, Charles L.	Newfield.
Goold, John	Lewiston.
Gould, William T.	Hope.
Grindle, Daniel H.	Bluehill.
Guilford, George S.	C. Elizabeth.
Haines, Hiram	W. Gardiner.
Hall, Daniel E.	Naples.
Hall, Stewart R.	C. Elizabeth.
Haskell, Frederick G.	Portland.
Hayes, John Osgood	"
Higgins, Rufus N.	China.
Hodgdon, Burbank	C. Elizabeth.
Holt, John L.	Casco.
Hutton, Spencer F.	Portland.
Jackman, Charles H.	Sherman.
Jordan, Leonard G.	Portland.
Joy, Samuel T.	"
Keaton, William	Greenwood.
Keaton, Hartwell	"
Knight, George E.	Portland.
Knight, George R.	"
Keenan, Charles H.	Chesterville.
Parrott, Levi S.	C. Elizabeth.
Patch, Henry	Newfield.
Rackliffe, Jeremiah P.	Rockland.
Riley, Charles K.	Bridgton.
Riley, Benjamin F.	"
Robbins, Amosia B.	Sumner.
Rollins, Augustus W.	Augusta.
Ronco, John*	Bingham.
Rose, Edmund	Westbrook.
Skillings, Francis	C. Elizabeth.
Small, Clement	Portland.
Smith, John A.	Calais.
Smith, Thomas B.	Lebanon.
Smith, George H.	Porter.
Stanley, William S.	"
Stevens, Henry	Chelsea.
Sulhofer, Samuel	Kittery.
Swett, Alonzo F.	Falmouth.
St. John, William E.	Portland.
Tighe, Matthias	Portland.
Thompson, John H.	Saco.
Wakefield, Hiram	"
Warren, William H.	Portland.
Whitten, Hiram S.	Newfield.
Wing, Leonard L.	Wayne.
Winship, Frank	Portland.
Young, John	"
Young, Francis B.	Bingham.
Young, Calvin R.	"
Young, Moses	Burnham.

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Company D.

CAPTAINS.

Beardsley, John D.	Grand Falls.
Kallock, Henry H.	Ashland.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, King, Charles F.	Portland.
1st, Jumper, Charles H.	Lewiston.
2d, Haskell, Charles H.	Pownal.
2d, Cushman, Zebedee M.	Oxford.

* Written also Roncokoo and Ranco.

SERGEANTS.

1st, McDonald, George Ashland.
1st, Anderson, Charles H. Smyrna.
Gillespie, James Fort Kent.
Brown, Jos. G. Portage Lake.
Hayes, Maurice Houlton.
Taggart, Howard Portage Lake.
Sears, Hiram D. Fort Kent.
Libby, Elias T. Windsor.
Wait, Thomas Fort Kent.

CORPORALS.

Corson, Charles H. Bangor.
Coy, Oliver B. Welchville.
Prindall, Edward L. Portland.
Stinson, James Fort Kent.
Butler, Thomas M. Hancock.
Smith, Josiah H. Biddeford.
Flanders, Daniel Lewiston.
Hanson, Ezekiel H. Portland.
Dow, Alexander Ashland.
Legassie, Joseph Limestone Plant'n.
Johnson, Freeman W. Portland.
Day, Vinal J. Ashland.
Littlehale, Alanson M. Newry.
McKenney, Daniel B. Lincoln.

WAGONER.

Canney, Charles B. Bangor.

PRIVATES.

Albert, Francis Ashland.
Ballou, Adin Portland.
Blaisdell, Enoch W. Franklin.
Blaisdell, William H. "
Boody, Leonard G. Portland.
Bouchard, David Ashland.
Brady, William H. Batavia, N. Y.
Brett, John F. Portland.
Brown, Josiah A. Bethel.
Buck, Daniel F.
Bucknam, Amos Portland.
Bunker, Lafayette A. Franklin.
Bryant, Charles F. Presque Isle.
Casey, William Castle Hill Pl'n.
Chapman, Joseph T. Bethel.
Chase, Henry Watertown, Mass.
Chipman, Elmer Mechanic Falls.
Cobb, Marston L. Portland.
Cook, Joseph B. Porter.
Day, Alfred Presque Isle.
Dinsmore, Charles W. Norway.
Doody, John H. Portland.
Dow, David Portage Lake.
Duran, Benjamin Westbrook.
Mariner, Greenleaf T. Sebago.
McGowan, Michael Portland.
McGoverin, Dennis "
Michaud, Peter
Miller, John Fort Kent.
Millikin, Wallace Castle Hill Pl'n.
Moore, Edward K. Portland.
Moran, Garrett Castle Hill.
Neal, Ansel Portland.
Nutter, Alonzo Freeport.
O'Hara, William Portland.
Paine, Frank O. Windham.
Pheasant, William Woodstock.
Pratt, Daniel Fort Kent.
Prindall, William Brunswick.
Putnam, John A. Livermore.
Randall, James L. Castle Hill.
Randall, John Wm. Portland.
Record, Edward Auburn.
Robertson, Ephraim T. Weld.
Sawyer, Edward H. Portland.
Sheridan, James "
Shorey, Joshua R. Enfield.
Sibley, William Lowell.

Ferrill, William E.	Portland.	Simpson, Josiah	York.
Gaitley, Martin	"	Small, Joseph B.*	Portland.
Giberson, Simon	Sarsfield Plant'n.	Small, Joseph W.	Upton.
Gilbert, Alvin E.	Portland.	Smith, Charles G. H.	New York.
Green, Charles A.	"	Smith, George W.	Scarboro'.
Greene, Frederick	"	Smith, Joseph	Fort Kent.
Hardison, John	Franklin.	Spring, William G. J.	Portland.
Harmon, Andrew	Portland.	Stackpole, Daniel W.	Portland.
Hersey, Charles A.	South Paris.	Stanorth, John A.	"
Hersey, Henry A.	"	Stinchfield, Samuel E.	N. Gloucester.
Hill, Samuel T.	Auburn.	Streeter, Augustus G.	Farmington.
Hobbs, Morrill B.	Lewiston.	Thomas, Walter H.	Portland.
Hunt, Nahum L.	"	Thomas, Walter H. Jr.	"
Irish, Benjamin R.	Sumner.	Thompson, Robert	Portage Lake.
Jones, Oliver B.†	Portland.	Thompson, William	" "
Kehoe, Charles	"	Turner, John F.	Portland.
Kelly, Amos	Lyndon.	Twist, James	Mapleton Pl'n.
Keyes, William T.		Ward, David	Fort Kent.
Kinney, George	Castle Hill.	Wescott, John	Masardis.
Knight, Storer S.	Portland.	Wetherby, William	Naples.
Lee, Edward	Magaguadavic, N. B.	Wight, Daniel W.	Portland.
Loud, William H.	Portland.	Wilkinson, John W.	"
Malony, John W.	Fort Kent.		6—117

Company E.

CAPTAINS.

Beal, John M.	Portland.
Millett, Henry R.	Norway.

LIEUTENANTS.

Graham, Charles C.	Westbrook.
Waterhouse, Cyrus T.	"
Bangs, Gilbert V.	Canaan.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Plummer, Henry A.	Portland.	Sastroff, Charles H.	Portland.
1st, Loveitt, Simon A.	"	Moore, Alfred S.	"
1st, Brown, Frank E.	Limington.	Skinner, John B.	Saco.
1st, Hanley, Thomas	Cumberland.	Fletcher, George C.	Westbrook.
Wilson, Stillman	Freeport.	Stacy, Uranus	Saco.
Elwell, Hezekiah	Westbrook.	Winslow, Joseph	Portland.
Mason, Samuel S.	Pembroke.	Johnson, Alexander	Westbrook.

*See note on page 380. †Sergeant of Co. B, 10th Battalion, transferred to D, 29th Maine, as private. Thence to Co. H as sergeant.

CORPORALS.

Verrill, Edward P.	Raymond.	Stone, George F.	Saco.
Kennedy, George C.	Portland.	Green, Frederick Jr.	"
Haskell, William T.	"	Green, Joseph L.	"
Garcelon, Levi M.	E. Livermore.	Hodsdon, Mahlon H.	Portland.
Sloman, Charles A.	Saco.	Colley, Joseph F.	"
Keene, William H.	Otisfield.	Cobb, Isaac	Windham.
Dyer, Franklin	Portland.	Pearson, Charles	Portland.
Gilbert, George	Gray.		

MUSICIANS.

Hickey, Patrick Jr.	Saco.	Locke, Edwin M.	Portland.
Hodgdon, Gilbert	"		

PRIVATES.

Aldridge, Hanson	Portland.	Lawry, Samuel K.	Topsham.
Andrews, John Q.	Westbrook.	Lowry, William	Portland.
Berry, Charles B.	Biddeford.	Libby, Daniel	Windham.
Bisbee, Elisha T.	Portland.	Lynds, George W.	Westbrook.
Britt, James	Anson.	Mason, William Page	Saco.
Brannan, Edward B.	Augusta.	Maw, Sumner J.	Westbrook.
Burnham, Lorenzo T.	Biddeford.	Maskill, Thomas Jr.	Portland.
Caldwell, Philip	Sherman.	Milliken, John S.	"
Came, Lawrence	Biddeford.	Munroe, Ephraim J.	Saco.
Chase, Isaac C.	Portland.	Murphy, James	Portland.
Clark, George H.	Saco.	McGinty, George	"
Clark, William	Westbrook.	Newell, Ira A.	Sanford.
Curtis, James C.	"	Newhall, Augustine	Washington.
Davis, Benjamin F.	Portland.	Noyes, Stephen	Portland.
Day, William H.	"	O'Brien, Timothy	"
Doyle, John	Saco.	Paine, Junius D.	Pownal.
Foss, Charles F.	Biddeford.	Palmer, Warren G.	Stoneham.
Gilbert, James M.	Pownal.	Pennell, John W.	Westbrook.
Greenleaf, Solomon	Norway.	Pierce, Edwin D.	Saco.
Haskell, Henry A.	Topsham.	Poor, George H.	Portland.
Haskell, William W.	Portland.	Rand, George H.	"
Hart, Loring F.	"	Roberts, Nelson O.	Sherman.
Hasty, Jefferson W.	Westbrook.	Rolfe, George H.	Portland.
Hickey, Patrick	Biddeford.	Savage, Newman A.	Anson.
Hill, Alonzo	Saco.	Sawyer, Obadiah	Biddeford.
Hilton, Oran	Bridgton.	Shaw, William M.	Portland.
Hodsdon, David T.	Bethel.	Silvador, Frank	"
Hooper, Powers F.	Anson.	Smith, Arthur W.	
Hopkins, Jonathan C.	Saco.	Smith, Charles G.	Portland.

Hoyt, Benjamin G.	Portland.	Smith, Cyrus B.	Anson.
Huff, Edwin R.	Biddeford.	Soule, Reuben H.	Portland.
Hume, Joseph	Augusta.	Stevens, James E.	Raymond.
Hutchins, William H.	Portland.	Storer, Benjamin W.	Cornish.
Jewett, William W.	Westbrook.	Trask, Charles H.	Portland.
Johnson, Thomas	Portland.	Webber, George T.	"
Junkins, George F.	"	Wellman, James	Chelsea.
Kehoe, Charles (2d enlist.)	"	Weymouth, Samuel	Saco.
Kimball, George M.	Wells.	Winslow, Charles F.	Portland.
Knox, George E.	Augusta.	Winslow, Joseph	"
Lane, Ivory	Hollis.	Wormwood, Edwin A.	N. Gloucester.
Larrabee, Alfred H.	Portland.	Young, Amos	Skowhegan.

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Company F.

CAPTAINS.

Knowlton, William	Lewiston.
Turner, Alfred L.	Portland.
Rankin, Abel G.	Lewiston.

LIEUTENANTS.

2d, Harmon, Levi W.	Lewiston.
2d, Winter, Harrison B.	Carthage.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Bangs, Gilbert V.	Canaan.	Morse, Joseph W.	Andover.
1st, Burnell, Edward A.	Portland.	Heney, Charles W.	Lewiston.
1st, Tripp, Harrison A.	Lewiston.	Perkins, John D.	Brooksville.
Gould, George H.	"	Pearson, William H.	Hamlin Gt.
Briggs, Thomas H.	Augusta.	Judkins, William W.	Carthage.
Palin, Charles H.	Lewiston.		

CORPORALS.

Wells, John F.	Portland.	Hill, Charles D.	Machias.
Pearson, Lewis E.	"	Howard, Frederick A.	Anson.
Low, James	Lewiston.	Martin, Washington N.	Minot.
Henderson, John H.	Fairfield.	Wilber, John C.	Kenduskeag.
Dennett, Charles	Lewiston.	Finn, Thomas	Skowhegan.
Kenison, Charles H.	"	Graffam, Edwin W.	Portland.
Clark, Stephen	Bingham.	Jackson, Andrew	Lewiston.
Josselyn, Loring	Auburn.	McMaster, Henry A.	Augusta.
Stevens, Enos H.	"	Stevens, James M.	Lewiston.
Harvey, John C.	Maxfield.		

PRIVATES.

Alexander, William S.	Hudson.
Annis, Albert	Kenduskeag.
Blaisdell, George W.	Portland.
Besse, Lewis	Levant.
Bodge, William	Windham.
Brooks, Leander B.	West Forks.
Brooks, Ora M.	"
Brown, William	Bangor.
Burke, Edward	Portland.
Burke, William T.	"
Cain, Charles S.	Benton.
Carey, Turner	Portland.
Chandler, George F.	Lisbon.
Church, Andrew J.	Bingham.
Church, James W.	Augusta.
Clancey, James	Portland.
Clarry, Leander	Ellsworth.
Cobb, Edwin A.	Bridgton.
Cole, Edwin	Saco.
Coolidge, Gerry E.	Lewiston.
Davis, Nathaniel	"
Davis, David	Wellington.
Demeritt, George J.	Augusta.
Duston, William C.	Portland.
Eaton, George W.	Brunswick.
Elder, Samuel H.	Portland.
Farrar, Sidney A.	Paris.
Foss, David C.	Portland.
Gilbert, Caleb S.	Auburn.
Gile, John M.	Stow.
Gilmore, Charles	Auburn.
Grant, Leonard J.	Augusta.
Hill, Isaac	Auburn.
Hopkins, Leveritt D.	Ellsworth.
Johnson, Haseltine B.	Minot.
Johnson, James	Fred'kton, N. B.
Johnson, Charles M.	Alton.
Kincaid, John A.	Lewiston.
Littlefield, Joseph	Kennebunk.
Lang, William P.	Rumford.
Lovejoy, Lyman B.	Milton Plant'n.
Maloney, John	Lewiston.
Mann, Daniel	Hudson.
Mansell, Abram	Augusta.
Merrow, William H.	Rome.
Miles, Francis N.	Hudson.
Mills, John W.	Levant.
Mulcahy, William	Portland.
Mullen, Charles	"
Murray, Joseph W.	Paris.
McGlinch, James	Yarmouth.
McGlinchy, Hugh	Lewiston.
McMahan, Michael	Portland.
O'Neil, Lanty	"
O'Neil, Edward	"
Plaise, Harrison O.	Lewiston.
Plummer, Spaulding	Levant.
Pray, Charles	Lewiston.
Prescott, Henry G.	Westbrook.
Roberts, Dennis	Lewiston.
Robinson, John F.	Rome.
Ronco, John Jr.	Solon.
Sanborn, Dudley F.	Lewiston.
Scribner, James H.	Clinton.
Scripture, William H.	Levant.
Seed, Francis	Portland.
Sheahan, John J.	"
Small, Albert W.	Troy.
Smellage, George W.	Portland.
Smith, Albion	Levant.
Smith, Reuben J.	Mariaville.
Snow, Joseph	Augusta.
Stebbins, Frank	Lewiston.
Stockbridge, Cornelius D.	Byron.
Trull, Charles H.	Greenwood.
Turner, David B.	Canada.
Tuttle, Montgomery	Lewiston.
Ward, Wilbur F.	Levant.
Welch, John	Portland.
Whittier, Elias W.	Enfield.
Wiley, Benjamin F.	Augusta.
Williams, Charles H.	Readfield.

Lovejoy, Alvin B.	Milton Pl'n.	Wing, Frederick W.	Levant.
Lovejoy, Christopher C.	"	Witham, Phineas C.	Weld.
Luey, Peter	Solon.	Woodman, Jacob L.	Auburn.

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Company G.

CAPTAIN.

Whitmarsh, William W. — Norway.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Millett, Henry R. — Norway.
1st, Harmon, Levi W. — Lewiston.
2d, Cummings, Sylvester W. — Freedom.
2d, McKeen, Henry H. — Oxford.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Cushman, Zebedee M.	Oxford.	Evans, Samuel S.	Stoneham.
1st, Hill, Leonard C.	Sweden.	Charles, Daniel E.	Lovell.
Harrington, Wm. H.	Harrison.	Knight, Joseph	Otisfield.
Knox, Sam'l Jr.	Chat'm, N. H.	McKeen, Elbridge G.	Lovell.
Parker, Arthur M.	Stoneham.	Coffin, Charles	Chatham, N. H.
Johnson, William P.	Norway.		

CORPORALS.

Morse, Benj. Frank.	Norway.	Jackman, Alfred A.	Shelburne, N. H.
Noble, Harrison G.	"	Charles, Oldin	Stow.
Greeley, John W.	Otisfield.	Barrows, Orin R.	Lovell.
Meader, Calvin	Stow.	Crockett, James	Norway.
Littlefield, Albert	Stoneham.	Harding, Jesse D.	Detroit.
Parker, Joseph W.	"	Ricker, Edward F.	Stoneham.
McAllister, Benjamin H.	Lovell.	Stokes, Benjamin F.	"
Long, Joseph E.	Norway.	Warren, Nathaniel E.	Otisfield.
Libby, Charles O.	Biddeford.	Wilbur, Henry	Stoneham.
Russell, Nelson R.	Greenwood.		

WAGONER.

Foster, William H. — Norway.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Charles L.	Stoneham.	Jordan, Peter	Harrison.
Adams, Jophanus H.	Bingham.	Kent, Charles N.	Portland.
Andrews, Wm. Wallace	Otisfield.	Kilborn, Andrew W.	Harrison.
Baker, Daniel B.	Chatham, N. H.	Kincaid, Hiram	Augusta.
Baker, Greenleaf G.	Lanc'st'r, N. H.	Knight, George J.	Biddeford.
Bicknell, Ichabod W.	Harrison.	Knox, John H.	Garland.

Binford, Charles H.	Chat'm, N. H.
Blake, Eben N.	Portland.
Brailey, Benjamin C.	Burnham.
Brown, Melsor B.	Stoneham.
Bryant, John S.	Chatham, N. H.
Bucklin, Warren	Knox.
Burnell, Calvin B.	Norway.
Burnell, Granville M.	"
Butters, Francis E.	Waterford.
Buzzell, Stephen	Jefferson.
Callahan, Charles A.	Norway.
Center, John W.	Biddeford.
Chambers, Charles	Jonesboro.
Chaplin, Jacob	Sweden.
Chute, William A.	Otisfield.
Cole, William C.	Norway.
Cox, James	Harrington.
Crockett, Alonzo B.	Norway.
Curren, Henry	Portland.
Curren, William	"
Daily, Peter	"
Devereaux, Frank	Auburn.
Doneghue, Jeremiah	Augusta.
Dresser, Horace	
Eaton, Franklin H.	Portland.
Eels, Van Rensselaer	Thorndike.
Fernald, George W.	Albany.
Field, Charles E.	Concord.
Foster, Jeremiah	Norway.
Gould, Almon	Chatham, N. H.
Gray, Charles H.	Harrison.
Greene, William H.	Portland.
Guptill, Thomas	Chatham, N. H.
Harding, John	Detroit.
Haseltine, Samuel	Sweden.
Haskell, George A.	Waterford.
Hicks, Alfred C.	Oxford.
Hill, Andrew	Stoneham.
Hill, Henry	"
Hill, Willard B.	Sweden.
Hillman, Walter N.	Troy.
Hinman, George R.	Waterford.
Holmes, Otis S.	Biddeford.
Johnson, William	Stow.
Lane, Living K.	Stoneham.
Leavitt, John W.	Chatham, N. H.
Locke, Frederic A.	Portland.
Lord, Charles F.	China.
Lovejoy, John H.	Norway.
Marden, Franklin	Palermo.
Mason, Sewall W.	Lovell.
Maxwell, Jeremiah G.	Sweden.
Meader, John	Chatham, N. H.
Meader, George P.	Stoneham.
Morrill, John	Clinton.
Morse, Willard E.	Norway.
McAllister, Gorham	Stoneham.
McAllister, Nathan	"
McAllister, Weeman	"
McIntire, Stephen P.	Chatham, N. H.
Nutting, James	Bethel.
Palmer, Myrick F.	Stoneham.
Palmer, Warren G.	"
Ricker, Sylvester L.	"
Ripley, George K.	Paris.
Sargent, George W.	Oxford.
Sewall, William W.	Portland.
Shaw, John F.	Naples.
Silvador, John	Portland.
Small, Edward A.	Stoneham.
Spear, George W.	"
Stanley, Benjamin	Harrison.
Stevens, Reuel K.	Bingham.
Stevens, William C.	Greene.
Stokes, Cummings P.	Stoneham.
Stone, John O.	Portland.
Tibbetts, William Jr.	Jefferson.
Towne, Richard H.	Concord.
Vinton, Ernest E. M.	Saco.
Ward, Thomas	Clinton.
Welch, Stephen E.	Sanford.
Webb, Walter	Otisfield.
White, Frank	Cavendish, Vt.
Whitney, Theodore	Harrison.
Wing, Samuel F.	Rumford.
Wiswell, Jacob R.	Stow.
Worthing, Russell S.	Lewiston.

Company H.

CAPTAIN.

Blake, Granville	Auburn.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Coburn, George B.	Lewiston.
2d, French, Hartwell S.	Turner.
2d, Lander, Nathan H.	Auburn.

SERGEANTS.

1st, French, Nathaniel F.	Auburn.	Stevens, Alonzo	Temple.
1st, Metcalf, Charles A.	Lisbon.	Harradon, George W.	Auburn.
Jones, Oliver B.	Portland.	Magill, Andrew J.	Lewiston.
Pratt, Henry C.	Auburn.	Young, Henry (1st)	Hartford.
Estes, Stephen R.	Lewiston.	Roak, George M.	Auburn.

CORPORALS.

Lunt, M. William	N. Gloucester.	Plant, Charles F.	New Gloucester.
Kneeland, Ira A.	Auburn.	Stevens, Samuel L.	Auburn.
Stevens, John Calvin	"	Brackett, William H.	"
Wyman, George P.	"	Lunt, William H.	"
Sawyer, Greenlief	Danville.	Randall, Roland W.	"
Young, William H.	Hebron.	Brown, George H.	Portland.
Wentworth, William H.	Auburn.	Grover, Mark	Lewiston.

MUSICIANS.

Beal, Thomas R.	Portland.	Given, William H.	Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, Elias H.	Farmington.	Holland, Adelbert	Lewiston.
Bailey, George H.	Bridgton.	Humphrey, George D.	"
Bartlett, Charles G.	Newburg.	Inman, Charles H.	Orono.
Bean, John	Chesterville.	Judkins, Eastman	Carthage.
Berwin, Joseph	Rockland.	Judkins, Orville	Weld.
Bickerton, William	Auburn.	Keene, William W.	Turner.
Bridgham, William H.	Buckfield.	Kneeland, Eben	Auburn.
Brooks, Joseph	Lewiston.	Kneeland, Edward R.	Albany.
Brown, William H.	Hebron.	Kneeland, Ezra	Harrison.
Burrill, Fred. N.	Auburn.	Lamarche, Peter A.	Hebron.
Butler, Samuel S.	Turner.	Latlip, Gott	Waterville.
Butler, William B.	"	Lawrence, Peter	Lewiston.
Caverly, Levi D.	Stetson.	Legendre, Edouard	"
Chamberlain, John F.	Auburn.	Legendre, Jules	"
Cobb, Franklin B.	Solon.	Locklin, Michael	"
Crafts, Adoniram B.	Auburn.	Loring, Hiram W.	"

Davis, Daniel	Auburn.	Maguire, William E.	Mercer.
Day, Rufus	Temple.	Mason, Arrington	Buckfield.
Day, Thomas C.	"	Martin, Xayeri	Peru.
Day, William H.	Augusta.	Meader, John	Westbrook.
Donovan, John F.	Lewiston.	Merrill, John S.	Lisbon.
Donovan, Timothy	"	Metcalf, Charles L.	Turner.
Doran, John	Oxford.	Morton, John	Lewiston.
Drake, Albion A.	Auburn.	McMaster, Henry	Augusta.
Drake, Henry S.	"	O'Connor, John	"
Dumas, Frank	Minot.	Pinkham, Ellery	Pittston.
Field, Daniel	Lewiston.	Pooler, George	Waterville.
Fish, Asa H.	Auburn.	Read, Adolphus S.	Auburn.
Fobes, Henry B.	Buckfield.	Rourk, Lawrence	Lewiston.
Foss, Holman	Lewiston.	Ryerson, Charles B.	Bethel.
Foster, Nicholas L.	Gray.	Ryerson, Austin W.	"
Foster, Edwin K.	Wayne.	Shaw, Milford N.	Buckfield.
Fox, Thomas	Portland.	Smith, Charles S.	Poland.
Frazier, Watson B.	Otis.	Stevens, Joseph	Hebron.
Frye, William A.	Carthage.	St. Hilaire,† Joseph	Minot.
Galusha, Joseph	Richmond.	Taylor, Robert L.	Lisbon.
Gilley, Artemus K.	Augusta.	Teabo,‡ Franklin	Lewiston.
Gillis, Edward	Miramichi, N. B.	Usher, Joshua L.	Sebago.
Gonyo, Akin*	Farmington.	Welch, Lorenzo H.	Oxford.
Gordon, Charles H.	Augusta.	Wentworth, Charles B.	Auburn.
Hamlin, John L.	Lewiston.	Wing, Thomas B.	Wayne.
Harmon, Edward	N. Gloucester.	York, Isaac C.	Bingham.
Hayford, William I.	Turner.	Young, Henry (2d)	Hebron.
Herbert, Stephen	Minot.	Young, Benjamin F.	Skowhegan

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Company I.

CAPTAIN.

Pray, Almon C.	Auburn.

LIEUTENANTS.

Kidder, John O.	Mexico.
Hoyt, John L.	E. Livermore.
Pettengill, Charles H.	Auburn.

* Probably intended to be the English of Gagnon, Etienne.

† Written also Sintchilla.

‡ Or Thibeault.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Fitz, John F.	Paris.	Sawyer, Edward H.	Auburn.
1st, Smith, Harrison W.	Portland.	Crane, Charles H.	"
1st, Howarth, Allen	Lewiston.	Smith, Leonard O.	Lewiston.
White, Augustus	Auburn.	Quint, Samuel T.	Brownfield.
Glendenning, John G.	Portl'd.	Philbrook, George G.	"
Mower, Josiah H.	Greene.	Lyon, Hugh	Lewiston.

CORPORALS.

Townsend, Cyrus B.	Auburn.	Douglass, Edsell A.	Lisbon.
Sutherland, James P.	Lisbon.	Welch, Charles H.	Auburn.
Aderton, Joseph W.	Skowhegan.	Dunovan, James	Lewiston.
Mason, Samuel B.	Brownfield.	Donovan, Daniel	"
Andrews, Michael Jr.	Detroit.	Philbrook, Charles C.	Brownfield.
Snow, Israel T.	Jackson.	Rowe, William C.	"
Carlton, William H.	Haverhill, Ms.	Severy, Eben D.	Dixfield.
Elwell, George H.	Jackson.	Small, Edgar W.	Bridgton.
Rowe, Sidney W.	Brownfield.	Stewart, John	Brownfield.
Rounds, William F.	"	Wadsworth, Harrison L.	E. Livermore.

MUSICIANS.

Read, Frank H.	Auburn	Delano, Daniel D.	Peru.

WAGONER.

Sanborn, Henry — Greene.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, And'w P.	Pl't Ridge Pl.	Johnson, Joshua R.	Brownfield.
Bennett, Charles F.	Augusta.	Knowles, Sidney C.	Chesterville.
Besse, Alphonzo	Bridgton.	Libby, Stephen	Detroit.
Besse, Rufus	Wayne.	Long, John W.	Denmark.
Boynton, Gardiner B.	Bridgton.	McFarland, Henry	Wales.
Briggs, Augustus E.	Auburn.	Moody, George P.	Lisbon.
Brown, Benjamin	Byron.	Morrill, George B.	Lewiston.
Brown, George F.	Jay.	Mower, Aaron	Greene.
Caldwell, Isaiah A.	Otisfield.	Mower, Albion P.	"
Callahan, Humphrey	Ellsworth.	Noonan, John	E. Livermore.
Carlton, Zimri	Troy.	Noyes, Augustus	Auburn.
Cash, Nathaniel	Naples.	Paine, LaForace A.	E. Livermore.
Chadbourne, Hum. A. Jr.	Fryeb'g.	Parmenter, Orrin	Jackson.
Chamberlain, Albert A.	Auburn.	Phelps, John A.	Lewiston.
Cook, Nathaniel	Brownfield.	Philbrook, George W.	Brownfield.
Davis, Charles T.	Auburn.	Piper, Jonathan E.	Auburn.
Dennison, John T.	"	Purrington, Ezra	Detroit.
Deshon, Charles A.	Peru.	Robinson, Levi	Lisbon.

Dickinson, Geo. S.	E. Livermore.
Donihue, George L.	Freeport.
Donnell, William	Greene.
Durgin, Andrew J.	Brownfield.
Eastman, Van Ren.	Mexico.
Ela, Webster	Fryeburg.
Elder, John B.	Winthrop.
Emerson, Stillman H.	Biddeford.
Flagg, Ellis R.	Rumford.
Fletcher, Sydney W.	Biddeford.
Frost, Hason O.	Brownfield.
Frost, Larkin W.	Denmark.
Getchell, Owen	Belgrade.
Glenn, William	Portland.
Hall, Enoch L.	"
Hall, Lewis L.	"
Hall, Greenville L.	Byron.
Hammond, Gideon	Lisbon.
Hammond, Phineas B.	Gardiner.
Haskell, John H.	Jay.
Hayes, Levi	Mexico.
Holman, Emery A.	N. Gloucester.
Holt, Valentine	Augusta.
Hood, Billings J.	Auburn.
Howard, Simeon	Westbrook.
Jackson, Ezekiel E.	Anson.
Jackson, Luther	Peru.
Jackson, Sylvester S.	Andover.
Johnson, Daniel B.	Bridgton.
Rundlett, Gardiner F.	Dixfield.
Simpson, James K. P.	Mexico.
Small, Aratus	Lewiston.
Smith, Gardiner	Greene.
Smith, Richard D.	Hallowell.
Smith, Wheeler	Peru.
Snow, Allen C.	Lewiston.
Snow, Elbridge G.	Auburn.
Staples, Hosea	Brownfield.
Sweeney, Michael	Lewiston.
Taylor, Calvin	Clinton.
Thompson, Thomas W.	Byron.
Thurston, George H.	Portland.
Thurston, James H.	Danville.
Verrill, Martin L.	Auburn.
Virgin, James M.	Dixfield.
Wagg, Joshua M.	Durham.
Walker, Charles	Mexico.
Ware, Charles N.	Lewiston.
Warren, Daniel O.	Dixfield.
Watson, Murray B.	Newport.
Webber, Arza B.	Lewiston.
Webber, Levi H.	"
White, George	Auburn.
Whitman, Harrison F.	Mexico.
Wight, Marcus Jr.	Bowdoinham.
Wyman, Henry A.	Livermore.
Yeaton, Isaac D.	Auburn.
York, Charles F.	Peru.

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Company K.

CAPTAINS.

Nye, George H.	Lewiston.
Kingsley, Albert E.	"

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Greene, Alpheus L.	Portland.
1st, French, Hartwell S.	Turner.
2d, Bagnall, William	Lewiston.
2d, Gillespie, James	Fort Kent.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Jumper, Charles H.	Lewiston.	Smith, Henry A.	Lewiston.
1st, Willard, John A.	"	Stevens, William F.	Rumford.
1st, Jumper, Samuel H.	"	Cutter, John Edw.	Webster.
1st, Osborn, Maitland L.	Smithf'ld.	Beal, Jarvis T.	Lewiston.
Osgood, James E.	Lewiston.	Corliss, Aaron T.	"
Thorn, Thomas A.	"	Jumper, John Q. A.	N. Gloucester.
Viele, Reuben	Hallowell.	Whitcomb, Levi	Belgrade.
Eaton, Benjamin A.	Greene.		

CORPORALS.

Vickery, Isaiah H.	Auburn.	Dillingham, Virgil P.	Greene.
Bickford, George W.	Lewiston.	Linsey, William	Rumford.
Dunn, Albert N.	Andover.	Clear, John	Lewiston.
Edwards, Abial H.	Portland.	Guptill, Levi A.	Belgrade.
Hawes, Augustus W.	Hallowell.	Holland, Alphonso B.	Lewiston.
Morrill, John R.	Lewiston.	Smith, Charles W.	Monmouth.
Walker, James H.	"		

MUSICIANS.

Hanson, Albert E.*	Lewiston.	Thing, Chester H.*	Lewiston.

WAGONER.

Woodcock, Melvin Lewiston.

PRIVATES.

Annas, John G.	Lewiston.	Jones, Albert N.	Weld.
Arris, John S. B.	"	Jones, Gustavus W.	"
Bailey, Gilbert H.	"	Kelley, Thomas	Lewiston.
Baloff, James	"	Kendall, James	Georgetown.
Berry, Elbridge G.	Carthage.	Latham, Bela E.	Raymond.
Blackstone, James B.	Lewiston.	Larrabee, Emery E.	Lewiston.
Blackstone, Stephen C.	"	Little, Ayers	Rumford.
Bolton Jacob	Augusta.	Littlefield, Adoniram J.	Wells.
Bond, Houghton	Lewiston.	Magner, James E.	Lewiston.
Brackley, Charles H.	Salem.	Maloon, Elias	"
Brann, Arrington	Gardiner.	Miller, Frederick	"
Bray, William	Lewiston.	Mitchell, Arthur S.	Carthage.
Bruce, William	Westport.	McDonald, John E.	Lewiston.
Butler, Richard	Lewiston.	McLaughlin, Tyler H.	Weld.
Callahan, Daniel	Hallowell.	Nevens, Plummer R.	Lewiston.
Carr, Peter	Portland.	Newman, Albert A.	Weld.
Coburn, Charles F.	Weld.	Palmer, Frederick	Lewiston.
Colegate, John S.	Waldoboro.	Parker, Lorenzo	Topsham.

*Promoted Corporals in 1866.

Collins, Patrick	Lewiston.	Potter, Albert W.	Lewiston.
Coombs, Dennis	Augusta.	Richards, Ansel	Salem.
Curtis, Daniel	Salem.	Ranco, Joseph	Hallowell.
Cyr, Francis	Augusta.	Ranco, Frank	Waterville.
Dana, Woodbury K.	Portland.	Royal, Samuel N.	Wales.
Davis, William J.	Naples.	Russell, Andrew J.	Lewiston.
Day, Albert F.	Gorham.	Russell, James Albert	Weld.
Day, George L.	"	Russell, Willard M.	"
Day, Roscoe G.	Litchfield.	Shaw, Frank B.	Georgetown.
Dyer, Solomon	Danville.	Simmons, Stephen	Hallowell.
Eastman, Martin V.	Rumford.	Smith, David B.	Weld.
Ellery, David H.	Hallowell.	Smith, Kennedy	Salem.
Emmons, Thomas A.	Lewiston.	Spates, George N.	Lewiston.
Flood, Joseph	"	Stevens, Cassius R.	"
Follett, William E.	Portland.	Stewart, Alpheus G.	Greene.
Freeman, Harry	Lewiston.	Stilkey, Benjamin F.	Augusta.
Giles, Sylvanus W.	Belgrade.	Sturdy, Cyrus A.	"
Goodridge, Willis	Lewiston.	Taber, George W.	Vassalboro.
Graffam, William T.	"	Tarr, Leroy	Lewiston.
Grounder, George	Farmington.	Tiffany, Frederick A.	"
Guptill, George	Belgrade.	Warren, Charles N.	Minot.
Hanson, Charles A.	Lewiston.	Webber, Elias S.	Fayette.
Hardy, Edgar M.	Augusta.	Webber, Otis	Lewiston.
Higgins, William C.	N. Glo'ster.	Whitney, Moses M.	Biddeford.
Hodsdon, Isaac W.	Byron.	Williams, George M.	Lewiston.
Ingalls, Gilbert H.	Washington.	Woodbury, Robert A.	Webster.
Jacobs, Arthur T.	Lewiston.	Wright, John C.	Lewiston.
Jepson, Leonard	"		

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NOTE. William H. H. Hall and Edwin Y. Kincaid, recruits for this company, were burnt to death at Augusta, December 7, 1863, and were never mustered into U. S. service.

NOTE. The names of 61 officers and 1,295 men appear on these rolls and notes, making 1,356 aggregate, but after deducting the names which show two and three times, and also Webb, Wilkinson, J. B. Small, Hall and Kincaid, we have 55 officers and 1,220 enlisted men, an aggregate of 1,275, as the actual number in our regiment.

Besides these the Adjutant General's report (State of Maine) for 1864-5, Vol. I, pages 919-921, shows in a list of recruits sent to 29th regiment, ten or fifteen names that I do not find in the yearly reports of changes nor upon any of my own papers. Probably they are "bounty-jumpers," and men who enlisted after the war closed and never joined us.

The number stated as the aggregate furnished to the 29th Maine regiment in Vol. I. page 35, Adjutant General's report of 1864-5 is 963. This refers, I suppose, to the original eight companies, to which must be added 214 officers and men from the 10th battalion, and 95 from Capt. Butler's Co. A, making 1,272 aggregate.

Roll of the Dead, Twenty-ninth Maine Regiment.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
G.	Cummings, Sylvester W.	2d Lieutenant,	June 17, 1864,	Congestive chills,	Morganzia, La.
K.	Bagnall, William	2d "	July 10, "	Gastritis,	New Orleans.
	Knowlton, William	Major,	Sept. 20, "	Wounded in battle,	Opequan.
I.	Hoyt, John L.	2d Lieutenant,	Oct. 19, "	Killed in battle,	Cedar Creek, Va.
	Knox, George	Chaplain,	Oct. 31, "	Thrown from horse,	" "
F.	Winter, Harrison B.	2d Lieutenant,	June 26, 1865,	Hemorrhage,	Florence, S. C.
K.	Hall, William H. H.	Recruit,	Dec. 7, 1863,	Burned to death,	Augusta, Me.
K.	Kincaid, Edwin Y.	"	" " "	Burned to death,	"
B.	Sites, Alfred G.	Private,	Jan. 22, 1864,	Typhoid pneumonia,	"
G.	Knox, John H.	"	Feb. 14, "	Varioloid,	"
B.	Eastman, John C.	"	" 23, "	Unknown,	Waterford, Me.
E.	Savage, Newman A.	"	" 27, "	Epilepsy and loss of finger,	Franklin, La.
G.	Mason, Sewall W.	"	Mar. 9, "	Typhoid pneumonia,	"
E.	Smith, Cyrus B.	"	" 18, "	Erysipelas,	Brashear City, La.
C.	Smith, John A.	"	" 24, "	Typhoid fever,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Bowman, George W.	"	April 5, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Natchitoches, La.
G.	Adams, Jophanus H.	"	" 6, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
G.	Greeley, John W.	Corporal,	" 8, "	Killed in battle,	Sabine Cross Roads, La.
G.	Meader, Calvin	"	" 10, "	Wounded in battle,	" "
G.	Leavitt, John W.	Private,	" 9, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
E.	Plaise, Harrison O.	"	" 12, "	" "	"
H.	Pinkham, Ellery	"	" 13, "	Typhoid fever,	Alexandria, Va.
F.	Demeritt, George J.	"	" 20, "	Malarial fever,	Grand Ecore, La.
I.	Taylor, Calvin	"	" 25, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
I.	Phelps, John A.	Private,	April 27, 1864,	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
G.	Cox, James	"	" 28, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Alexandria, Va.
B.	Frost, David F.	"	" 30, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
K.	Stewart, Alpheus G.	"	May 1, "	Bilious fever,	"
G.	Gould, Almon	"	" 4, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
C.	Brown, John J.	"	" 5, "	Drowned,	Alexandria, Va.
I.	Hammond, Gideon	"	" 5, "	Congestive chills,	"
H.	Shaw, Milford N.	"	" 5, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
F.	Grant, Leonard J.	"	" 6, "	Starved in prison,	Tyler prison pen, Texas.
F.	Clark, Stephen	Corporal,	" 7, "	Typho-malarial fever,	New Orleans, La.
G.	Fernald, George W.	Private,	" 7, "	Pleurisy,	Alexandria, Va.
B.	Stearns, Charles H.	"	" 7, "	Diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Paine, La Forace A.	"	" 8, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Alexandria, Va.
G.	Ricker, Sylvester L.	"	" 8, "	" " "	"
C.	Brann, Lawson G.	"	" 11, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
F.	Dennett, Charles	"	" 11, "	Home sickness,	"
F.	Johnson, Charles M.	"	" 11, "	Typho-malarial fever,	New Orleans, La.
G.	Kilborn, Andrew W.	"	" 12, "	Acute bronchitis,	Alexandria, Va.
I.	Wyman, Henry A.	"	" 12, "	Wounded, Sabine X. R.,	Mansfield, La. (prisoner.)
I.	Jackson, Luther	"	" 15, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Semmesport, La.
G.	Greene, William H.	"	" 17, "	Diarrh. and mal. fever,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Thompson, Thomas W.	"	" 17, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Semmesport, La.
F.	Hopkins, Leverett D.	"	" 18, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Stevens, Lyman C.	Sergeant,	" 18, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Semmesport, La.
H.	Kneeland, Ezra	Private,	" 19, "	" "	"
I.	Eastman, Van Ren.	"	" 20, "	" "	"
I.	Hayes, Levi	"	" 20, "	" "	"
E.	Hutchins, William H.	"	" 20, "	Unknown,	Red River boat.
I.	Johnson, Joshua R.	"	" 21, "	Rubeola,	Boat, Semmesport, La.
F.	Lovejoy, Christopher C.	"	" 24, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Besse, Alphonzo	"	" 26, "	Congestive chills,	"
I.	Frost, Larkin W.	"	" 26, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
K.	Curtis, Daniel	"	" 27, "	Rubeola,	Morganzia, La.
G.	Burnell, Calvin B.	"	" 27, "	Drowned at sea,	Steamer sunk by collision.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
G.	Field, Charles E.	Private,	May 27, 1864,	Starved in prison,	Mansfield, La.
G.	Palmer, Myrick F.	"	" " "	Measles,	New Orleans, La.
G.	Stanley, Benjamin	"	" " "	Drowned at sea,	Steamer sunk by collision.
F.	Lovejoy, Lyman B.	"	" 29, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Wright, Edwin R.	"	" " "	Unknown,	"
H.	Ryerson, Austin W.	"	" 30, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
C.	Chase, Wellington	"	" 31, "	" "	"
G.	Haskell, George A.	"	June 1, "	" "	"
E.	Chase, Isaac C.	"	" 1, "	Unknown,	"
C.	Grindle, Daniel H.	"	" 2, "	Rubeola,	"
B.	Maffitt, James H.	Corporal,	" 4, "	Typhoid fever,	"
E.	Wing, Frederick W.	Private,	" 4, "	Typho-malarial fever,	"
F.	Church, Andrew J.	"	" 5, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Morganzia, La.
H.	Gordon, Charles H.	"	" 5, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
K.	Brackley, Charles H.	"	" 6, "	"	"
B.	Coffin, Isaiah B.	"	" 6, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Morganzia, La.
D.	Maloney, John W.	"	" 7, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
K.	Brann, Arrington	"	" 8, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
C.	Riley, Benjamin F.	"	" 8, "	Rubeola,	"
B.	Cushman, Corydon S.	"	" 9, "	Unknown,	"
B.	Vickery, David G.	"	" 9, "	"	"
G.	Maxwell, Jere G.	"	" 10, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Morganzia, La.
I.	Whitman, Harrison F.	"	" 12, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
I.	Knowles, Sidney C.	"	" 12, "	Lung fever,	Morganzia, La.
H.	Brown, William H.	"	" 13, "	Congestive chills,	"
C.	Rackliffe, Jeremiah P.	"	" 15, "	Starved in prison,	Alexandria, Va.
B.	Robinson, George E.	"	" 15, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
K.	Goodridge, Willis	"	" 18, "	Typhoid fever,	Morganzia, La.
B.	Harris, Samuel R.	"	" 18, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Foster, Nathan	"	" 21, "	" "	"
K.	Davis, William J.	"	" 22, "	" "	"
G.	Bicknell, Ichabod W.	"	" 23, "	Unknown,	"
B.	Dyer, Knowles H.	"	" 23, "	"	"
B.	Patterson, Charles W.	"	" 23, "	Congestive chills,	Morganzia, La.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
F.	Lang, William P.	Private,	June 26, 1864,	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Kilborn, Franklin	"	" 27, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
I.	Smith, Wheeler	"	" 27, "	" "	"
B.	Whitten, Orrin	"	" 27, "	Unknown,	
I.	Besse, Rufus	"	" 28, "	Typhoid fever,	Natchez, Miss.
I.	Long, John W.	"	" 28, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
C.	Roncokoo, John	"	" 28, "	" "	"
F.	Roberts, Dennis	"	" 29, "	" "	"
H.	Caverley, Levi D.	"	" 30, "	" "	On transport.
H.	Wing, Thomas B.	"	July 2, "	" "	Morganzia, La.
F.	Trull, Charles H.	"	" 4, "	" "	Natchez, Miss.
E.	Wellman, James	"	" 7, "	Typ-mal. fev. & chron. di'r,	"
H.	Wentworth, Charles B.	"	" 7, "	Unknown,	St. Louis, Mo.
C.	Patch, Henry	"	" 8, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Natchez, Miss.
E.	Young, Amos	"	" 9, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Glendenning, John G.	Sergeant,	" 10, "	Dysentery,	"
I.	Getchell, Owen	Private,	" 14, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Natchez, Miss.
B.	Piper, Charles E.	"	" 15, "	Typho-malarial fever,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Mower, Albion P.	"	" 17, "	Disease of kindeys,	"
K.	Flood, Joseph	"	" 21, "	Unknown,	Leesburg, Va.
I.	Haskell, John H.	"	" 22, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
K.	Latham, Bela E.	"	" 23, "	" "	St. Louis, Mo.
B.	Brown, Henry D.	"	" 29, "	Unknown,	Blackwell's Island, N. Y.
H.	Smith, Charles S.	"	" 29, "	Rheumatic fever,	Washington, D. C.
K.	Tiffany, Fred A.	"	" 29, "	Diphtheria,	Augusta, Me.
H.	Butler, William B.	"	" 30, "	Typhoid fever,	Washington, D. C.
H.	Day, Rufus	"	" 30, "	Typho-malarial fever,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Warren, Daniel O.	"	" 30, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Washington, D. C.
I.	Donnell, William	"	" 31, "	" "	Greene, Me.
H.	O'Connor, John	"	Aug. 2, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
H.	Cobb, Franklin B.	"	" 3, "	" "	New York Harbor.
D.	Thompson, William	"	" 3, "	Unknown,	New Orleans.
I.	Piper, Jonathan E.	"	" 4, "	Inflammation of brain,	Pittsburg, Penn.
E.	Johnson, Thomas	"	" 7, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Natchez, Miss.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
C.	Floyd, Osgood F.	Private,	Aug. 9, 1864,	Unknown,	Annapolis, Md.
H.	Wentworth, William H.	"	" 9, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Washington, D. C.
H.	York, Isaac C.	"	" 9, "	" "	"
C.	Manchester, Greenleaf H.	"	" 10, "	" "	New Orleans, La.
E.	Caldwell, Philip	"	" 12, "	Unknown,	Washington, D. C.
I.	Chadbourne, Humphrey A. Jr.	"	" 13, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
I.	Yeaton, Isaac D.	"	" 14, "	" "	"
I.	York, Charles F.	"	" 17, "	" "	New York.
C.	Wing, Leonard L.	"	" 18, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
E.	Clark, George H.	"	" 20, "	"	"
G.	Morse, Willard E.	"	" 24, "	Diarrhea,	Augusta, Me.
C.	Crummett, Orchard N.	"	" 25, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Huntress, Joseph R. W.	"	" 25, "	" "	"
A.	Keighley, William (Old Co.,)	"	" 25, "	Dysentery,	Baltimore, Md.
B.	Harvey, Hiram	"	" 26, "	Unknown,	New Orleans, La.
F.	Burke, William T.	"	" 30, "	Chronic diarrhea,	"
F.	Kenison, Charles H.	Corporal,	Sept. 1, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Washington, D. C.
I.	Libby, Stephen	Private,	" 1, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Detroit, Me.
E.	Munroe, Ephraim J.	"	" 4, "	Unknown,	Fort Schuyler, N. Y.
F.	Davis, Nathaniel	"	" 5, "	Typho-malarial fever,	New Orleans, La.
B.	Bosworth, John E.	"	" 6, "	" "	"
H.	Lawrence, Peter	"	" 8, "	Sprained back,	"
C.	Lawrence, John O.	"	" 11, "	Unknown,	Jay, Me.
H.	Maguire, William E.	"	" 15, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Aboard Eastern Queen at sea.
F.	Brooks, Ora M.	"	" 20, "	Wounds at Opequan,	Opequan, Va.
C.	Rose, Edmund	"	" 20, "	" "	Winchester, Va.
B.	Webb, Woodbridge	"	" 21, "	Unknown,	New York.
C.	Keaton, Hartwell	"	" 28, "	Chronic diarrhea,	New Orleans, La.
H.	French, Nathaniel F.	1st Sergeant,	" 29, "	Wounds at Cedar Creek,	Middletown, Va.
E.	Plummer, Henry A.	1st Sergeant,	" 29, "	Unknown,	Portland, Me.
H.	Lunt, William M.	Corporal,	Oct. 7, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Winchester, Va.
A.	Anderson, Edward J.	Private,	" 13, "	Dysentery,	Cedar Creek, Va.
K.	Grounder, George	"	" 18, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Alexandria, Va.
A.	Leavitt, Volney	Corporal,	" 19, "	Killed,	Cedar Creek, Va.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
A.	Canwell, George	Private,	Oct. 19, 1864.	Killed,	Cedar Creek, Va.
A.	Greenleaf, Andrew P.	"	" 19, "	"	"
A.	Starbird, Almon T.	"	" 19, "	"	"
B.	Toombs, Charles W.	"	" 19, "	"	"
B.	Smith, Louville	"	" 19, "	"	"
D.	Corson, Charles H.	Corporal,	" 19, "	"	"
D.	Wetherby, William	Private,	" 19, "	"	"
F.	Luey, Peter	"	" 19, "	"	"
G.	Lovejoy, John H.	"	" 19, "	"	"
H.	Harmon, Edward	"	" 19, "	"	"
I.	Bennett, Charles F.	"	" 19, "	"	"
K.	Emmons, Thomas A.	"	" 19, "	"	"
D.	Moore, Edward K.	"	" 20, "	"	"
E.	Milliken, John S.	"	" 20, "	Wounds at Cedar Creek,	Newtown, Va.
A.	Merrill, Major B.	"	" 21, "	" " "	"
A.	Nash, Leonard F.	"	" 21, "	" " "	"
B.	Spear, True W.	"	" 21, "	" " "	Winchester.
G.	Sargent, George W.	"	" 22, "	" " "	Middletown, Va.
E.	Storer, Benjamin W.	"	" 28, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Winchester, Va.
C.	Hutton, Spencer F.	"	" 30, "	Wounds at Cedar Creek,	"
B.	Parcher, Loring	"	" "	Suicide,	Insane Asylum, Augusta.
B.	Prentiss, Rufus W.	"	Nov. 1, "	Intermittent fever,	Newport, Me.
I.	Snow, Israel T.	Corporal,	" 4, "	Wounds at Cedar Creek,	Baltimore, Md.
B.	Fox, George H.	Private,	" 5, "	" " "	"
H.	Wyman, George P.	Corporal,	" 5, "	" " "	New York.
F.	Robinson, John F.	Private,	" 6, "	" " "	Rome, Me.
D.	Wescott, John	"	" 7, "	" " "	Baltimore, Md.
A.	Butler, George H.	"	" 10, "	" " "	Winchester, Va.
G.	Webb, Walter	"	" 10, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Otisfield, Me.
C.	Mason, Edwin	"	" 14, "	Unknown,	Philadelphia, Penn.
G.	Tibbetts, William Jr.	"	" 20, "	Unknown,	Jefferson, Me.
K.	Annas, John G.	"	" 30, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Auburn, Me.
C.	Damren, Charles M.	"	" 23, "	Unknown,	Frederick, Md.
B.	Page, Albert	"	" 26, "	Wounds, Cedar Creek,	Winchester, Va.

Co.	Name.	Rank.	Date.	Cause.	Place.
E.	Soule, Reuben H.	Private,	Nov. 29, 1864.	Unknown,	Portland, Me., on furlough.
I.	Sutherland, James P.	Corporal,	Dec. 1, "	"	Newtown, Va.
F.	Elder, Samuel H.	Private,	" 5, "	"	Portland, Me.
F.	Kincaid, John A.	"	" 5, "	Starved in prison,	Salisbury, N. C.
A.	Rackliff, Samuel	"	" 6, "	" "	" "
K.	Bickford, George W.	"	" 11, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Newtown, Va.
C.	Brown, Charles L.	"	Jan. 8, 1865.	Wounds, Cedar Creek,	Baltimore, Md.
G.	Small, Edward A.	"	" 20, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Augusta, Me.
I.	Snow, Elbridge G.	"	Feb. 3, "	Congestive chills,	Stevenson Station, Va.
C.	Day, Thomas W.	"	" 16, "	Starved in prison,	Danville, Va.
E.	Hodsdon, David T.	"	Mar. 1, "	Unknown,	Washington, D. C.
G.	Chute, William A.	"	" 15, "	Prison life,	" "
D.	Miller, John	"	" 22, "	Starved in prison,	Annapolis, Md.
G.	Stevens, Reuel K.	"	April 8, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Augusta, Me.
C.	Wiley, Stephen J.	Sergeant,	" 9, "	Unknown,	Fryeburg.
F.	Pray, Charles	Private,	" 20, "	Wounded, Cedar Creek,	Baltimore.
G.	Shaw, John F.	"	" 3, "	Unknown,	Naples, Me.
H.	Gilley, Artemus K.	"	July 1, "	"	St. Louis, Mo.
C.	Morse, William W.	"	" 12, "	Typho-malarial fever,	Marion C. H., S. C.
C.	Keenan, Charles H.	"	" 16, "	" "	" "
B.	Johnson, Levi B.	Corporal,	" 20, "	" "	Georgetown, S. C.
D.	Day, Alfred	Private,	" 22, "	" "	Darlington C. H., S. C.
G.	Holmes, Otis S.	"	" 28, "	" "	" "
E.	Hodgdon, Gilbert	"	Sept. 3, "	" "	Georgetown, S. C.
D.	Kinney, George	"	" 4, "	" "	Society Hill, S. C.
B.	Furber, Frank M.	"	" 19, "	Chronic diarrhea,	Charleston, S. C.
B.	Chick, Edwin	"	" 22, "	Consumption,	Hiram, Me.
F.	Malony, John	"	Nov. 16, "	"	Darlington C. H., S. C.
B.	Quimby, John F.	Sergeant,	Mar. 19, 1866.	Wounded,	Marion C. H., S. C.
H.	Foss, Holman	Private,	" 29, "	Excessive stimulation,	Hilton Head, S. C.
C.	Hanson, Nils A.	Sergeant,	May " "	Accident,	" "
E.	Keene, William H.	Private.		{ These two men were burned by the explosion of gunpowder,	
E.	Skinner, John B.	"		{ June, 1866, and died after the discharge of the regiment.	

CHAPTER LVII.

Lineal Rank of Captains.*

FIRST MAINE.

G. George L. Beal.
E. William M. Shaw.
C. Menzies R. Fessenden.
K. Silas B. Osgood.
H. Charles S. Emerson.
I. William M. Quimby.
D. Charles H. Meserve.
B. Charles Walker.
F. Jesse T. Stevens.
A. George W. Tukey.

TENTH MAINE.

		Date of Commission.
H.	Charles S. Emerson,	April 26, 1861.
F.	William Knowlton,	Sept 17, "
I.	Nehemiah T. Furbish,	" 19, "
K.	George H. Nye,	" 20, "
D.	George W. West,	" 23, "
E.	Albert H. Estes,	" "
G.	Henry Rust, Jr.,	" "
B.	James M. Black,	" 28, "
A.	John Q. Adams,	Oct. 4, "
C.	William P. Jordan,	" 5, "
G.	Jonathan Blake,	Oct 21, "
E.	Cyrus Latham,	Jan. 16, 1862.
E.	Andrew C. Cloudman,	Mar. 29, "
D.	John D. Beardsley,	July 15, "
E.	Herbert R. Sargent,	Aug. 9, "
I.	Hebron Mayhew,	Sept. 17, "
B.	Alfred L. Turner,	Oct. 25, "
H.	Elijah M. Shaw,	Jan. 26, 1863.

* In the First and Tenth the State of Maine commissions governed. In the Twenty-ninth the proper rule was adopted, which is, that officers shall rank from date of their muster into U. S. service in the several grades.

TWENTY-NINTH MAINE.

		Date of muster-in U. S. service.
A.	John Q. Adams,	Oct. 26, 1861.
D.	John D. Beardsley,	" 15, 1862.
F.	William Knowlton,	Nov. 13, 1863.
K.	George H. Nye,	" 13, "
E.	John M. Beal,	" 13, "
F.	Alfred L. Turner,	" 30, "
I.	Almon C. Pray,	Dec. 12, "
G.	William W. Whitmarsh,	" 16, "
H.	Granville Blake,	" 16, "
C.	William P. Jordan,	" 17, "
B.	Benjamin M. Redlon,	" 29, "
A.	Edward S. Butler,	Sept. 16, 1864.
K.	Albert E. Kingsley,	Oct. 18, "
E.	Henry R. Millett,	Nov. 6, "
D.	Charles F. King,	(Declined).
D.	Edwin W. Fowler,	("
D.	Henry H. Kallock,	Jan. 17, 1865.
F.	Abel G. Rankin,	Nov. 1, "

Officers' Record.

This is a brief record of the military service of every officer of the 1-10-29th Maine regiment excepting the 3d and 4th lieutenants of the 1st Maine and a few who never joined for duty in the "10th" and "29th."

The dates enclosed in brackets [ ] are the dates of commission by the State of Maine or the dates of first enlistment for the war at the outbreak of the rebellion. All the other dates of promotion and discharge, refer to the U. S. service.

It will be seen that none of the 10th Maine officers are credited with the battle of Rappahannock, because none fought there, nor with the battle of South Mountain for reasons stated on page 226. And none of the "29th" officers are credited with Cane River Crossing and Mansura. The list of officers noted on page 429, is almost identical with that of those present at Cane River and Mansura. Lieut. Stacy was also present at Mansura.

By general orders the following named battles were inscribed upon the national flags of our regiment:

TENTH MAINE.

Winchester,	Va.,	May	25,	1862.
Cedar Mountain,	"	Aug.	9,	"
Rappahannock,	"	Aug.	20,	"
Sulphur Springs,	"	Aug.	24,	"
South Mountain,	Md.,	Sept.	14,	"
Antietam,	"	Sept.	17,	"

TWENTY-NINTH MAINE.

Sabine Cross Roads,	La.,	April	8,	1864.
Pleasant Hill,	"	April	9,	"
Cane River Crossing,	"	April	23,	"
Opequan,	Va.,	Sept.	19,	"
Fisher's Hill,	"	Sept.	22,	"
Cedar Creek,	"	Oct.	19,	"

The 10th battalion carried no flag, but was under fire at Chancellorsville, May 3d, and Gettysburg, July 2d and 3d, 1863.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY. Born February 3, 1833, Lincoln, Me. Captain A, 10th Me.* Oct. 4, '61. Served as captain during entire term of the co. in 10th Me. regiment, 10th battalion and 29th Me. regiment.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Gettysburg. Crippled for life at Cedar Mountain, ball in leg. Discharged, term expired, Oct. 18, '64.

[ALEXANDER, REUBEN.] Born April 27, 1840, Maine. Private B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergt. B, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. B, 10th Me. [Sept. 30, '62] not mustered.

Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Leg shattered at Cedar Mountain. Discharged disability Dec. 8, '62, and died soon after.

BAGNALL, WILLIAM. Born 1831, England. Sergeant A, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. 2d lieut. K, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. 1st lieut. K, 29th Me. July 6, '64 (not mustered.)

Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Died in Louisiana of gastritis, July 10, '64.

BAILEY, GEORGE GODING. Born Sept. 28, 1826, Portland, Me. Private A, 1st Mass. (Mexican war) Dec. 16, '46. Hospital steward 1st Mass. April 15, '48 (in Mexico). [Capt. Portland Mechanic Blues, April 25, '61.] Maj. 1st Me. May 3, '61. Vol. lieut. without pay, battery M, 3d U. S. artillery, from Dec. 20, '61, till March 10, '62. Private 3d Mass. cavalry, Jan. 5, '64. Corporal Feb. 16, '64. Hospital steward May 29, '65.

Engaged in battles of Henderson's Hill, La., March 20, '64. Natchitoches, La., March 31, '64. Pleasant Hill, April 7. Sabine X. R., April

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* The regiments are understood to be infantry unless otherwise stated.

8. Cane River, April 23. Muddy Bayou, La., April 26. Pineville, May 1. Bayou Bœuf, May 10. Snaggy Point, May 15. Bayou de Glades, May 17. Yellow Bayou, May 18. Opequan, Va., Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served term 1st Mass. and mustered out, July 24, '48. Served term 1st Me. Mustered out Aug. 5, '61. Discharged 3d Mass. cav. July 25, '65.

BAILEY, GEORGE HENRY. Born Dec. 25, 1831, Portland, Me. 2d Lieutenant D, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Declined captaincy 10th Me.
Mustered out, term expired, Aug. 5, '61.

BANGS, GILBERT VOTER. Born January 9, 1838, Strong, Me. Private F, 1st Me. [April 20] May 3, '61. 1st sergt. G, 2d Dis. Col. Inf'y, Jan. 13, '62. 2d lieut. same, May 9, '62. 1st lieut. July 4, '62. Resigned Dec. 8, '62. Private F, 29th Me. Aug. 25, '63. Sergt. Nov. 13th. 1st sergt. Dec. 8, '64. 2d lieut. E, March 31, '65. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out, term expired, June 21, '66.

BEAL, GEORGE LAFAYETTE. Born May 21, 1825, Norway, Me. Captain G, 1st Me. [April 14] May 3, '61. Col. 10th Me. Oct. 3, '61. Col. 29th Me. Dec. 17, '63. Brv't brig. gen. vols. Aug. 22, '64. Brig. gen. vols. Nov. 13. Brv't maj. gen. vols. March 15, '65.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan and Fisher's Hill. Wounded in both legs at Antietam. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Final muster out, Jan 15, '66.

BEAL, JOHN MAFFITT. Born Nov. 30, 1828, Portland, Me. 1st sergt. A, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. F, 11th Me. Nov. 12, '61. Discharged for disability, May 31, '62. Capt. E, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63.
Engaged in battles of Williamsburg, Yorktown, Bottom Bridge, Fair Oaks, Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Discharged disability, Sept. 23, '64, in Special order war dept. No. 317.

BEARDSLEY, JOHN D. Born about 1836. 1st lieut. D, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Captain D, 29th Me. Oct. 15, '62. Maj. 109th colored troops, Sept. — '64. Lieut.-col. same '65.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain (taken prisoner), Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. No w'ds. Discharged 29th Me. for promotion Sept. 6, '64. Final discharge unknown.

BICKNELL, FAYETTE. Born Aug. 16, 1836, Buckfield, Me. Private K, 1st Me. [April 26] May 3, '61. 2d lieut. K, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. same July 5, '62.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. No w'ds. Mustered out, term expired, May 7, '63.

BINNEY, HENRY MARTIN. Born about 1830, Cambridge, Mass. Private Somerville Co. of 5th Mass. April '61. Was previously an old member in the Mass. militia. 2d lieut. D, 10th Me. Oct. 26, '61. 1st lieut. D, 10th Me. [Sept. 23, '62], not mustered. 1st lieut. 28th Mass. (as Martin Binney) March 23, '64. Capt. 28th Mass. [May 22, '64], not mustered. Brv't maj.
Engaged in battles of Bull Run, July 21, '61, and Harper's Ferry, Sept. 15, '62 (prisoner at Harper's Ferry). Dismissed 10th Me. by special order No. 420, war dep't, Dec. 30, '62. Mustered out 28th Mass. expiration term, Dec. 13, '64. Binney claims to have been unjustly dealt with and to have redeemed himself by distinguished services and wounds in Grant's campaigns of '64 and '65.

BLACK, JAMES MADISON. Born Dec. 24, 1834, Limington, Me. 2d lieut. B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Had been a member of Mechanic Blues since '54. Capt. B, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. No w'ds. Discharged for disability, Oct. 25, '62.

BLAKE, GRANVILLE. Born Aug. 17, 1827, Mt. Vernon, Me. Corporal H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. H, 10th Me. Aug. 26, '62. 1st lieut. Sept. 26, '62. Capt. H, 29th, Dec. 16, '63. Brv't maj. vols. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in arm at Cedar Creek. Mustered out, expiration term 10th Me. May 8, '63. Mustered out, expiration term, 29th Me. June 21, '66.

BLAKE, JONATHAN. Born June 11, 1827, Bethel, Me. 2d lieut. G, 1st Me. [April 14] May 3, '61. 1st lieut. G, Oct. 4, '61. Capt. Oct. 21, '61.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Mustered out, expiration term, May 8, '63.

[BRACKETT, EDWARD.] Born April 17, 1838, Charlestown, Mass. Private I, 5th Mass. militia May 1, '61. 1st sergeant D, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. of same (not mustered).

Engaged in battles of Bull Run, July 21, '61, Winchester, Cedar Mountain, and Antietam. Mortally wounded at Antietam. Served term of 5th Mass. and discharged July 31, '61. Died of wounds Sept. 18, '62.

BRADBURY, BENJAMIN MOSHER. Born about 1840, Biddeford, Me. Private H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergeant H, 10th Me. Oct 4, '61. 2d lieut. Jan. 10th, '62.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Resigned 10th Me. June 26, '62.

BUTLER, EDWARD SHERIDAN. Born Sept. 15, 1832, Saco, Me. Corporal F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. F, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. A, 29th Me. Sept. 16, '64.

Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me. June 5, '65.

CHADWELL, GEORGE H. Born Sept. 3, 1831, Portland, Me. 1st lieut. A, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. B, 12th Me. Oct. 15, '61.

Resigned 12th Me. April 12, '62. Died Sept. 29, '66.

CHANDLER, DANIEL HIRAM. Born April 17, 1818, Merrimac, N. H. Leader 10th Me. band with rank of 2d lieut. Oct. 5, '61. Mustered out with band about Sept. 8, '62.

CLOUDMAN, ANDREW COBB. Born Oct. 4, 1834, Westbrook, Me. Private E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 2d lieut. E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. Jan. 16, '62. Captain March 29, '62.

Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, '62.

COBURN, GEORGE BATES. Born Dec. 3, 1842, Sumner, Me. Private H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Corporal H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Sergeant June 26, '62. 1st lieut. H, 29th Me. Dec. 16, '63. Brv't capt. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan and Fisher's Hill. Wounded in the knee at Cedar Mountain, and leg at Fisher's Hill. Served entire term of all three regiments and discharged June 21, '66.

[COLLEY, CHARLES H.] Born Oct. 2, 1833, Gray, Me. Private B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergt. B, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. of same Sept. 18, '62 (not mustered).

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. Wounded mortally at Antietam. Died Sept. 20, '62.

COTTON, HENRY CARVILLE. Born Oct. 17, 1840, Bowdoin, Me. Sergeant 31st New Jersey Sept. 17, '62. Asst. surgeon 29th Me. Jan. 26, '64. Brv't capt. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62, Chancellorsville, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Discharged 31st N. J., July 12, '63. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

CUMMINGS, SYLVESTER WESLEY. Born about 1834, Freedom, Me. Sergeant B, 39th Indiana Aug. 15 '61. 2d lieut. G, 29th Me. Dec. 16, '63.
Engaged in battle of Shiloh, April 7, '62. No w'ds. Died June 17, '64. Typhoid fever.

CUSHMAN, ZEBEDEE MILES. Born Nov. 7, 1837, Oxford, Me. Private D, 1st Mass. [May 23] '61. Enlisted in Co. G, 10th Me. Oct. 2, '61. Corporal, Oct. 4, '61. Sergt. July 4, '62. Enlisted in Co. G, 29th Me. as veteran Nov. 9, 1863. Sergt. Dec. 16. 1st sergt. Sept. 3, '64. 2d lieut. D, Jan. 17, '65.
Engaged in battle of Blackburn's Ford, July 18, '61, Bull Run, July 21, '61, Winchester, Cedar, Mountain, Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Discharged disability 1st Mass. Sept. 21, '61. Discharged expiration term 10th Me. May 8, '63. Resigned 29th Me, May 29, '65.

DAY, JOSIAH FISHER, Jr. Born May 19, 1835, Union, Me. Asst. surgeon [1st lieut.] 10th Me. Oct. 26, '61. Surgeon (major) 10th Me. [Oct. 22, '62] Nov. 28, '62. Surgeon 29th Me. Sept. 18, '63, with "veteran" rank—Oct. 22, '62. Brv't lieut. col. vols. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Winchester (taken prisoner), Cedar Mountain (prisoner at Culpeper C. H. Aug. 19, '62), Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served term of 10th Me. Dismissed 29th Me. Special order No. 191 war dept. June 2, '64. Order revoked by Special order No. 261 war dept. Aug. 6, '64. (See page 457.) Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

DILL, PHINEAS W. Born about 1821. 2d lieut. H, 1st Me. May 3, 1861. 2d lieut. H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Resigned Jan. 10, '62.

DODGE, WILLIAM SMITH. Born June 14, 1821, Portland, Me. Quartermaster 1st Me. May 3, '61. Quartermaster 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. commissary subsistence of vols. Nov. 22, '62. Brev't major July 14, '65.
Served term 1st Me. Resigned 10th Me. Sept 12, '62. Mustered out subsist. dept. July 15, '65.

EMERSON, CHARLES SMITH. Born Jan. 19, 1830, Litchfield, Me. Captain H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Maj. March 17, '63. Lieut. col. 29th Me. Nov. 30, '63.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Served full terms of the 1st 10th and 29th regiments.

ESTES, ALBERT H. Born about 1825, Bethel, Me. 1st lieut. E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Resigned Jan. 16, 1862.

FESSENDEN, MENZIES RAYNOR. Born March 14, 1832, Portland, Me. Capt. C, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Had previously been 1st lieut. in Ellsworth's famous champion company of Chicago zouave cadets. Capt. 12th Me. Nov. 16, '61.
Served term of 1st Me. Discharged 12th Me. by G. C. M. April 14, '62. Died July 26, '62.

FILLEBROWN, CHARLES BOWDOIN. Born Dec. 26, 1842, Winthrop, Maine. Private G, 24th Me. Nov. 18, '62. Act. adj't 24th Me. (not regularly commissioned). 2d lieut. G, 11th Me. Gen. Berry's A. D. C. (not mustered). 2d lieut. C, 29th Dec. 17, '63. 1st lieut. Dec. 13, '64. Brv't capt. vols. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Furloughed from 24th Me. in Louisiana to accept appointment on staff of Gen. Berry, which officer was killed before Fillebrown arrived at Berry's headquarters. Final discharge from 29th Me. June 21, '66.

FILLEBROWN, JAMES SULLIVAN. Born Aug. 7, 1828, Readfield, Me. 1st lieut. and adj't 1st Me. May 3, '61. Lieut. col. 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Antietam. Wounded by pistol ball in leg on Luray scout, accidental. Disabled at Antietam by horse. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me.

FOLSOM, JAMES CROSMAN. Born Sept. 12, 1823, Starks, Me. 1st lieut. H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, '62.

FOWLER, EDWIN WEEKS. Born July 16, 1843, Saco, Me. 1st sergt. A, 10th Me. [Oct. 2] Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. A, 10th Me. May 27, '62. Transferred with company to 10th battalion and 29th Me. Declined capt. D.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan and Fisher's Hill. No w'ds. Discharged on expiration of term, Oct. 18, '64.

FREEMAN, ALBERT WALLACE. Born April 14, 1841, Minot, Me. Private H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergeant H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. H, 10th Me. June 26, '62.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Mortally wounded at Cedar Mountain. Died of wounds, Aug. 25, '62.

FRENCH, HARTWELL SUMNER. Born June 17, 1839, Turner, Me. Private D, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. 2d lieut. H, 29th Me. Dec. 16, '63. 1st lieut. K, 29th Me. Dec. 24, '64.
Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out 23d Me. expiration of term July 15, '63. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

FURBISH, NEHEMIAH THOMPSON. Born Aug. 18, 1835, Greene, Me. 1st lieut. I, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. I, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Antietam. Served term of 1st Me. Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.

GERRISH, CHARLES WILLIAM. Born Sept. 19, 1830, Lisbon, Me. 2d lieut. E, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. 2d lieut. Butler's A, 29th Me. Sept. 16, '64.
Engaged in battle of Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out on expiration of term 23d Me. July 5, '63. Final discharge, 29th Me., June 5, '65.

GILLESPIE, JAMES. Born Oct. 4, 1841, Campbellton, New Brunswick. Corporal D, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Sergeant Jan. 1, '63. Re-enlisted as veteran. Transferred with Co. D to 10th battalion and 29th Me. 2d lieut. K, 29th Dec. 30, '64. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the thigh at Cedar Creek. Final discharge from 29th Me. June 21, '66.

GOULD, JOHN MEAD. Born Dec. 15, 1839, Portland, Me. Private C, 1st Me. [April 23] May 3, '61. Sergt. maj. 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. E, March 29, '62. 1st lieut. Aug. 9, '62. 1st lieut. and adj't 29th Me. Sept. 16, '63. Major Dec. 20, '64.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served terms 1st and 10th Me. Resigned 29th Me. March 24, '66.

GRAHAM, CHARLES CRESTON. Born Oct. 13, 1841, Perth, Scotland. Private I, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergeant I, 10th Me. (color sergt.) Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. I, 10th Me. Sept. 17, '62. 1st lieut. E, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. Brv't capt. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No. w'ds. Served full terms of 1st, 10th and 29th regt's.

GREENE, ALPHEUS LORENZO. Born Jan. 30, 1833, Portland, Me. Principal musician 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Veteran enlistment in 29th Me. Oct. 2, '63. Sergt. maj. 29th Me. Dec. 17, '63. 2d lieut. K, July 24, '64. 1st lieut. K, Oct. 18, '64. Adjutant Dec. 23, '64. Brv't capt. and brv't maj. vols. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out 10th Me. under gen. order war dept. No. 126, Dec. 20, '62, but remained as citizen with the regiment, instructing and leading the drum corps. Final discharge from 29th Me. June 21, '66.

HARMON, LEVI WALKER. Born Dec. 17, 1837, North Livermore, Me. Private Sturgis's indep. rifle co. (Illinois) [May 18, '61]. 2d lieut. F, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. 1st lieut. G, 29th Nov. 29, '64. Brv't capt. and brv't maj. vols. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out Sturgis's Co. Dec. '62. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

HASKELL, CHARLES HENRY. Born Dec. 17, 1841, New Portland, Me. Private F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergt. F, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. F, 10th Me. April 27th, '63. Transferred to Co. B, 10th Me. battalion April 26, '63, and to Co. D, 29th Me. May 30, '64. (Declined promotion.)

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the hand at Cedar Mountain. Mustered out under circular No. 75 war dep't., after 3 years continuous service, Nov. 19, '64.

[HILL, LEONARD CHARLES.] Born Feb. 2, 1842, Stoneham, Me. Private G, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Veteran enlistment in 29th Me. Oct. 14, '63. Sergt. G, Dec. 16, '63. 1st sergt. Jan. 19, '65. 2d lieut. G, not mustered.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the leg at Cedar Creek. Mustered out 10th Me. on expiration of term. Discharged 29th Me. for disability, Feb. 28, '66.

HOWARD, HORATIO NELSON. Born July 24, 1830, Livermore, Me. Private M, 1st Me. cavalry Oct. 31, '61. Asst. surgeon 10th Me. Sept. 5, '62. Transferred to 10th battalion and 29th regt. Surgeon 30th Me. May 16, '65.

Engaged in battles of Middletown, Va., May 24, '62, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Farmington, Tenn., Oct. — '63. No wd's. Promoted from 1st cavalry to 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me. under circular 75, Nov. 19, '64. Mustered out 30th Me. with regt. Aug. 20, '65.

HUNT, SAMUEL EVERETT. Born July 19, 1838, Thorndike, Me. 2d lieut. A, 26th Me. Oct. 11, '62. 1st lieut. B, 29th Me. Dec. 30, '63. Brv't capt. vols. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Irish Bend, La., April 11, '62, Port Hudson, June 14, '63 and the siege, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill and Cedar Creek. No wd's. Mustered out 26th Me. on expiration of the term Aug. 17, '63. Mustered out 29th Me. at expiration of the term June 21, '66. Dead.

JACKSON, NATHANIEL J. Colonel 1st Me. May 3, '61. Col. 5th Me. infantry Sept. 2, '61. Brig. gen. vols. Sept. 24, '62. Brv't maj. gen. vols. March 16, '65.

Engaged in battles of West Point, Crampton's Gap and Antietam. Wounded at Gaines's Mills. Mustered out 1st Me. on expiration of term Aug. 5, '61. Mustered out 5th Me. for promotion, (Sept. 23, '62). Final muster out, Aug. 24, '65.

JOHNSON, ALBERT H. Born about 1835. Sergeant I, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st sergt. Sept. 17, '62. 1st lieut. Sept. 17, '62.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. Wounded in the head at Antietam. Served term of 10th Me.

JOHNSON, ELIJAH D. Born July 15, 1832, Mercer, Me. 1st lieut. K, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. and adj't 7th Me. Aug. 26, '61. Col. 21st Me. (9 months regiment) Oct. 27, '62. Capt. Co. C, 2d Me. cavalry, Dec. 3, '63.

(Services and wounds unknown.) Resigned 7th Me ——— '61. Mustered out 21st Me. with reg't Aug. 25, '63. Mustered out 2d cav. with reg't Dec. 6, '65.

JORDAN, WILLIAM PATY. Born July 10, 1831, Portland, Me. 1st lieut. C, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. C, 10th Me. Oct. 5, '61. Capt. C, 29th Me. Dec. 17, '63. Brv't maj. vols. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. regiments. Discharged 29th Me. (resigned) March 15, '66.

JUMPER, CHARLES HENRY. Born June 6, 1837, New Gloucester, Me. Private K, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Corporal K, 10th Me. Sept. 10, '61. Sergt. July 6, '62. Veteran enlistment K, 29th Me. Aug. 1, '63. 1st sergt. Nov. 13, '63. Declined 2d lieut. K, Oct. 18, '64. 2d lieut. D, Dec. 11, '64. 1st lieut. Jan. 17, '65. Brv't capt. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan and Fisher's Hill. No w'ds. Served entire term of 1st, 10th and 29th regiments and discharged on expiration of their several terms.

KALLOCK, HENRY HARRISON. Born Dec. 26, 1837, China, Me. Private D, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Corporal D, 10th Me. Feb. 6, '62. Sergt. May 1, '62. 1st sergt. Jan. 1, '63. Transferred with the company to 10th battalion and 29th regiment. Re-enlisted as veteran. 1st lieut. D, 29th Me. Dec. 11, '64. Capt. D, Jan. 17, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded slightly in the face at Cedar Creek. Discharged disability, Oct. 11, '65.

KIDDER, JOHN ORLANDO. Born May 15, 1839, Dixfield, Me. Corporal H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergt. H, 23d Me. (9 months regiment) [Sept. 10] Sept. 29, '62. 1st lieut. Co. I, 29th Me. Dec. 12, '63. Brv't capt. March 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out with 23d Me. July 15, '63. Mustered out with 29th Me. June 21, '66.

KING, CHARLES FREDERICK. Born Dec. 27, 1828, Portland, Me. Quartermaster sergt. 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. D, 10th Me. Jan. 5, '63. 1st lieut. Jan. 10, '63. Transferred with the company to 10th Me. battalion and 29th Me. regiment. Capt. [Nov. 22, '64]. Declined being mustered. Capt. Co. D, coast guards, Jan. 6, '65 to Sept. 6, '65.

Engaged in battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out Dec. 1, '64, under circular No. 75, having served his term.

KINGSLEY, ALBERT EMERSON. Born March 16, 1840, Stillwater, Me. Private K, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergt. K, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. K, June 26, '62. 2d lieut. K, and mustering officer 29th Me. Sept. 18, '63, with veteran rank of June 26, '62. 1st lieut. K, Nov. 13, '63. Capt. K, Oct. 18, '64.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mount., Antietam, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded slightly at Antietam, and in the arm at Cedar Creek. Dismissed June 2, '64, by Special order war department, No. 194. Disability removed in a letter from war dept. and S. O. No. 194 was revoked in S. O. No. 43, Jan. 27, '65. Served terms 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me. Feb. 5, '66.

KNOWLTON, WILLIAM. Born April 5, 1830, New Portland, Me. 1st lieut. F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. F, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. F, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. Maj. 29th Me. Nov. 30, '63.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill and Opequan. Mortally wounded in the throat at Opequan. Died of wounds Sept. 20, '64.

KNOX, GEORGE. Born Oct. 24, 1816, Saco, Me. Chaplain 1st Me. [April 29] May 3, '61. Chaplain 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Chaplain 29th Me. Oct. 18, '64.

Engaged in battles of Cedar Mountain and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served entire terms of 1st and 10th regiments. Accidentally killed Oct. 31, '64.

LANDER, FREEDOM HUTCHINSON. Born Aug. 9, 1830, Minot, Me. 1st lieut. E, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. 1st lieut. Butler's Co. A, 29th Me. Sept. 16, '64.

Engaged in battle of Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out with 23d Me. regiment, July 15, '62. Mustered out with company, June 5, '65.

LANDER, NATHAN HARRISON. Born Dec. 20, 1842, Danville, Me. Private E, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. Enlisted in H, 29th Me. Nov. 2, '63. Sergt. Dec. 16, '63. 2d lieut. H, 29th Me. Dec. 24, '64. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. Mar. 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Mustered out 23d Me. July 15, '62. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

LATHAM, CYRUS. Born May 11, 1829, Gray, Me. 1st sergt. E, 1st Me. [April 20, '61] May 3, '61. 1st lieut. E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. E, Jan. 16, '62. 1st lieut. Co. A, State Guards, June 16, '63. Capt. April 19, '64, in service of the U. S. ——— months.

No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Resigned 10th Me. March 28, '62.

LIBBY, CHANDLER ANSON. Born Jan. 26, 1840, Houlton, Me. Sergt. D, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st sergt. D, 10th Me. 2d lieut. D. 10th Me. and 10th battalion March 2, '63.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Wounded slightly in right side at Winchester; and in the left shoulder and left knee at Cedar Mountain. Resigned July 17, '63.

LITTLEFIELD, EPHRAIM M. Born Feb. 25, 1832, Harmony, Me. 1st lieut. A, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Resigned May 26, '62.

MARSTON, JOHN M. 2d lieut. E, 1st Me. May 3, 61.

MAYHEW, HEBRON. Born July 17, 1840, Wilton, Me. 2d lieut. I, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. I, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. Sept. 17, '62.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. wounded in wrist at Antietam. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me.

[MAYNARD, CORNELIUS DURAN.] Born March 13, 1820, Portland, Me. Priv. H, 43d Mass. Sept. 20, '62 Veteran enlistment 29th Me. Sept. 18, '63. Reg't quartermaster sergt. Dec. 17, '63. 2d lieut. F, 29th Me. [Aug. 7, '65] not mustered.

Engaged in battles of Kinston, N. C. Dec. 14, '62, Whitehall, N. C. Dec. 16, '62. No w'ds. Served term of 43d Mass. (nominally nine months); mustered out, July 30, '63. Discharged for disability 29th Me. June 1, '66.

McAllister, Charles Leonard. Born July 15, 1833, Portland, Me. 2d lieut. A, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 2d lieut. 4th U. S. vols. (colored) March 5, '63. Regiment changed to 9th corps d'Afrique and 81st U. S. colored troops. Capt. 81st U. S. C. T. Feb. 12, '54. Brv't maj. March 13, '65. Engaged in siege of Port Hudson, '63. New Orleans riot, '66. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Discharged 81st U. S. C. T., Nov. 30, 66.

[McDonald, George.] Born Nov. 1, 1831, Northumberland, N. B. Corp'l D, 10th Me, Oct. 4, '61. Sergt. July 15, '62. Transferred with company to 10th battalion and 29th Me. Re-enlisted as veteran. 1st sergeant D, 29th Dec. 12, '64. 2d lieut. D, 29th Me. [Aug. '65] not mustered. Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Discharged 29th Me. March 1, '66.

[McFaden, Gorham Parks.] Born Sept. 1842, Embden, Me. Private C, 10th Me. Nov. 9, '61. Veteran enlistment in 29th Me. Dec. 29, '63. Sergt. B, 29th Me. Jan. 1, '64. 1st sergt. Dec. 11, '64. 2d lieut. B, 29th Me. [Sept. '65] not mustered. Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in shoulder at Antietam. Served term of 10th Me. Deserted 29th Me. April 25, '66.

McKeen, Henry Hyde. Born Oct. 29, 1834, Lovell, Me. Private G, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergt. G, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Veteran enlistment in 29th Me. Aug. 21, '63. 1st sergt. Nov. 13, '63. 2d lieut. Sept. 3, '64. Engaged in battles of Winchester, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No wounds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Resigned 29th Me. May 10, '65.

Meserve, Charles Henry. Born Oct. 19, 1837, Portland, Me. Captain D, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Had been a member of the Portland Rifle Corps for eight years previous. Served term of 1st Me.

Millett, Henry Rust. Born Nov. 16, 1835, Norway, Me. Sergt. G, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 2d lieut. G, 10th Me. Oct. 21, '61. 1st lieut. G, 29th Me. Dec. 16, '63. Capt. E, 29th Me. Nov. 6, '64. Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No wounds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me., March 14, '66.

Nye, George Henry. Born Feb. 24, 1828, Hallowell, Me. 2d lieutenant K, 1st Me. [April 20] May 3, '61. Capt. K, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Capt. 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. Major Oct. 18, '64. Col. Dec. 20, '64. Brev't. brig. gen. Oct. 28, '65. Brev't. maj. gen. to rank from March 13, '65. Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the wrist at Cedar Mountain, and in the mouth at Cedar Creek. Served entire terms of all three regiments.

Osgood, Silas B. 1st lieutenant K, 1st Me. [April 20] May 3, 1861. Served term of 1st Me.

Pearce, William Alfred. Born April 19, 1829, London, England. 1st lieutenant D, 1st Me. [April 27] May 3, '61. Was a member of this company, the Portland Rifle Corps, for seven years before the war. Served term of 1st Me.

Pennell, Charles Jenkins. Born Oct. 18, 1829, Portland, Me. 1st lieut. B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. and adj't. 11th Me. Was a member of the Portland Mechanic Blues for many years before the war. Engaged in battles of Yorktown, April '62, Williamsburg and Bottom Bridge. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Discharged for disability 11th Me. May 31, '62.

PERLEY, JOSEPH HENRY Jr. Born April 25, 1842, Portland, Me. Private E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergeant E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. E, 10th Me. [Aug. 9] '62. Aug. 9, was recognized by U. S.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, and Antietam. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Died Dec. 18, '62, of consumption.

PERRY, DANIEL OWEN. Born Nov. 15, 1819, Windsor, Mass. Surgeon (major) 10th Me. [Oct. 1] Oct. 10, '61.
Engaged in battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. No w'ds. Resigned Oct. 21, '62.

PETTENGILL, CHARLES HENRY. Born May 1, 1844, Freeport, Me. Private I, 29th Me. Dec. 12, '63. Regimental commissary sergt. 29th Me. Dec. 17, '63. 2d lieut. I, Dec. 11, '64. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. March 13, '65.
Served term 29th Me. Final discharge June 21, '66.

PIERCE, CHARLES EDWIN. Born 1835, Rehoboth, Mass. 2d lieut. A, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Transferred with his Co. to 10th battalion and 29th regt.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Gettysburg. No wd's. Mustered out with Co. Oct. 18, '64. Died Jan. 8, '67.

PRAY, ALMON CLARK. Born May 24, 1826, Ossipee, N. H. Captain E, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. Captain I, 29th Me. Dec. 12, '63. Brv't maj. vols. March 13, '65.
Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Mustered out with 23d Me. July 15, '63. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

QUIMBY, WILLIAM MURCH. Born Aug. 17, 1824, Westbrook, Me. Captain I, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Capt. 12th U. S. infantry (regular army) Aug. 5, '61. Brev't. major U. S. army Aug. 9, '62. Retired Jan. 20, '65.
Wounded near the spine and disabled for life, at Cedar Mountain. Now (1871) in the army on retired list.

RANKIN, ABEL GODDARD. Born July 1, 1831, Vassalboro, Me. Private F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 2d lieut. F, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. F, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. Capt. F, 29th Me. Nov. 1, '65. Brev't. major vols. June 25, '66.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill. Wounded left arm at Cedar Mountain. Discharged disability 10th Me. April 4, '63. Served term 29th Me.

REDLON, BENJAMIN MELVILLE. Born Oct. 15, 1833, Sebago, Me. 2d lieut. C, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st lieut. C, 10th Me. Oct. 5, '61. 1st lieut. C, 29th Me. Dec. 17, '63. Capt. B, 29th Me. Dec. 29, '63.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served the entire terms of all three regiments.

RICHARDSON, WENTWORTH R. Surgeon (maj.) 1st Me. May 3, '61.
Resigned July 10, '61, entered navy; further services unknown. Dead.

ROBERTS, CHARLES WINSLOW. Born Feb. 21, 1843, Portland, Me. 1st sergt. B, 1st Me. [April 20] May 3, '61. [2d lieut. Sept. 23] 1st lieut. B, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. and adjt. 17th Me. Aug. 18, '62.
Engaged in battles of Winchester, Chancellorsville and Cedars, May 2d and 3d, '63, and Gettysburg. Wounded in leg (amputated) Gettysburg. Served term "1st." Discharged "10th" Aug. 5, '62, discharged for disability from "17th" Dec. 23, '63.

RUST, HENRY JR. Born Dec. 2, 1833, Norway, Me. 1st lieut. G, 1st Me. [April 14] May 3, '61. Capt. G, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Lieut. col. 13th Me. regiment, Dec. 31, '61. Col. 13th Me. May 18, '62. Brv't brig. gen. vols. May 25, '66.
Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Served term 1st Me. Discharged for promotion 10th Me. Oct. 14, '61. Mustered out 13th Me. Jan. 6, '65.

SARGENT, HERBERT READING. Born June 20, 1836, Parkman, Me. Sergt. E, 1st Me. [April 20] May 3, '61. Sergt. E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. E, 10th Me. Jan. 16, '62. 1st lieut. March 29, '62. Capt. Aug. 9, '62. Capt. C, 32d Me. regiment, March 23, '64. Transferred with Co. to 31st Me regiment, Dec. 12, '64.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Wilderness, May 6th and 7th. Spottsylvania, May 10th, 12th and 18th. Before Petersburg in 9th corps until July 30, '64, when taken prisoner. Released May 3, '65. Wounded in shoulder and nose at Cedar Mountain. Grape shot across the kidneys at Spottsylvania. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. reg'ts. Mustered out with 32d Me. July 15, '65.

SAWYER, JAMES. Born June 5, 1822, Saco, Me. Ass't surgeon (1st lieut.) 10th Me. Aug. 21, '62.

Resigned Jan. 30, '63.

SHAW, ELIJAH MORRILL. Born July 16, 1826, Kensington, N. H. 2d lieut. F, 1st Me. [April 27] May 3, '61. 1st lieut. and adj't 10th Me. Oct. 26, '61. Capt. H, 10th Me. March 26, '63. Capt. E, 29th Me. ['64]. Declined re-entering the service.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me.

SHAW, WILLIAM MORTON. Born June 2, 1826, Standish, Me. Capt. E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Major 11th Me. Nov. 7, '61. Lieut. col. May 12, '62.

Engaged in no battles. Served term 1st Me. Discharged 11th Me. Sept. 16, '62.

SIMPSON, JOHN TENNEY. Born Dec. 10, 1832, Mayfield, Me. 1st sergt. I, 1st Me. [April 21] May 3, '61. 2d lieut. I, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Resigned July 10, '62.

[SMITH, HARRISON WASHINGTON]. Born Dec. 25, 1840, Otisfield, Me. Private E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Private E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Corporal Aug. 9, '62. Sergt. (veteran) I, 29th Me. Dec. 12, '63. 1st sergt. Dec. 1, '64. 2d lieut. [Nov. 10, '65] not mustered.

Engaged in the battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Sabine X. R., Fisher's Hill, Opequan and Cedar Creek. Wounded in hand, Cedar Mountain. Served terms "1st" and "10th." Discharged by order, May 26, '66.

SMITH, HENRY FRANCIS. Born Nov. 16, 1838, West Buxton, Me. Private E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Sergt. E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st sergt. Aug. 9, '62. 2d lieut. Dec. 18, '62.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. No w'ds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me.

SMITH, HENRY MONTGOMERY. Born March 17, 1842, Woodstock, New Brunswick. Private C, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Corporal C, 10th Me. Oct. 5, '61. Sergt. Aug. 10, '62. Enlisted as veteran, C, 29th Me. Sept. 11, '63. Sergt. Dec. 17, '63. Transferred to B, and promoted to 1st sergt. May 30, '64. 2d lieut. C, Dec. 11, '64. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. Mar. 13, '65.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the knee at Antietam. Served term 1st Me. Discharged 10th Me. on account of wounds, Feb. 28, '63. Mustered out 29th Me. June 21, '66.

[SMITH, ISAIAH P.] Chaplain [1866] not mustered.

Reported for duty at Darlington, C. H., but could not be mustered on account of the small size of the regiment.

STACY, LORENZO DOW. Born Nov. 19, 1828, Porter, Me. 1st sergt. K, 23d Me. Sept. 29, '62. Private 29th Me. Jan. 2, '64. 2d lieut. B, Jan. 15, '64. Brv't 1st lieut. vols. March 13, '65. Brv't capt. Aug. 26, '66.

Engaged in battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No w'ds. Served term of 23d Me. Discharged July 15, '63. Final discharge 29th Me. June 21, '66.

STANLEY, MOSES NASON. Born May 16, 1833, Porter, Me. Capt. K, 23d Me. [Sept. 10] Sept. 29, '62. Private B, 29th Me. Jan. 12, '64. 1st lieut. C, Jan. 15, '64.

Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R. and Pleasant Hill. No w'ds. Served term of 23d Me. and discharged July 15, '63. Discharged for disability 29th Me. Oct. 25, '64.

STEVENS, JESSE T. Born about 1822. Captain F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. For a long time had been a member of the Lewiston Light Infantry.

Served term of 1st Me.

[ST. JOHN, WILLIAM EUGENE.] Born Aug. 31, 1841, Hallowell, Me. Private E, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Private E, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Vet. re-enlist. co. C, 29th Me. Nov. 6, '63. Commissary sergt. of regt. Dec. 19, '64. 1st lieut. and regimental quartermaster [Nov. 2, '65], not mustered.

Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Discharged on application to war dep't March 26, '66.

SWETT, ATWELL WILLIAM. Born May 3, 1840, Hampden, Me. Asst. surg. 29th Me. April 13, '65.

Mustered out March 17, '66.

THOMPSON, CHARLES. Born June 7, 1826, Rumford, Me. Private G, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Commissary sergt. 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. and quartermaster 10th Me. Sept. 12, '62. 1st lieut. and quartermaster 29th Me. Sept. 16, '63.

Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me. May 15, '65.

[TRACEY, DANIEL S.] Commissioned surgeon 10th Me. at a time when there was no vacancy, hence was not mustered. He reported for duty Aug. 11, '62, and died a few weeks after from over-work and exposure. He was never borne on the regimental rolls.

TRUE, GEORGE W. Born Feb. 3, 1836, Litchfield, Me. Corporal H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, 1861. Sergeant Jan. '62. [1st lieut. Sept. 10, '62] promoted after death.

Engaged in the battles of Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Mortally wounded at Antietam and died Sept. 20, '62.

TUKEY, GEORGE W. Born Nov. 11, 1817, Portland, Me. Captain A, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Served term 1st Me.

TURNER, ALFRED LOGAN. Born Sept. 2, 1837, Montreal, Canada. Sergeant B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 2d lieut. B, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. B, [July 31, '62,] not mustered. Capt. B, 10th Me. Oct. 25, '62. Capt. F, 29th Me. Nov. 30, '63.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. Wounded in the leg at Antietam. Served term of 1st Me. Resigned 10th Me. May 26, '62, but re-appointed and not dropped from the rolls, and served full term. Mustered out 29th Me. Aug. 30, '65.

WADE, WILLIAM. Born about 1832. Sergeant I, 1st Me. May 3, '61. 1st sergeant I, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. [July 10, '62], not mustered.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.

WALKER, CHARLES. Born Jan. 28, 1835, Canton, Me. Captain B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Major 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Discharged for disability 10th Me. Jan. 26, '63.

WATERHOUSE, CYRUS THURLOW. Born June 6, 1841, Windham, Me. Private B, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Private (unassigned) 10th Me. Aug. 19, '62. Detached for recruiting service until promoted 2d lieut. E, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63.

Engaged in battles of Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill and Opequan. No w'ds. Served term of 1st Me. Discharged from 10th Me. for promotion in 29th. Discharged for disability 29th Me. March 15, '65.

WEBSTER, CHARLES HENRY. Born Dec. 5, 1817, Rowley, Mass. Chaplain 29th Me. Dec. 16, '64.

Discharged for disability, July 18, '65.

WEST, GEORGE W. Born about 1832, Lowell, Mass. Captain 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Major 17th Me. Aug. 18, '62. Colonel Oct. 22, '63. Brv't. brig. gen. vols. Dec. 2, '64.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Pa., Wapping Heights, Va., July 23, '63, Kelley's Ford, Locust Grove, Mine Run and Wilderness. Severely wounded in leg at Wilderness, May 6, '64. Discharged for disability Oct. 1, '64, and afterwards restored by the war department. Resigned April 17, '65.

WHITMARSH, WILLIAM WHITMAN. Born May 27, 1835, Norway, Me. 1st sergt. G, 1st Me. [April 14] May 3, '61. 2d lieut. G, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. Oct. 21, '61. Capt. G, 29th Me. Dec. 16, '63.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. No wd's. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 29th Me. March 3, '66.

WHITNEY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Born March 8, 1838, Standish, Me. Private C, 1st Me. [April 25] May 3, '61. 2d lieut. C, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 1st lieut. B, Oct. 25, '62.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam No w'ds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me.

WILLIAMS, A. A. C. Ass't surgeon (1st lieut.) 1st Me. May 3, '61.

Served term of regiment. Further service unknown.

WINTER, HARRISON BENJAMIN. Born May 13, 1840, Carthage, Me. Private F, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Corporal F, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. Veteran enlistment 29th Me. Aug. 21, '63. 1st sergt. F, 29th Me. Nov. 13, '63. 2d lieut. F, Dec. 8, '64.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Sabine X. R., Pleasant Hill, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Wounded in wrist and thigh at Cedar Creek. Served terms 1st and 10th Me. reg'ts. Died in 29th Me. June 26, '65.

WITHAM, ALBION. Born Jan. 8, 1826, Alfred, Me. Lieut. col. 1st Me. May 3, '61. Before the war Col. Witham had held many offices in the Portland Light Infantry, and had for a long time been connected with that company.

Served term of 1st Me. [Died Dec. 8, 1863.]

WITHERELL, JOHN FRANKLIN. Born April 30, 1835, Monmouth, Me. Private K, 1st Me. [April 27] May 3, '61. 1st lieut. K, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61.

Engaged in battle of Winchester. No w'ds. Resigned June 26, '62.

WRIGHT, HORACE. Born April 15, 1818, Strong, Me. Sergt. H, 1st Me. May 3, '61. Private H, 10th Me. Oct. 4, '61. 2d lieut. H, 10th Me. Oct. 26, '62.

Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. and discharged with Co. May 8, '63.

CHAPTER LVIII.

RECORD OF MOVEMENTS AND PRINCIPAL EVENTS.*

FIRST MAINE REGIMENT.

1861.

April 12. Bombardment of Fort Sumter, 4.30 A. M. Surrender, 13th, 12.55 P. M.

15. President Lincoln called for 75,000 three months' volunteers.

22. General orders No. 6, State of Maine, authorizes the ten companies first offering their services to be mustered into U. S. service in answer to this call.

25. The Lewiston Light Infantry, Lewiston Zouaves, and Auburn Artillery, arrived in Portland.

26. The Norway Light Infantry arrived in Portland.

26. The Portland companies, Light Infantry, Mechanic Blues, Light Guards, Rifle Corps and Rifle Guards ordered on duty. Field officers chosen.

May 3. Mustered into U. S. service for three months from this date, by Maj. J. W. T. Gardiner.

8. Regimental line formed.

Left.	E	D	A	H	B	C	F	K	I	G	Right.

8. Marched out to Camp Washburn in Falmouth, 2 miles.

21. The measles having broken out, Camp Measles—a hospital camp—was established.

24. Three companies escorted the 2d Maine regiment through Portland.

30. Regimental review by Gov. Washburn.

June 1. Departed for the seat of war by railroad. Received the present of a flag in Boston and had a battalion drill on the common; thence to Fall River and aboard the "Bay State."

2. Sunday. Arrived in New York at noon. Received by Sons of Maine, who presented another flag.

3. Arrived in Philadelphia, 2 A. M., Baltimore at noon, and Washington late in the afternoon. Regiment split in two and quartered in buildings.

7. Marched to Camp Jackson, on Meridian Hill, and camped, 2½ miles.

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*The distances here given are generally from point to point. The regiment very often marched considerably more than the miles stated.

1861.

July 11. Received 28 days' pay and clothing money from Maj. Fred Robie.

16. Received 5 days' pay, $2.20, from State of Maine.

21. Battle of Bull Run. Ordered at night to be ready to march.

July 30. Exchanged muskets with 6th Maine.

31. Started for home. Marched to the U. S. Arsenal and the depot, 4 miles, and then took the cars.

Aug. 1. Through Philadelphia. Quartered in Park Barracks, New York, at night.

2. Left New York at noon on steamer "Bay State."

3. Arrived in Providence, R. I., early; Boston at 9, and Portland at 2 P. M. Collation in the English steamers' shed. Men furloughed till Monday.

5. Mustered out of the U. S. service by Capt. Tom Hight, and excused from duty to the State.

TENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

1861.

Sept. 10. The companies of the "1st" rendezvoused at Camp McClellan, Cape Elizabeth, Capt. Beal in command.

Oct. 4–5. Mustered into U. S. to serve until two years from May 3, 1861. Co's. A and D mustered in for three years. The first formation is shown below.

Left.	F	G	C	D	B	I	A	K	E	H	Right.

Oct. 6. Started for the seat of war by way of Boston and Fall River and L. I. Sound.

7. Arrived in New York and went to Philadelphia by way of Amboy and Camden.

8. Reached Philadelphia 3 A. M., and Baltimore 4.30 P. M.

9. Marched to Patterson Park and went into camp.

20. Capt. Estes reported with about seventy recruits.

21. Enfield rifled muskets delivered. Caliber .574.

26. Col. Beal and staff mustered in and companies equalized.

Nov. 3. Maj. Walker took Co. B in cars to Relay House, on the Balt. and Ohio R. R., and Co. F to Annapolis Junction.

4. The other eight companies and headquarters went to Relay House in cars. Relieved the 4th Wis., and became a part of the Railway brigade.

10. The companies were sent to various places. (See page 93.)

18. Paid by Maj. Fred. Robie for 28 days to Oct. 31.

21. Thanksgiving. Poultry from home abundant.

Dec. 2. Capt. Estes' second recruiting party returned with recruits.

16. Lumber and tools for barracks arrived at Relay House.

1862.

Jan. 4. Maj. Fred Robie paid C, E, H, I, K and headq'rs for Nov. and Dec.

16. Paid D, F, B and G. Co. A was paid at a later day.

1862.

Feb 27. Co's H, C, K, G and E sent up on the Main Stem.

March 8. Co's B, I, A and F sent up on the Main Stem. (See page 105 for other changes.)

10. Col. Dixon S. Miles took command of the railway brigade.

28. The entire regiment taken to Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

April 19. Capt. Jona. Blake and recruiting party reported.

21. Headquarters paid by Maj. Alban V. Elliott, who paid the companies on or about this date.

May 5. Inspection and review by Col. Miles, at Halltown.

9. Lieut. Col. Fillebrown took Co's C, E, G and I to Winchester. Headquarters changed from Harper's Ferry to Winchester a day or two later.

23. Kenley surprised at Front Royal. Great excitement in Winchester.

24. Co's C and I had a sharp skirmish in the evening and compelled the rebel Gen. Ewell to halt. Co's A, D, H and K arrived in Winchester late, in the cars.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—BANKS'S RETREAT.

May 25. The 10th Maine covered the retreat but did not fire a musket. Loss 3 men killed and 6 wounded: Dr. Day and 64 men prisoners, marched to opposite Williamsport, Md., 35 miles.
Co. B marched 55 to 57 miles.

Formation of regiment:

Left.	F	A	E	D	C	I	G	K	B	H	Right.

26. Crossed the Potomac and quartered in Williamsport.

28. Marched to Falling Waters on reconnoissance. Were shelled by the enemy and retired. Scare at night. Returned at 11 P. M., 10 miles.

31. Returned to Virginia. Marched to Falling Waters, 5 "

June 1. Marched to Martinsburg with 46th Penn., 8 "

5. Maj. A. V. Elliott finished paying us for March and April. Assigned to 1st brigade (Gen. S. W. Crawford's), 1st division (Gen. A. S. Williams's), 5th corps, (Banks's).

9. Marched with the brigade to Stevenson's depot, 17 miles.

10. Marched through Winchester and camped beyond, 10 "

11. Marched toward Front Royal to Cedarville, 10 "

20. Co's A, B and K marched under Lieut. Col. Fillebrown to Front Royal, 5 miles.

Headquarters and the other companies joined them on the 22d.

Co. D put a bridge over the Shenandoah at this time.

23. Regiment under arms all day, expecting an attack from cavalry.

29. The brigade made a reconnoissance up Luray Valley; bivouacked beyond Milford, 16 miles.

30. Advanced nearly to Luray C. H., and returned to Front Royal, 23 miles.

July 3. Co. E captured two horses from the enemy while on picket.

4. Co. F captured two rebel furloughed men.

1862.

July 6. The brigade marched through Chester Gap to Sandy Hook, 8 miles.

7. Marched past Flint Hill to near Amissville, 10 "

11. The army, now under Gen Pope, concentrates. Marched to near Warrenton, 12 miles.

16. Returned toward Amissville, 6 "

17. Through Amissville and Gaines's Cross Roads, to Washington C. H., 12 miles.

22. Paid by Maj. W. C. H. Sherman for May and June.

23. Marched through Sperryville and Woodville, 13 "

24. Through Boston and Griffinsburg to Culpeper C. H., 13 "

25. Co. A, Capt. Adams, was sent to Rixleyville, ten miles, to guard a bridge.

28–30. Shelter-tents given to the men.

Aug. 6. Co. A returned from Rixleyville. Railroad opened and McDowell's troops arrived. Jackson marching north.

8. 1st brigade marched toward Orange C. H., 7 miles.

9. Battle of Cedar Mountain. Aggregate loss 179.

11. Enemy retiring. 10th Me. and 5th Conn. ordered to guard Culpeper C. H.

13. Review of the brigade by Gen. Crawford.

Aug. 15. Review of Division by Gen. Williams.

16. Inspection by Maj. Perkins. Muskets condemned.

18. Muster for the purpose of learning who were absent. All the trains moved north.

POPE'S RETREAT.

19. Marched to Rappahannock Station, Fauquier Co., 11 miles.

21. At night marched down the river to a ford, 2 "

22. Returned and went up river to support Sigel, about 8 "

23. To near Sulphur Springs, " 6 "

24. Countermarched and went past the springs under artillery fire. No injuries in the regiment, about 8 miles.

25. Marched up Piney Mountain. Returned and went toward Warrenton, and finally toward Bealeton Station, 10 miles.

26. Marched toward Bealeton, 4 or 5 "

27. Marched past Bealeton to Warrenton Junction, 10 or 12 "

28. To Kettle Run. Capt. Knowlton here assisted in repairing the railroad bridge, 7 miles.

29. Remained near the battlefield where Hooker whipped Ewell.

30. Marched to Manassas Junction and returned to Broad Run, 10 "

31. Went on picket with 5th Conn. on Gainesville road, 4 A. M. Withdrawn hastily at 9 A. M., and marched through Brentsville to Blackburn's Ford. Cars and wagons burned before starting, 11 miles.

The infantry of Banks's corps took no part in the battles and skirmishes on Pope's retreat.

1862.

Sept. 1. Marched near Centerville and Fairfax C. H., 6 miles.
Halted while the battle of Chantilly was pending.

2. Struck the pike at Annandale; halted while the main army retreated past us, marched all the evening, and at 2 A. M. of the 3d reached Fort Ward, 14 miles.

3. Changed camp to Fort Albany, 2 "

MARYLAND CAMPAIGN—ANTIETAM.

4. Crossed the Potomac and marched beyond Tennallytown, 8 miles.

5. Marched beyond Rockville, 10 "

6. The regimental band was ordered to Washington for muster out. Our wagons, with knapsacks aboard, arrived. Changed camp—half mile.

9. Marched with Sumner's corps (2d) to Middlebrook, 10 miles.

10. Marched to near Damascus, 8 "

11. Moved to the outskirts of Damascus, 1 "

12. To within a mile of the railroad at Ijamsville, 12 "

13. Forded the Monocacy and camped outside of Frederick, 9 "

14. Marched through Middleton and up South Mountain, 13 "

15. Through Turner's Gap and Boonsboro' to Nicodemus's mills, 7 "

16. Long roll in morning. Advanced toward enemy one mile, and remained under cover all day. At 11 P. M. our corps marched to right of the army, 4 miles.

17. BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. At 6.10 A. M. moved. Halted an hour and were shelled. Went to support Ricketts at 7.30 A. M. Loss 31 killed and mortally wounded, and 40 wounded.

18. Moved to the front. Picket firing only, to-day.

19. The enemy having retreated we marched through Sharpsburg and Rohersville to Brownsville, 13 miles.

20. Marched to the Potomac near Sandy Hook, 5 "

*23. Marched up Maryland Heights, 3 "

25. Co. K marched to Knoxville to do provost duty, 4 "

Oct. 3. Regiment marched to Berlin Station, more than 5 "

10. Co. F marched to Petersville to do provost duty.

19–21. Co's H and E made a reconnoissance into Loudon county and captured three guerrillas.

30. Co. K returned from Knoxville.

31. Co. F returned from Petersville and marched to Lovettsville, Va.

Nov. 2. Co. K marched to Point of Rocks, 11 miles.

9. Co. F saved two abandoned guns from capture.

†17–21. Co. F hunted over the battle field for U. S. property.

18. Co. G marched to Knoxville to do provost duty, 3 "

24. Began to build winter quarters.

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*This date on page 264 is erroneously given as 22d.

†This date on page 271 is erroneously stated October.

1862.

Dec. 4. Co. H marched to Adamstown to do provost duty, 13 miles.

10. Formation changed:

Left. | F | D | B | C | E ‖ K | I | A | G | H | Right.

10. The regiment concentrated at Harper's Ferry and marched with the corps into Loudon county, Va., 9 miles.

11. Marched through Hillsboro to Wheatland, 10 "

12. Through Leesburg and to Goose Creek, 16 "

13. Through Gum Springs to Gen. Stewart's place, 13 "

14. Through Fairfax C. H. and beyond Fairfax Station, 10 "

15. Crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals, 7 "

16. To Naebsco Creek in Prince William county, 6 "

17. Returned to north bank of Occoquan, 8 or 9 "

18. Returned to camp vacated 15th near Fairfax Station, 5 "

28. Went down to the Occoquan to "bag" cavalry and returned, 10 "

29. Turned out to repel cavalry attack.

1863.

Jan. 4. Review of 1st division by Gen. H. W. Slocum.

17. Paid for July, Aug., Sept. and Oct. by Maj. W. C. H. Sherman.

19. Marched across the Occoquan, 7 miles.

20. On the telegraph road to Dumfries, 14 or 10 "

21. "Mud march." Helped ordnance train through the mud.

22. To north bank of Acquia Creek, 7 "

23. To Stafford C. H. and went into camp, 4 "
Built huts for the third time.

28. Gen. Hooker took command army of Potomac.

March 8. Gen. orders No. 8, army of Potomac, make honorable mention of 10th Maine regiment.

19. Review of division by Gen. Hooker.

24. New formation.

Left. | K | E | H | G | I ‖ A | B | C | D | F | Right.

April 10. Review of the 12th corps by President Lincoln.

14. Paid by Maj. W. C. H. Sherman for Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb. (The wrong months are given on page 301.) Ready to march, with eight days' rations and sixty cartridges.

22. Corps badge issued to the men to wear on their caps.

26. Special order No. 100, 12th corps, detaches the three-years men as provost guard. Thus the 10th battalion was organized.

27. Marched to Acquia Creek landing, 7 miles.
Turned over our muskets and embarked for Washington.

28. Arrived in Washington. Slept in Baltimore to-night.

29. Left Baltimore this morning. Arrived in New York City after midnight.

30. Sailed on the steamer "Commodore" at noon.

1863.

May 1. Arrived in Boston 9 A. M. by way of Providence, and in Portland 6.30 P. M.

2. Regiment furloughed till further orders.

7. Capt. T. J. C. Bailey mustered out B, F, I and K.

8. C, E, G, H and Field and Staff mustered out. Paid by Major James Mann as soon as discharged.

18. Paid $100 bounty by Maj. James Mann. The last morning report of the regiment, made April 27th, at Acquia Creek, shows 444 officers and men present for transportation.

TENTH MAINE BATTALION.*

1863.

April 26. Marched to corps headquarters and organized.

27. Off for Chancellorsville.

29. Crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's Ford in the morning, and in the evening, the Rapidan at Germania Ford.

30. Arrived at Chancellorsville.

May 1. First guns of the battle at noon.

2. First man of battalion wounded. Rout of 11th corps.

3. Heaviest of the fighting. Brick house burned.

5. Retreated across the Rappahannock.

6. Returned to Stafford C. H.

20. Headquarters removed to Brooks's Station.

30. Capt. Adams and Lieut. Pierce returned to duty. Capt. Adams assumed command.

June 10. Capt. Adams was appointed Provost Marshal 12th corps, and Capt. Beardsley re-assumed command.

13. On sudden notice, marched all night to Dumfries.

15. Reached Fairfax C. H. at sunset.

17. Crossed Orange† and Alexandria railroad at noon. Continued on the march till afternoon of the twenty-first, when the battalion

21. arrived at Leesburg in a heavy rain.

26. Resumed march and crossed Potomac at Edwards's Ferry.

27. Marched from eight A. M. till ten P. M., when the battalion arrived at Knoxville, Md.

28. Marched to Frederick, Md.

29. Learned that Meade had been placed in command of the army of the Potomac. General drunkenness.

30. At four P. M. encamped at Littletown, Pa.

July 1. Moved at eight A. M. near to Gettysburg. Gen. Reynolds killed.

2 to 3. Heavy fighting. Battalion not under fire.

4. Retreat of rebels. Heavy shower.

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*Prepared by L. G. Jordan.

†Erroneously called Leesburg, page 352.

1863.

July 5. Returned to Littletown. Many men detailed for hospital duty.

7. Marched to Pleasant Valley and Sandy Hook, which the battalion reached about the thirteenth.

14. Rebels re-crossed the Potomac.

19. Crossed Potomac at Harper's Ferry. Marched four days *via* Fairfax to Warrenton Junction.

26. Detachment sent to Maine under command of Capt. Adams, to raise recruits or obtain conscripts sufficient to make of the battalion a regiment.

Aug. 2. Marched to Kelley's Ford on the Rappahannock.

3. Fine summer quarters erected. Much gambling. Seventy-three men volunteered to re-enlist for three years, if they could have
Sept. 20. thirty days furlough. Terms not accepted by the government.

Aug. 10. Notice received from Lieut. King of the failure of the plan to make a regiment of the battalion.

Sept. 24. Marched to Brandy Station, Orange & Alexandria railroad.

26. Embarked with rest of 12th and 11th corps for Tennessee, to re-inforce Army of the Cumberland.

27. Arrived at Washington, D. C. Thence by Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to Bellaire, Ohio, four miles below * Wheeling, Va. Then moved on *via* Zanesville, Xenia and Dayton, Ohio, and Richmond, Indianapolis and Jeffersonville, Ind., to Louisville, Ky. Thence to Nashville, Tenn., at which place the battalion arrived Oct. 5.

Oct. 8. Moved by rail to Murfreesboro, and encamped not far from Stone River battle field.

15. Marched to Shelbyville.

(ab't) 17. Moved to Wartrace. While here got ready one night for an attack from the rebel Gen. Forrest and 10,000 men. Winter quarters here constructed, but soon given up.

Nov. 11. Returned to Murfreesboro.

18. Went by rail to Tullahoma, and into winter quarters.

25. Co's B and D ordered to Shelbyville. At Tullahoma duty was light. At Shelbyville, Lieut. Haskell and a squad, captured a notorious guerrilla, one Mosely, who subsequently escaped.†

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*See error page 361, which reads *above* Wheeling.

†The account of this affair as given on page 364, is substantially the one related by both officers and men of the battalion who were at Shelbyville, with the exception of Capt. Beardsley, who from his agency in the matter should know much better than any one else what are the facts. In justice to Capt. Beardsley, no less than to the guard having Mosely in charge, the main points of the other version should be given. The story will also be interesting, as illustrating very well the nature of the expedients continually resorted to by rebel guerrillas. It is as follows:

Several months before his capture by Lieut. Haskell, Mosely had voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and subsequently violated it by joining a guerrilla band under Maj. Blackwell of the rebel army; which facts were known to the officers of the battalion. In order to avoid the death penalty deserved, Mosely volunteered to betray Blackwell and his gang into the hands of the battalion. Capt. Beardsley took him to Gen. Slocum, who, after some conversation, directed Capt. B. to take

1863.

At Shelbyville a "scrimmage" took place between some cavalrymen stationed in the place,* and some of the battalion, which nearly resulted in a serious fight.

Dec. 12. Capt. Adams and Lieut. Fowler came back.
During December thirty-seven members of the battalion re-enlisted as "veterans."

1864.

Feb. 16. Furloughs for the "veterans" were received.

29. An order was issued by Gen. Slocum, relieving the battalion from duty and sending it to New Orleans to join the 29th Me.

Mar. 2. After an address by Gen. Slocum the battalion embarked on the cars for Nashville.

Mar. 3. Spent in the above named city.

4. Arrived at Louisville.

Mosely's parole, and for the sake of possible greater advantages run the risk of his escape. Capt. B. complied with these instructions, and gave Mosely considerable freedom. For form's sake and at Mosely's request, a guard was placed over him, but the sentinel was distinctly instructed not to embarrass Mosely's movements, and that he would not be held in the least responsible even if Mosely escaped, which fact explains why the guard was not even reprimanded for an apparent neglect of duty.

Knowledge of this plan was possessed only by Gen. Slocum, Col. Rodgers, his ass't adj't gen., and Capt. Beardsley, who was carrying it out, and, in part, by the guard, Private John W. O'Connors, of Co. D. The union people of Shelbyville were therefore greatly scandalized at the appearance of so notorious a rebel and violator of his pledge openly enjoying himself at the houses of rebel sympathizers in town, even sleeping there when he pleased. They accordingly remonstrated with Capt. Beardsley several times, and assured him that Mosely would escape. The Captain was at last obliged to tell them to mind their own business and suffer him to attend to his. Whereupon no less than three delegations, unknown to Capt. B., were sent to Gen. Slocum to complain of the management of the case. They were listened to by Col. Rodgers, who being assured that the Captain was only acting under orders, and rightly enough, without taking any one into his confidence, dismissed them as best he could.

One of the houses at which Mosely spent a good deal of his time, was that of Mrs. Blackwell, wife of the Major before spoken of. It was believed that constant communication was kept up between this house and the rebel band, and Mosely undertook to discover if it were so, and inform Capt. Beardsley, in order that such communication might be intercepted.

There can be no doubt that for a time Mosely acted in good faith; for on one occasion he betrayed the whereabouts of Maj. Blackwell and several of his gang, and had Capt. B. pushed forward with the speed urged by Mosely, they would have been fallen upon unawares and doubtless captured. But the Captain dared not risk the lives of his men too far on the word of such a liar as Mosely, and therefore delayed in order to take the usual military precautions in advancing with a small band into the enemy's country. In consequence he arrived an hour too late to find Blackwell in his den. There were also other similar affairs. But one night, when Mosely was permitted to remain at Mrs. Blackwell's, unknown to Capt. B., there was present a young woman to whom Mosely was engaged to be married, and who had arrived that day, doubtless bringing with her

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* These men were not actually attached to headquarters as stated on page 365.

1864.

Mar. 7. The "veterans" went home under command of Lieut. King, and accompanied by Capt. Beardsley on a leave of absence.*

8. Marched three miles and embarked for Cairo, Ill. Proceeded *via* the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago R. R. to Mitchell's Station, thence *via* the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. to Sandoval Junction, and from there *via* Illinois Central to Cairo.

9. Arrived at Cairo about midnight, and remained several days.

12. Embarked on the "Luminary" for New Orleans.

18. Arrived at New Orleans. While here the battalion was detailed as guard for Camp Distribution and quartered in "Louisiana" and "Factors" cotton presses.

20. The band and recruits for the "29th" arrived at New Orleans.

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dispatches from Maj. Blackwell and others. In the course of the night, O'Connors awakened Capt. Beardsley with the information that the bird had flown.

The Captain did not immediately report the escape to Gen. Slocum, but spent some time in scouring the country for miles around in the hopes of falling upon the fellow again. The union men of Shelbyville, however, seeing affairs turn out as they predicted they would, went to Gen. Slocum and told such a story as caused the arrest of Capt. B. After some days the Captain was called to Gen. Slocum's tent to give an account of the transaction, which was substantially such as has been related above. The General then began to censure Capt. B. for not keeping a stricter watch upon Mosely's movements. He was interrupted by Col. Rodgers, who repeated with great accuracy the oral instructions given by the General at the beginning of the affair. The Colonel added that if he had known of the intended arrest he would have spoken in time to prevent it. Gen. Slocum, in a most honorable and gentlemanly manner, admitted that he had forgotten much of the former conversation, and regretted that he had ordered the arrest. He also honorably released Capt. Beardsley, and expressed the hope that no unpleasant impression would remain on his mind on account of his arrest. Yet at the same time he thought that news of the escape ought sooner to have been sent him, as that would have placed the matter in its true light.

N. B. This part of the narrative finds ample corroboration in the fact mentioned on page 368, that in parting with the battalion Gen. Slocum referred to his having never been obliged to place a member under arrest. Of course, as Captain Beardsley was arrested without just cause and soon honorably released, it was as if he had not been arrested. A further proof of Gen. Slocum's confidence in the Captain is to be had in the foot note on the same page.

It is proper to add that Capt. Beardsley states that on a subsequent occasion he took pains to place in the hands of some of the wives and friends of Blackwell's men positive proofs of Mosely's treachery to his comrades, and that in consequence of this evidence Mosely was afterwards betrayed into union hands and hanged at Tullahoma.

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* The order for the veterans to go home was received at battalion headquarters while Capt. Beardsley was absent on some duty in the country. When he came back an application was made to have his name substituted for that of Lieut. King, as the latter did not much care to accompany the men, and the Captain desired to do so. But instead, a separate leave of absence was given Capt. B., and the original order remained unchanged.

1864.

May 14. The "veterans" of the battalion returned in charge of Lieut. King, and accompanied by Capt. Beardsley.

20. Co. D went up river under command of Capt. Beardsley.*

27. A large conflagration, in which eight steamboats were burned, occurred at night in New Orleans.

28. The remainder of the battalion, with one or two exceptions, started up river, reached Morganzia Bend, May 29th, and were consolidated with the 29th Me. May 30.

TWENTY-NINTH MAINE REGIMENT.

1863.

June 25. Gen. order No. 191, war department, authorizes "veteran" regiments to be raised. Gen. order No. 324 defines the payment of bounties.

July 10. Gen. order No. 10, State of Maine, orders three veteran regiments of infantry, and a battery to be raised.

29. Gen. order No. 13, Maine, authorizes Col. Beal to raise one of the "veteran" regiments.

Aug. 22. Special order No. 375, extract 22, war department, assigns the "fragmentary portion of the 10th Me. reg't" to "Col. Beal's reg't of veterans."

Sept. 17. Co's C, E, F and K report at Camp Keyes, Augusta; H, G and I came at a later day.

Oct. 13. Capt. Jordan placed in command of Camp Keyes and retained command till Dec. 8.

Nov. 13. Co's F, K and E mustered into U. S. service.

Dec. 7. Barracks of K, H and G burnt down and I's damaged. Recruits Kincaid and Hall of K burned to death.

9. Lieut Hunt reported with recruits for new Co. B.

12. Co. I mustered into U. S.

16. Co's G and H mustered in.

17. Co. C and Col. Beal mustered in; and the *regiment* accepted by the U. S.

29. New Co. B mustered into U. S.

Formation of the regiment (eight companies):

Left. | E | H | C | F || B | I | G | K | Right.

1864.

Jan. 19. Paid to Dec. 31st, by Maj. James Mann.

27. Jonathan Blake appointed sutler.

27. Bounty of $100 paid by the State Treasurer, and first instalment of U. S. bounty, $60, by Capt. T. J. C. Bailey.

30. Baggage and horses sent to Portland for shipment.

31. Regiment (*i. e.* eight companies) went by rail to Portland, and quartered in City Hall.

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*The command erroneously said to have been Lieut. King's on page 375.

1864.

Feb. 1. Went aboard steamship De Molay, Capt. Samson, for New Orleans.

2. Sailed at 1.50 P. M. Two cases of small pox broke out before arriving at Key West, where we put in for coal.

10. Arrived at Key West. Sailed 12th, at 1.30 P. M.

16. Arrived at New Orleans. Disembarked on opposite side of river 17th.

20. Went 82 miles by rail to Brashear City.

21. By steamer 27 miles to Franklin, St. Mary's Parish. Assigned to 2d brigade, 1st division, 19th army corps.

RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Mar. 15. Started on Red River expedition; marched 14 miles.

16. Through New Iberia to Camp Pratt, 17 "

17. To Bayou Vermillion, 17 "

18. To Carrion Crow battle field, 17 "

19. Through Opelousas and Washington, 18 "

20. Sunday. Rest.

21. To Shield's plantation, 13 "

22. To Holmesville; sugar abundant, 11 "

23. To Cheneyville, 15 "

24. Continued marching, 16 "

25. Marched to Alexandria, where the navy and other parts of the army had previously arrived, 14 miles.

27. The "29th" was transferred to 1st brigade, Gen. Dwight.

28. Marched up Bayou Rapides to Bayou Cocodre, 18 "

29. To Henderson's Hill, 6 "

30. Marched into the Piney lands, 6 "

31. Across Cane River and through Cloutierville, 18 "

April 1. Marched to Cloutier's plantation, 18 "

2. Arrived at Natchitoches and rested three days, 6 "

6. Marched inland toward Shreveport, 15 "

7. To Pleasant Hill, 20 "

8. Battle of Sabine Cross Roads. Marched 8 miles and camped. At 5 P. M, ordered to the front; marched very fast for about 6 miles; then fought and repulsed the enemy at Pleasant Grove. Loss 3 killed and died; 19 wounded. Marched 14 miles.

9. Marched all the early morning, covering the retreat of the army, 14 miles.
Battle of Pleasant Hill. In reserve during the battle. Loss, 5 wounded.

10. Marched to the camp left 7th, 20 miles.

11. Marched to Grand Ecore and went into camp, 17 "

15. Regiment went on picket.

19. Col. Beal left the regiment to take command of 1st brigade.

22. Regiment on picket. Retreated with the army all day and halted a few miles from Cane River Crossing. Marched about 40 miles.

1864.

April 23. Battle of Cane River Crossing. Under artillery fire, but not engaged. No loss. Marched 9 miles.

24. Marched on the river road to Roberts's Plantation, 15 "

25. Marched into Alexandria and up river two miles for a camp, 18 "

28. Returned to Alexandria and out on the Opelousas road, 3 "

30. Mustered by Lieut. Col. Emerson. Marched over Red River and reported to Lieut. Col. Bailey for work on the dam.

May 2. Regimental band arrived under Chandler.

3. Paid for Jan. and Feb. and one instalment of bounty.

8. First gunboat over the falls.

9. The dam broke.

Communication interrupted from May 4 till May 13, by the enemy's cavalry.

13. Marched down Red River, 12 miles.

14. To Choctaw Bayou, 15 "

15. Through the woods to Marksville, 12 "

16. Action of Mansura: our brigade on the extreme left. Drove skirmishers, but was not heavily engaged. No loss. Bivouacked on Howard's plantation, 16 miles.

17. Marched to Semmesport, 8 "

18. Gen. A. J. Smith engaged at Yellow Bayou. We took no part.

19. Crossed the Atchafalaya and marched down river, 2 miles.

20. Marched to the Mississippi and down the false river, 12 "

21. Marched through Williamsport, 13 "

22. Reached Morganzia Bend and went into camp, 3 "

22. Co. D, 10th Maine battalion, reported.

30. Co's A and B, 10th Maine battalion, reported.

June 10. Paid for March and April, by Major J. W. Carpenter.

14. Reviewed by Gen. Sickles.

30. Mustered by Lieut. Col. Emerson.

TRANSFER TO VIRGINIA.

July 1. Orders received to embark for New Orleans on first steamer.

2. The "29th" sailed on steamer Henry Ames.

3. Quartered in Alabama cotton press.

5. Embarked on the Clinton with sealed orders.

6. Went out through Passe à l'Outre, and learned that we were to go to Fortress Monroe for orders.

12. Arrived at Fortress Monroe and were ordered to Washington.

13. Landed in Washington at noon and marched in a round-about way to Tennallytown, about 15 miles.
Early's raid on Washington had ended.

TO SNICKER'S GAP AND BACK.

1864.

July 14. Marched *via* Orfutt's Cross Roads to Rattlesnake Hill, 10 or 15 miles.

15. Through Seneca Mills to near Poolesville, 11 "

16. Forded the Potomac at White's Ford, and marched to near Leesburg, 13 miles.

17. Changed camp. Marched 1 "

18. Through Leesburg, Hamilton and Purcellville, and up Snicker's Gap, 18 miles.

19. Remained in the Gap all day.

20. Forded Shenandoah and advanced two miles beyond, 5 "

21. Re-crossed in evening of 20th and started for Washington. Marched all night and until 11 A. M. of the 21st, through Leesburg to Goose Creek, in all 25 miles.

22. Marched through Drainsville, 17 "

23. By way of Lewinsville to Chain Bridge, 12 "

24 to 25. Drawing rations and clothing: preparing to go to Petersburg.

26. Marched through Tennallytown and Rockville, 19 "

27. Marched beyond Hyattstown, 15 "

28. Through Urbana; forded the Monocacy and went through Frederick, 13 miles.

29. Through Jefferson and Petersville, Md., and Harper's Ferry, Va., to Halltown, 19 miles.

30. Returned to Harper's Ferry afternoon and marched till after midnight, 13 miles.

31. Mustered by Maj. Knowlton; marched through Jefferson and Frederick two miles toward Emmettsburg, 13 miles.

Aug. 2. Changed camp to Monocacy Junction, fording the river, 5 "

About this time Gen. Grant visited Gen. Hunter and arranged for Sheridan to take command. The fragments of our division were united, and Gen. Emory took command of the 19th corps.

4. Rode in cars to Sandy Hook.

5. Marched up Maryland Heights, 2 miles.

6. Marched through Harper's Ferry to Halltown, 5 "

UNDER SHERIDAN.

10. Marched through Charlestown to Berryville, 15 miles.

11. Marched to White Post, 10 "

12. Through Nineveh; struck the Valley pike at Middletown, 13 "

13. The captains received a reprimand from Gen. Emory.

15. Retreated at night to Winchester, 13 "

17. Retreated to Berryville, 11 "

18. Marched through Clifton; the 2d division joined ours, 7 "

21. Marched hastily through Charlestown while the 6th corps was skirmishing. Fell back at night to Halltown, 9 miles.

1864.

Aug. 22. Remained behind breastworks at Halltown, while the enemy watched
to 26. us.

28. Advanced again through Charlestown and built breastworks, 6 miles.

Sept. 3. Marched nearly to Berryville. Crook repulsed Kershaw's division this evening, 9 miles.

4. Built breastworks west of and parallel with Berryville pike.

18. Sent wagons to the rear.

19. Battle of Opequan. Aroused at 1 A. M.; marched at 3. Entered the battle at noon on the right and repulsed the enemy, who was driving the 2d division. Loss, Major Knowlton and three men mortally wounded, and 22 men wounded.

20. Marched up the Valley pike to Cedar Creek and beyond, 17 miles.

21. Moved to the heights west of Strasburg and advanced toward the enemy on Fisher's Hill. 3 miles.

22. Battle of Fisher's Hill. Moved at 4.30 A. M. and built breastworks. At 1 P. M. supported the charge on rebel rail pens. At sunset moved with the army, carried Fisher's Hill and chased enemy all night. Loss, Lieut. Coburn and 3 men wounded. Day's march about 10 miles.

23. Marched through Woodstock and Edenburg, 5 "

24. Marched to Mt. Jackson and then followed the enemy beyond New Market, 25 or 20 miles.

25. The enemy escaped last night. Marched to Harrisonburg and camped, 13 miles.

29. 6th and 19th corps moved to Mt. Crawford to support cavalry, 7 "

30. Returned to Harrisonburg, 7 "

Oct. 3. Paid by Maj. C. F. Wilson, May, June, July, August and bounty.

5. Old Co. A (Adams's), started home for muster-out.

6. New Co. A (Butler's), reported. Regimental formation changed.

Left. | F | B | E | H | A | I | D | G | C | K | Right.

The army fell back for supplies. Marched to New Market, 21 miles.

7. Through Mt. Jackson and Woodstock, 17 "

8. To the rail-pens near Fisher's Hill, 9 "
The "29th" marched up and down Round Top besides.

10. Moved across to north bank of Cedar Creek, 5 "

13. The enemy returned and attacked Gen. Crook.

15. Made a reconnoissance with the division to Strasburg and returned, 6 miles.

19. Battle of Cedar Creek. Fought on the extreme right of the infantry line; met with heavy loss, but did excellent service. Went out to Strasburg at 9 P. M. and kept on the alert all night. Loss, Lieut. Hoyt and 28 men killed and mortally wounded; 4 officers and 94 men wounded. The day's march from point to point was about 10 miles.

21. Returned to old camp behind Cedar Creek, 3 "

23. Regimental wagons came to camp after five week's absence, but returned again.

1864.

Oct. 24. Regimental formation changed:

Left. | I | A | E | C | K ‖ G | D | H | B | F | Right.

25. The overcoats and surplus clothing arrived from New Orleans.

29. Regimental wagons came up and remained.

31. Chaplain Knox accidentally killed. Regiment mustered by Capt. Turner.

Nov. 8. Voted for President. Lincoln had 175, and McClellan 41.

9. The army fell back to near Kernstown—Camp Russell, 7 miles.

12. Feeling the enemy. One man wounded. Built breastworks and winter quarters at this camp.

Dec. 30. The army fell back to the railroad, at Stevenson's Station or Camp Sheridan, 9 miles.

31. Mustered by Col. Nye.

1865.

Feb. 28. Mustered by Col. Nye. By order of the war department, the rolls were not completed till after paying off the regiment.

Mar. 1. Began to change camp to a spot nearer the depot.

8. Guarded about 1,300 rebel prisoners, the last of Early's army.

10 & 11. Pay for Sept., Oct., Nov. and Dec. Trouble about bounty.

20. Gen. order No. 41, of the war department, discontinued the 19th corps.

31. Escorted the 5th N. Y. battery to Summit Point and returned in cars; marched 15 miles.

April 4. Baggage sent to Frederick for storage. Great rejoicing at Grant's success. Marched at 4 P. M. to Camp Russell, 8 miles.

7. Returned to Milltown, 4 "

9. Hurrahed from midnight of the 9th till dawn, over Lee's surrender.

10. Fell back to Summit Point by way of Berryville, 18 miles.

20. Took cars for Washington about 120 miles distant.

21. Arrived in Washington and marched to Tennallytown, 4 "

27. Marched on military road to Mt. Olivet Cemetery. 10 "

May 4–6. In town guarding the assassins; marched 6 "

22. Marched into the city to be ready for review, 2 "

23. Grand review of the Potomac and Shenandoah armies. 5 "

31. Butler's Co. A, and all men whose term expired before Oct. 1, mustered out.

June 1. Marched to 6th Street wharf and embarked on the steamer Ariel. Sailed 2d, 3 miles.

5. Arrived at Savannah and went into camp, 2 "

14. Sailed for Georgetown, S. C. (Co's D and E left on a later day).

19. Co's F and H marched for Kingstree. Thence Co. F by rail to Florence.

23 to 26. Co. C off, quelling a disturbance on the Waccamaw.

27. Co's B, C and D went up the Pee Dee by steamer to the N. E. R. R. bridge. Co. C went on to Marion C. H.

1865.

June 29. Co. K marched for Kingstree, 40 miles

30. Co's E and I mustered by Maj. Gould; the others by their captains.

July 6. Co. G, the band and sick sent to Florence by steamer and rail. H'dq'rters and Co's E and I marched across Black River, 16 miles.

7. Marched from 11 P. M. 6th, till 6.30 A. M. 7th, to Poplar Hill Grove, 12 miles

8. Crossed Lynch's Creek; marched 14 "

9. Marched to Myer's plantation, 16 "

10. Marched into Florence about 2 A. M., 12 "

11. Headquarters of the regiment and second sub-district at Darlington C. H. (See page 585 for other changes of station.)

9 to 14. Paid by Maj. C. F. Wilson, for January, February, March and April

20. Co's E and I sent to Florence to suppress some riotous cavalrymen.

Aug. 15. Eighty enlisted men left the regiment for muster-out.

31. Co's E, F and G mustered by Maj. Gould; the others by their captains.

Sept. 15. Paid by Maj. W'm H. Steuart for May and June, and bounty.

Oct. 31. Co's E, F, G and K mustered by Maj. Gould; C and I by Capt. Pray; H and D by Capts. Blake and Kallock, and B by Lieut. Hunt.

Nov. 6. Gen. Beal relieved. Gen. W. P. Richardson took command of the district soon after.

10. A-tents drawn at Darlington C. H. Began to work on winter quarters.

Dec. 8. Officers and planters held a consultation at Darlington C. H.

30. Co's D, E, F, G and K mustered by Maj. Gould; the others by their captains.

1866.

Mar. 27. Started by cars for Charleston.

28. Sailed to Hilton Head.

30. Relieved the 21st U. S. C. T., Lieut. Col. Emerson in command of the regiment.

Apr. 15. Paid for January and February.

29. Barracks blew down, killing Sergt. Hanson of C.

June 21. Relieved by Co. C, 6th U. S. infantry, and mustered out of U. S. service.* Embarked on steamer Canonicus at 10 P. M.

22. At Charleston shifted over to the Emily A. Souder and went to sea.

25. Disembarked and sailed to Bedloe's Island; thence to Hart's Island.

28. Paid off, and discharge papers given to the enlisted men.

29. The officers received their pay and discharges.

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*Two months and more of service were due from the men when they were discharged.

CHAPTER LIX.

ROLL OF HONOR OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

This roll which should properly have been inserted after Chapter XLVIII, was delayed in publishing, in order that I might learn the "official" figures of the number present for duty; and an explanation is needed here.

When we were mustered out at Hilton Head, all the regimental and company books and the flags, were turned over to Lieut. French, who sent them, I presume, to Washington. The orders on this point were very strong, otherwise they would most certainly have been evaded.*

Unfortunately none of us saved a copy of the regimental return of the battle, and none of our old friends † are able to give me a copy of the brigade return.

At last, every other measure failing, I requested Sergt. Metcalf, who is a clerk in the treasury department, to call on the Adjutant General of the army and beg the figures. He was unsuccessful, and I requested another friend to visit the Adjutant General and represent the facts in our case. I know that he presented our cause ably, but the General said that ten thousand such requests had been made to him, and that he was compelled to refuse all.

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*In the Tenth Maine we turned over the regimental books to Gen. Hodsdon, the Adjt. General of the State, in whose office they can now be seen by any one.

† We stand indebted to a number for their efforts to find a brigade return among their papers, particularly to Gen. Duncan S. Walker and Col. J. G. Leefe, formerly the assistant adjutant generals of the corps and division respectively. But Gen. Dwight's good intentions deserve especial thanks; he and Major Foote (late of the 114th N. Y.) left no stone unturned, but the report could not be found.

The work in this chapter is consequently unfinished. I had aimed, first, to give a Roll of Honor of the men who fought so nobly at Cedar Creek, and second, to show how much it differed from the official report, or from the number present for rations, and then to ask the quite serious question "What is the value of a report?" but there is little to say on the question now.

In making up these rolls I have tried to learn the exact truth, but this is difficult now that so many years have elapsed and so many of the men cannot be reached, but in cases of doubt the soldier has had the benefit of it. By reason of this, the aggregate of the roll is considerably larger than the number of men in line at any time during the battle, and there is an apparent contradiction between the roll and what is stated in Chapter XLIX, on small numbers. But it will be seen that after deducting the doubtful, the killed and wounded, and those who went to the rear with the wounded, that there were not many left to fight.

I have learned of only three companies, B, D and K, where a count was made, and these show the truth of the above statements. Sergeant Benj. R. Cross, of Co. B, writes that "there were twenty-seven men in line in the morning," whereas the roll shows thirty-two muskets. Rev. Thomas M. Butler, Corporal of D, writes, "McDonald was acting as 1st Sergt. I recollect that at night he stated that, 'all told, there were thirty-one present in line in the morning, while at night there were but fifteen with us.' I recollect these numbers perfectly." The roll shows thirty-eight with Turner. Sergt. Sam. Jumper writes that "there were thirty-nine [muskets] in Co. K in the morning," and the roll shows forty.

To conclude, it thus appears that on Oct. 19th, when the government was paying and feeding a total of thirty-five officers and about 844 enlisted men, of our regiment, we took into battle only 375 swords and muskets, or forty-three men in a hundred, and these figures are based on the *highest* calculation. It will be remembered by those who wish to make use of these figures, that, as compared with the regiments of the army of the Potomac, we had met with but little loss from the bullet before this battle, and had been very sickly in Louisiana.

ROLL

OF OFFICERS AND MEN ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

MAJOR GEORGE H. NYE. Wounded in mouth, and knocked off his horse in the peach orchard.

—ADJT. JOHN M. GOULD. Acting ass't adj't gen. of brigade.

SURGEON JOSIAH F. DAY. Captured and re-taken.

ASST. SURGEON HENRY C. COTTON.

—CHAPLAIN GEORGE KNOX. With the wounded. 5—0

COMPANY A.

CAPTAIN.

BUTLER, EDWARD S.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, LANDER, FREEDOM H. In command of Co. H afternoon.

2d, GERRISH, CHARLES W.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Stevens, Abel C. T. Wounded in elbow* in the peach orchard.

Noyes, George W. Wounded in both legs in the peach orchard.

Lowell, Dennis E. Wounded in the wrist and hand* late in the afternoon.

Emerson, John.

Wallace, John.

CORPORALS.

Gardner, Almon J. Color-guard.

Leavitt, Volney. Killed. Hit in the head near second stand.

Grover, William L.

Tarr, Alonzo L.

Milner, Henry.

Bailey, Henry H.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Francis M. Wd. in hip and lost arm* P. M. Prom. Corp. for bravery.

Allen, Calmon H.

Blodgett, Stillman. Wounded slightly in both legs* P. M.

NOTE. The star indicates those that were discharged the service on account of wounds.

The various localities noted on this roll are—

THE CAMP. The old camp ground of the "29th," where we fired our first volley.

THE SECOND STAND. Described on page 530.

THE PEACH ORCHARD. The place where the heaviest fighting occurred. It was on the ground of the 6th corps. See pages 531–535.

THE FIRST CHARGE P. M. The same that is styled Davis's charge, page 539. It was this that broke the enemy's line.

THE CHARGE ON EVANS. The movement which relieved us from a flank fire on the right; see page 542.

THE THIRD CHARGE. The charge where we got in rear of the rebels, and were shelled by the 6th corps batteries.

Blossom, Fernando A. Wounded in the face in the peach orchard.
Butler, George H. Mortally wounded near camp. Died Nov. 10.
Bubier, George Jr. Slightly wounded A. M.
Canwell, George. Killed. Hit in the temple, third charge P. M.
Child, Marshall W. Wounded in the thigh near peach orchard.
Collins, James W. Wounded in the shoulder* in peach orchard.
Curtis, George S.
Ellis, Charles F.
Farrar, Freeman.
Farrell, Dennis.
Gammon, Atwood. Wounded in both legs* near camp.
Garcelon, William R.
Gipson, Alonzo. Wounded in the arm in peach orchard.
Greenleaf, Andrew P. First man killed. Hit in the head while near the Run.
Holmes, William W. Member of band, but took a musket and fought.
Houghton, James F.
Jordan, Hiram. Wounded in the abdomen.
Joice, Michael.
Lahey, Patrick.
Luke, Addis E.
Merrill, Major B. Mort. wounded between camp and orchard. Died 21st.
Murphy, John F.
Nash, Leonard F. Mort. wounded in body in peach orchard. Died 21st.
Penney, Aretas B.
Polly, Thomas J.
—Rackliff, Samuel. Straggled and taken prisoner. Died in Salisbury pen.
Rounds, Virgil P.
Russell, George G.
Skinner, Dexter D.
Small, Horatio G. Wd. slightly in back of head in orchard, and in finger P. M.
Staples, Azel Jr. Wounded in the side in peach orchard.
Starbird, Almon T. Killed. Hit in the side in peach orchard.
Starbird, Freeland.
Stevens, Simon M.
Sweeney, John.
Tenney, Charles S.
Tenney, Lafayette.
Thompson, D. Franklin.
Thompson, Levi.
—Thurlow, Erastus. Straggled, was wounded and taken prisoner.
Verrill, Emmons T.
Wight, Jarvis S. Wounded in flesh of leg near peach orchard.
Wright, Ezra R. Wounded slightly in the leg, P. M.

Company B.

CAPTAIN.

Redlon, Benjamin M.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Hunt, Samuel E.

—2d, Stacy, Lorenzo D. A. D. C. to brigade commander.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Smith, Henry M. Wounded slightly in the leg in peach orchard.

Smith, Albert P. Wounded in the lungs* in peach orchard.

McFaden, Gorham P.

Chase, Francis M.

CORPORALS.

Cummings, Silas R.

McAllister, Elden B. Wounded in the leg near peach orchard.

Estes, Calvin G. Wounded in the leg near peach orchard.

PRIVATES.

Bagley, John H.

Baisley, Rodolphus.

Cross, Benjamin R.

Fox, George H. Mortally wd. in the leg in peach orchard. Died Nov. 5.

Fernald, George H.

Fernald, Laban.

Fickett, Perez.

Goodridge, Lewis E.

Gross, James R. Wounded slightly in the back.

Holmes, Hiram. Wounded in the face slightly A. M., but did not go to rear.

Jameson, Edward.

Libbey, Charles. Wounded in lip slightly, after charge on Evans.

Lord, John.

Moody, Albion.

Page, Albert. Mortally wounded in the side in camp. Died Nov. 26.

Page, John.

Roberts, Moses S.

Ross, Barton H.

Russell, Nelson M.

Smith, Louville. Killed. Hit in the head in charge on Evans.

Spear, True W. Wounded leg (amputated) in peach orchard. Died Oct. 21.

Sprague, Ephraim.

Stearns, David Jr.

Toombs, Charles W. Killed. Hit in the body near peach orchard.

Young, Horace N.

Company C.

(Commanded by 1st Lieut. Henry R. Millett, of Co. G.)

LIEUTENANT.

—2d, Fillebrown, Charles B. A. D. C. to the division commander.

SERGEANTS.

Mitchell, James E. Acting 1st sergt.
Roach, Jeremiah P. W.

CORPORALS.

Foster, Thomas.
Stevens, Charles W.
Libby, George W.
Splan, James V. Color guard.
Gage, George W. Wounded in the left arm, in camp.

PRIVATES.

Annis, Horace W.
Baker, Charles P. Wounded in the right fore arm in peach orchard.
Bishop, Jesse. Wounded in the face slightly.
Boothby, Isaac T.
Brown, Charles L. Wounded in the arm in peach orchard. Died Jan. 8, 1865.
Coburn, George E. Wounded in the hip slightly, near camp. Did not leave.
Cony, Lucius.
Curtis, Boardman W. Wounded in the leg.*
Devine, Anthony. Wounded in the hip severely, in peach orchard.
Grindle, John P.
Guilford, George S.
Haines, Hiram.
Haskell, Frederick G. Wounded in the face.
Higgins, Rufus N.
Hutton, Spencer F. Wounded in the thigh, in camp. Died Oct. 30.
Livingston, John L.
Morse, William W.
Mullen, Ozias.
Robbins, Amosia B.
Scott, John A.
Smellage, Charles E.
Ware, Warren.
Winship, Frank.

Company D.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, King, Charles F.
2d, Haskell, Charles H.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Kallock, Henry H. Wounded in the face slightly.
McDonald, George.
Gillispie, James. Wounded in the leg near second line.
Anderson, Charles.
Hayes, Maurice. Wounded in the head and neck, in peach orchard.

CORPORALS.

Corson, Charles H. Killed. Hit in the head, in camp.
Coy, Oliver B.
Taggart, Howard.
Butler, Thomas M.
Flanders, Daniel. Wounded slightly in the ankle, in peach orchard.
Smith, Josiah H. (Suspended.) Re-instated for good conduct in battle.

PRIVATES.

Albert, Francis.
Brady, William H. Wounded in the left side.
Buck, Daniel F. Straggled and was taken prisoner.
Day, Vinal J.
Doody, John H.
Dow, Alexander.
Ferrill, William Edward.
Johnson, Freeman W.
Keyes, William T.
Kinney, George.
Knight, Storer S. Wounded in the hip,* first charge P. M.
Libby, Elias T.
Littlehale, Alanson M.
Marriner, Greenleaf T. Wd. nose and foot, A. M. and P. M., but did not leave.
McGoverin, Dennis. Wounded in the face in peach orchard.
Michaud, Peter.
Millikin, Wallace. Wounded in the breast P. M.
Moore, Edward K. Wounded in the abdomen in peach orchard. Died 20th.
Neal, Ansel.
Sawyer, Edward H.
Sears, Hiram D.
Sheridan, James.
Stanorth, John A.
Wait, Thomas.
Wescott, John. Wounded in the leg in peach orchard. Died Nov. 7th.
Wetherby, William. Killed. Hit in the stomach in peach orchard. 2—38

NOTE. Private John F. Turner, of D, who was captured near second stand apparently by his own desire, is included in the total of Co. D.

COMPANY E.

(Lieut. Hartwell S. French, of Co. H, commanding.)

SERGEANTS.

1st, Brown, Frank E.
Wilson, Stillman. Wounded slightly.
Loveitt, Simon A.
Hanley, Thomas.

CORPORALS.

Skinner, John B.
Verrill, Edward P. Wounded in the hand,* near peach orchard.
Haskell, William T. Wounded in the hand,* second stand.
Fletcher, George C. In Color Guard.
Dyer, Franklin.
Moore, Alfred S.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, John Q.
Came, Lawrence.
Colley, Joseph F. Wounded in the leg near peach orchard.
Foss, Charles F.
Green, Frederick Jr.
Green, Joseph L.
Greenleaf, Solomon.
Hill, Alonzo.
Hilton, Oran. Wounded in the left foot, in camp.
Hodsdon, Mahlon S.
Larrabee, Alfred H. Wounded, right arm paralyzed (temporary), in camp. Two balls through the right leg near orchard.*
Lowry, William.
Milliken, John S. Mort. wd. in the hand and bowels, late P. M. Died 20th.
Pearson, Charles H. Wounded in the left leg in peach orchard.
Roberts, Nelson O.
Sastroff, Charles H.
Sawyer, Obadiah. Wounded in the foot* near second stand.
Stacy, Uranus.
Stone, George F.
Winslow, Charles F.
Winslow, Joseph. Wounded in the neck in camp.
Wormwood, Edwin A.

Company F.

(Commanded by Lieut. Harmon.)

CAPTAIN.

—Turner, Alfred L. Brigade field officer of day. On picket line part of morning, and in command of regiment afterward.

LIEUTENANT.

2d, Harmon, Levi W.

SERGEANTS.

Winter, Harrison B. Wd. thigh in peach orchard, and arm at field hospital.
Burnell, Edward A.
Bangs, Gilbert V.
Briggs, Thomas H.

CORPORALS.

Wells, John F. Wounded in the ankle* in peach orchard.
Morse, Joseph W.
Pearson, Lewis E. In color guard.
Heney, Charles W.
Josselyn, Loring.
Stevens, Enos H. Ball thro' body in peach orchard. Rep'd dead, but surv'd.
Harvey, John C.

PRIVATES.

Chandler, George F. Wounded in the arm in the peach orchard.
Clancey, James.
Coolidge, Gerry E.
Finn, Thomas.
Gile, John M.
Hill, Charles D.
Howard, Fred. A.
Luey, Peter. Killed. Hit in the heart near the peach orchard.
Maloney, John.
Mansell, Abram.
McGlinchy, Hugh.
McMaster, Henry A.
Miles, Francis N. Wounded in both legs* near peach orchard.
Mills, John W. Wounded in the leg severely, near peach orchard.
Mulcahy, William. Wounded slightly, but kept on duty.
O'Neil, Lanty.
Perkins, John D.
Pray, Charles. Wd. in groin, 1st charge P. M. Died April 20, '65.
Ronco, John Jr.
Scribner, James H.
Smellage, George W. Wounded slightly, but kept on duty.
Smith, Albion. Wounded in the thigh,* 2d stand.
Stevens, James W.

Company G.

CAPTAIN.

Whitmarsh, William W. Commanding regiment part of day.

LIEUTENANTS.

—1st, Millett, Henry R. Commanding Co. C.
2d, McKeen, Henry H.

SERGEANT.

Hill, Leonard C. Wounded in the left leg in peach orchard.

CORPORALS.

Evans, Samuel S. Wounded in the right knee in peach orchard.
Johnson, William P.
Knight, Joseph.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Charles L.
Andrews, William Wallace. Wounded in the left knee in peach orchard.
Barrows, Orin R.
Chute, William A. Taken prisoner and died soon after exchanged.
Doneghue, Jeremiah.
Lovejoy, John H. Killed. Hit in the abdomen in peach orchard.
Marden, Franklin.
Meader, George P. Wounded in the left ankle* in peach orchard.
Morrill, John.
Noble, Harrison G. Lost arm* between camp and second line.
Russell, Nelson R. Wounded in the leg P. M. in skirmish line.
Sargent, George W. Mortally wounded in the left lung P. M. Died 22d.
Stokes, Cummings P.
Stokes, Benjamin F.
Warren, Nathaniel E.
Whitney, Theodore.
Wiswell, Jacob R.

Company H.

(Commanded, after Capt. Blake was wounded, by Lieut. F. H. Lander of Co. A.)

CAPTAIN.

Blake, Granville. Wounded in the wrist, in peach orchard.

LIEUTENANT.

—2d, French, Hartwell S. Commanding Co. E.

SERGEANTS.

1st, Metcalf, Charles A. Wounded in the thigh* in the peach orchard.
Pratt, Henry C. Wounded in the head slightly, second stand.
Lander, Nathan H. Wounded in the shoulder near camp.
Estes, Stephen R.
Stevens, Alonzo.

CORPORALS.

Plant, Charles F.
Magill, Andrew J.
Wyman, George P. With colors. Wounded in the arm. Died Nov. 5th.
Sawyer, Greenlief. Wounded in the hand, in peach orchard.
Harradon, George W.

PRIVATES.

Bailey, George H. Wounded in both legs,* in the peach orchard.
Bartlett, Charles G. Wounded in the leg, in peach orchard.
Berwin, Joseph.
Bickerton, William.
Brackett, William H.
Brown, George H.
Donovan, John F.
Donovan, Timothy. Wounded in the head, charge on Evans.
Doran, John.
Dumas, Frank.
Fish, Asa H. Wounded in the foot, second stand.
Foss, Holman. Wounded in the side, charge on Evans.
Galusha, Joseph.
Gillis, Edward.
Grover, Mark. Wounded in the shoulder, first charge P. M.
Harmon, Edward. Killed on leaving camp. Hit in the body.
Holland, Adelbert.
Humphrey, George D.
Judkins, Eastman.
Judkins, Orville.
Lunt, William H.
Roak, George M.
St. Hilaire, Joseph.
Stevens, Joseph. Wounded in the neck slightly, in camp.
Stevens, Samuel L.
Welch, Lorenzo H.

Company I.

LIEUTENANTS.

1st, Kidder, John O. Slightly wounded, but did not leave field.
2d, Hoyt, John L. Killed. Hit in the head near peach orchard.

SERGEANTS.

Smith, Harrison W. Acting 1st Sergeant.
Sawyer, Edward H.
Howarth, Allen.
Crane, Charles H.

CORPORALS.

Quint, Samuel T. Color guard.
Sutherland, James P. Sick, but fought all the forenoon.
Smith, Leonard O.
Andrews, Michael Jr.
Snow, Israel T. Mort. wounded in hips, charge on Evans. Died Nov. 4.

PRIVATES.

Bennett, Charles F. Killed. Hit in breast, in peach orchard.
Callahan, Humphrey.
Carlton, William H.
Donovan, Daniel.
Durgin, Andrew J. Wounded in the hip.
Ela, Webster.
Elwell, George H.
Emerson, Stillman H. Wounded in the neck.
Glenn, William.
Holman, Emery A.
Howard, Simeon.
—Jackson, Ezekiel E. Taken prisoner in the forenoon.
Moody, George P.
Philbrook, Charles C.
Philbrook, George G.
Purrington, Ezra.
Rowe, Sidney W.
Rounds, William F.
Stewart, John.
Thurston, George H. Wounded in the thigh in peach orchard.
Wadsworth, Harrison L.
Walker, Charles. Wounded in the flesh of thigh, in peach orchard.
Welch, Charles H. Wounded in the leg, in peach orchard.
White, George.

Company K.

(Commanded by Captain Kingsley in morning until wounded, and by Lieut. S. E. Hunt of Co. B, in the afternoon; and by Corporal Jumper in the meanwhile.)

CAPTAIN.

Kingsley, Albert E. Wounded in the arm, in peach orchard.

LIEUTENANT.

—1st, Greene, Alpheus L. Acting Adjutant.

SERGEANTS.

Osgood, James E. Wounded in the head.

Viele, Reuben. Color bearer.

Willard, John A. Wounded in the neck, first charge P. M.

CORPORALS.

Vickery, Isaiah H.

Jumper, Samuel H. Wounded in the foot slightly, late P. M.

Smith, Henry H.

PRIVATES.

Arris, John S. B.

Beal, Jarvis T.

Bond, Houghton. Lost arm near second line.

Bickford, George W.

Callahan, Daniel.

Collins, Patrick. Wounded.

Corliss, Aaron T. Wounded in the shoulder.

Cutter, John Edw. Safeguard. Joined the 9th N. Y. heavy artillery while the "29th" was in peach orchard, but fought with the "29th" all the afternoon.

Dillingham, Virgil P.

Eastman, Martin V. Wounded.

Emmons, Thomas A. Killed. Hit in the bowels, near camp.

Giles, Sylvanus W.

Guptill, George. Wounded. Lost an eye P. M.

Hodsdon, Isaac W.

Holland, Alphonso B.

Jepson, Leonard.

Jones, Gustavus W.

Jones, Albert N.

McLaughlin, Tyler H. Wounded in the leg, first P. M. charge.

Mitchell, Arthur S.

Newman, Albert A.

Palmer, Frederick.

Parker, Lorenzo. Wounded in the leg.

Potter, Albert W.

Richards, Ansel.
Ranco, Frank.
Ranco, Joseph.
Russell, James A.
Russell, Willard M. Wounded in the wrist A. M.
Smith, David B. Wounded in the side.
Stilkey, Benjamin F. Wounded in the arm.
Taber, George W. Wounded in the head A. M.
Webber, Otis.
Wright, John C. 2—40*

CASUALTIES OF TWENTY-NINTH MAINE.

	Killed. Officers.	Killed. Men.	Mort. Wounded. Men.	Wounded. Officers.	Wounded. Men.	Missing. Men.
Field and Staff,				1		
A,		4	3		17	2
B,		2	3		7	
C,			2		7	
D,		2	2		9	3
E,			1		9	
F,		1	1		9	
G,		1	1		6	1
H,		1	1	1	11	1
I,	1	1	1	1	5	1
K,		1		1	14	1
	1	13	15	4	94	9

Aggregate (Thurlow of A shows as wounded and missing in table), 135.

The loss in killed and wounded in the "29th" was 33⅓ in a hundred of the combatants.

CASUALTIES OF THE 1ST BRIGADE. OFFICIAL FIELD REPORT, OCT. 20.

	Killed. Officers.	Killed. Men.	Wounded. Officers.	Wounded. Men.	Missing. Officers.	Missing. Men.
Headquarters,			1 (Col. Davis,)			
29th Maine,	1	12	4	110		10
30th Mass.,	2	4	9	87		19
153d N. Y.,		7	7	61		10
114th N. Y.,	2	19	6	81		15
116th N. Y.,		7	4	38		16
90th N. Y.,	2	4	4	38		38
	7	53	35	415	0	108

Aggregate, 618

*The roll of Co. K is not so authentic as the others, having been prepared from the statements of only seven individuals. Besides, the company was split in two, and all the facts are not known to any one man.

The following named men, though not in the ranks of the regiment, are entitled to mention for honorable service in various parts of the field:

ON DUTY IN THE DIVISION AMBULANCE CORPS.

	McKenney, Wilbur W.	1st Sergt. in charge.
K.	Berry, Elbridge G.	Saved his ambulance.
I.	Cash, Nathaniel.	
H.	Foster, Nicolas L.	Captured.
I.	Jackson, Sylvester S.	
H.	Legendre, Jules.	
D.	McGowan, Michael.	
D.	Miller, John.	Captured. Died.
K.	Morrill, John R.	Captured.
I.	Robinson, Levi.	

AT BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.

SERGEANT.

F.	Gould, George H.	In charge of guard.

CORPORALS.

D.	Prindall, Edward L.	Guard.	B.	Quimby, John F.	Guard.
K.	Edwards, Abial H.	"	G.	Charles, Daniel E.	Orderly.
C.	Hanson, Nils A.	"	H.	Young, Henry	Guard.

PRIVATES.

B.	Cates, John A.	Mount'd orderly.	H.	Latlip, Gott	Guard.
B.	McDonald, William	"	I.	Dunovan, James	"
B.	Owen, Eli	Guard.	I.	Hall, Enoch L.	Hostler.
D.	Ballou, Adin	Clerk.	I.	Noonan, John	Guard.
D.	Smith, Joseph	Guard.	K.	Blackstone, James B.	"
E.	Davis, Benjamin F.	"	K.	Blackstone, Stephen C.	"
E.	Mason, Samuel S.	"	K.	Coburn, Charles F.	Com. dep't.
E.	Paine, Junius D.	Cook.	K.	Linsey, William	" "
G.	Coffin, Charles C.	Guard.	K.	Littlefield, Adoniram J.	Guard.
G.	Cole, William C.	Orderly.	K.	Williams, George M.	"
G.	Wilbur, Henry	Guard.	K.	Woodcock, Melvin	Hostler.
H.	Hamlin, John L.	"			

DRUM CORPS.

H.	Beal, Thomas R.	E.	Hickey, Patrick Jr.
F.	Carey, Turner.	E.	Hodsdon, Gilbert.
D.	Chapman, Joseph T.	A.	Purinton, Alonzo.
I.	Delano, Daniel D.	I.	Read, Frank H.
K.	Hanson, Albert E.	K.	Thing, Chester H.
D.	Hersey, Charles A.	C.	Towle, Andrew J.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

N.C.S.	Johnson, Horace N. (Leader.)	C.	Hammond, Jacob J.
K.	Bailey, Gilbert H.	D.	Hersey, Henry A.
B.	Chick, Edwin.	A.	Johnson, Seth B.
H.	Crafts, Adoniram B.	C.	Safford, George B.
H.	Davis, Daniel.	G.	Webb, Walter.
F.	Farrar, Sidney A.	G.	Worthing, Russell S.
H.	Given, William H.	A.	Vickery, William R.

THE SICK, THE DAILY-DUTY AND DETACHED MEN.

A.	Daggett, John	Sick.	D.	Small, Joseph W.	Sick and lame.
A.	Fletcher, Sydney W.	Cook.	E.	Garcelon, Levi M.	Sick.
A.	Gardner, James H.	Sick.	E.	Kimball, George M.	Cook.
A.	Given, David	Cattle-guard.	E.	Lawry, Samuel K.	At div. h. q.
A.	Hatch, Alfred C.	Sick.	E.	O'Brien, Timothy	Cook.
A.	Martin, Isaac B.	Cattle-guard.	E.	Trask, Charles H.	Cook.
A.	Maxwell, Alzamon H.	Pioneer.	E.	Webber, George T.	Cook.
A.	Murphy, John F.	"	F.	Brown, William	Sick.
A.	Trufant, Arba H.	Cook.	F.	Cain, Charles	
A.	Tucker, Walter J.	Sick.	F.	Turner, David B.	Cook.
A.	Youland, Thomas S.	Pioneer.	G.	Parker, Arthur M.	Cook.
B.	Johnson, Levi B.	Sick.	G.	Crockett, James	"
B.	Furber, Frank M.	At div. h'd q's.	G.	Lord, Charles F.	5th N.Y. batt'y.
B.	Moulton, Mathias	Div. bl'ksm'th.	H.	Brooks, Joseph	Division train.
B.	Pike, Charles	Pioneer.	H.	Martin, Xaveri	Cook.
B.	Shea, Michael	Sick.	H.	Stevens, John Calvin	Hostler.
B.	Towle, Samuel T.	Cook.	H.	Usher, Joshua L.	
C.	Riley, Reuben M.	Sick.	I.	Boynton, Gardiner B.	Lame.
C.	Clusky, Peter	Rheumatic.	I.	Cook, Nathaniel	Pioneer.
C.	Sulhofer, Samuel	At div. h'd q's.	I.	Donihue, George L.	Cook.
D.	Hanson, Ezekiel	Sick.	I.	Staples, Hosea	Surgeon's asst.
D.	Casey, William	Detached cook.*	K.	Jumper, Charles H.	Sick.
D.	Gaitley, Martin	Wagoner.	K.	Ellery, David H.	Surgeon's asst.
D.	McKenney, Dan. B.	With horses.	K.	Ingalls, Gilbert H.	Cook.
D.	Randall, James L.	Cook.	K.	Kelley, Thomas	"

* Captured but escaped.

NOTE. The names of about thirty men who were "present" Oct. 19th, are not shown on any of the preceding rolls. Two-thirds of these are skulks, who contrived to get away from the regiment very soon after the battle began. The others have not been accounted for, but were evidently out of the ranks. Among these thirty, are a number of "safe-guards," nearly all of whom were sent on that duty in consequence of their being half sick; and it is said that a part of the picket detail did not return to the regiment when relieved. This, and the character of the battle, explains why the number was so large.

Besides this gang of thirty, are three men that came into camp after the battle and claimed to have been wounded, but as it is more likely that they mutilated themselves, their names are suppressed, and they are not reckoned as wounded.

SCRAPS—THE VALUE OF A REPORT.

In the Tenth Maine regiment, after the battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862, Gen. Crawford called for a report of the number of men engaged in the battle. We gave it to him, and the figures are correct.

After the battle of Opequan, in the 29th Maine, a report of the number engaged in the battle was called for from each regiment. I was then adjutant general of the brigade, and consolidated the "present in action" and forwarded it. It was returned from corps headquarters with the inquiry, why the "present in action" did not agree with the morning reports or some other document? Here was trouble for the "29th" and one or two more of our regiments, but the others sent back their explanations immediately, showing that so many wagoners, so many musicians, so many others on legitimate duty, made just the difference. Those adjutants had known Gen. Emory longer than we, while Lieut. Greene and the others were put to their trumps to cover up the "dog-robbers" and skulks. I forget how the reports were finally corrected; the battle of Fisher's Hill and the chase up the Valley, put an end to the trouble, but this much is sure, the consolidated report of the 1st brigade, as finally recorded, is not worth a fig, if accuracy is needed, for it shows more men than were really on duty. In truth, the only way to learn the number engaged is to count every man before the battle, or else to collect the facts afterward. The 10th Maine was counted and a report was made of the exact number present in the afternoon of Aug. 9, 1862, a few hours before the battle of Cedar Mountain, and the report was corrected immediately after the engagement. Some months after the battle I collected the facts from the men of Co. E, and made a roll of honor of that company, and it was a pleasing thing to receive from Gen. Crawford, not long since, a copy of our report to him, in which the number reported and the number on the roll of honor exactly tally.

The aggregate of the 10th Maine reg't, August 1, 1862, was 819. This included the present, absent, well and sick. Deducting from this number eleven paroled prisoners and three wounded men we have 805. Eight days later we carried into the battle of

Cedar Mountain, by actual count, 461 officers and men. Therefore, we had in the rear 344, or forty-three per cent., and not one of them had been disabled by the enemy. Our tables show a remarkably small number of deaths by disease, while sixty-eight men had been reported as discharged for disability up to Aug. 1, from which one might conclude that the 805 remaining should be healthy. It appears, therefore, that after two months of rather easy campaigning, added to eight months of very favorable camp and barrack life, we were reduced so that only fifty-seven out of a hundred could be found to fight.

I am unable now to give the exact figures concerning Antietam,* but of the 298 officers and men in line, probably a third were recruits, showing a loss of about 250 old members from Aug. 9th to Sept. 17th, including the 186 reported killed, wounded and missing in the battle of Cedar Mountain and retreat under Pope; but many of the wounded were not disabled and were therefore present at Antietam, or absent from other causes than wounds. Hence, after deducting the disabled and captured, we had present at Antietam only about thirty per cent. of the old members borne on the rolls; but this estimate is not made with the same exactness and absolute certainty as the calculation of Cedar Mountain.

I would gladly have completed the comparisons between facts and figures in the battle of Cedar Creek, but with the "facts" not altogether beyond dispute and the figures entirely wanting, you will see that there is nothing more to state than has already been given.

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* Gen. Crawford was unable to furnish me with the reported strength of the brigade at Antietam. He was wounded, it will be remembered, and I am quite sure that Col. Knipe, his successor, did not call for it. The figures relating to our regiment were taken for my own information and are more reliable than any others.

CHAPTER LX.

MAJ. GEN. SHERIDAN'S REPORT OF THE SHENANDOAH CAMPAIGN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, February 3, 1866.

Brevet Major General J. A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL—I have the honor to make the following report of the campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah, commencing August 4, 1864.

On the evening of the first of August I was relieved from the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, to take command of the Army of the Shenandoah, and, on arriving at Washington on the fourth instant, I received directions from Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, Chief of the Staff, to proceed without delay to Monocacy Junction, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and report in person to the Lieutenant General. At Monocacy the Lieutenant General turned over to me the instructions which he had previously given to Major General Hunter, commanding the department of West Virginia, a copy of which is herewith attached.

The Army of the Shenandoah at this time consisted of the Sixth corps, very much reduced in numbers, one division of the Nineteenth corps, two small infantry divisions under command of Gen. Crook, afterwards designated as the Army of West Virginia, a small division of cavalry under Gen. Averell, which was at that time in pursuit of Gen. McCausland, near Moorefield, McCausland having made a raid into Pennsylvania and burned the town of Chambersburg; there was also one small division of cavalry, then arriving at Washington, from my old corps.

The infantry portion of these troops had been lying in bivouac in the vicinity of Monocacy Junction and Frederick City, but had been ordered to march the day I reported, with directions to concentrate at Halltown, four miles in front of Harper's Ferry. After my interview with the Lieutenant General, I hastened to Harper's Ferry to make preparations for an immediate advance against the enemy, who then occupied Martinsburg, Williamsburg, and Shepardstown, sending occasional raiding parties as far as Hagerstown. The concentration of my command at Halltown alarmed the enemy, and caused him to concentrate at or near Martinsburg, drawing in all his parties from the north side of the Potomac. The indications were that he had intended another raid into Maryland, prompted perhaps by the slight success he had gained over Gen. Crook's command at Kernstown, a short time before. The city of Martinsburg, at which the enemy concentrated, is on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at the northern terminus of the valley pike, a broad macadamized road running up the valley, through Winchester, and terminating at Staunton. The Shenandoah valley is a continuation of the Cumberland valley, south of the Potomac, and is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge, and on the west by the eastern slope of the Alleghany mountains, the general direction of these chains being south-west.

The valley at Martinsburg is about sixty miles broad, at Winchester forty to forty-five, and at Strasburg twenty-five to thirty miles, where an isolated

chain, called Massanutten mountain, rises up running parallel to the Blue Ridge, and terminates at Harrisonburg; here the valley again opens out fifty or sixty miles broad. This isolated chain divides the valley, for its continuance, into two valleys, the one next the Blue Ridge being called the Luray valley, the one west of it the Strasburg or main valley. The Blue Ridge has many passes through it called gaps, the principal ones and those which have good wagon roads, are Snicker's, Ashby's, Manassas, Chester, Thoroughfare, Swift Run, Brown's, Rock-fish, and two or three others from the latter one up to Lynchburg. Many have macadamized roads through them, and, indeed, are not gaps, but small valleys through the main chain. The general bearing of all these roads is towards Gordonsville, and are excellent for troops to move upon from that point into the valley; in fact, the Blue Ridge can be crossed almost anywhere by infantry or cavalry.

The valley itself was rich in grain, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fruit, and was in such a prosperous condition that the rebel army could march down and up it, billeting on the inhabitants. Such, in brief, is the outline, and was the condition of the Shenandoah valley when I entered it August 4, 1864.

Great exertions were made to get the troops in readiness for an advance, and on the morning of August tenth, Gen. Torbert's division of cavalry having joined me from Washington, a forward movement was commenced. The enemy, while we were making our preparations, took position at Bunker Hill and vicinity, twelve miles south of Martinsburg, frequently pushing his scouting parties through Smithfield and up to Charlestown. Torbert was ordered to move on the Berryville pike, through Berryville, and go into position near White post; the Sixth corps moved *via* the Charleston and Summit Point road to Clifton; the Nineteenth corps moved on the Berryville pike, to the left of the position of the Sixth corps at Clifton; General Crook's command *via* Kabletown, to the vicinity of Berryville, coming into position on the left of the Nineteenth corps; and Col. Lowell, with two small regiments of cavalry, was ordered to Summit Point; so that on the night of August 10th, the army occupied a position stretching from Clifton to Berryville, with cavalry at White Post and Summit Point. The enemy moved from vicinity of Bunker Hill, stretching his line from where the Winchester and Potomac railroad crosses Opequan creek, to where the Berryville and Winchester pike crosses the same stream, occupying the west bank. On the morning of August eleventh, the Sixth corps was ordered to move from Clifton across the country to where the Berryville pike crosses Opequan creek, carry the crossing, and hold it; the Nineteenth corps was directed to move through Berryville, on the White Post road, for one mile, file to the right by heads of regiments, at deploying distances, and carry and hold the crossing of Opequan creek at a ford about three-fourths of a mile from the left of the Sixth corps; Crook's command was ordered to move out on the White Post road, one mile and a half beyond Berryville, file to the right and secure the crossing of Opequan creek at a ford about one mile to the left of the Nineteenth corps; Torbert was directed to move with Merritt's division of cavalry up the Millwood pike towards Winchester, attack any force he might find, and, if possible, ascertain the movements of the rebel army. Lowell was ordered to close in from Summit Point on the right of the Sixth corps.

My intention, in securing these fords, was to march on Winchester, at which point, from all my information on the tenth, I thought the enemy would make a stand. In this I was mistaken, as the results of Torbert's reconnoissance proved. Merritt found the enemy's cavalry covering the Millwood pike west of the Opequan, and attacking it drove it in the direction of Kernstown, and discovered the enemy retreating up the valley pike.

As soon as this information was obtained, Torbert was ordered to move quickly, *via* the toll gate on the Front Royal pike, to Newtown, to strike the enemy's flank and harass him in his retreat, and Lowell to follow up through Winchester. Crook was turned to the left and ordered to Stony Point or Nineveh, while Emory and Wright were marched to the left and went into camp between the Millwood and Front Royal pikes, Crook encamping at Strong Point. Torbert met some of the enemy's cavalry at the toll gate on the Front Royal pike,

drove it in the direction of Newtown and behind Gordon's division of infantry, which had been thrown out from Newtown to cover the flank of the main column in its retreat, and which had put itself behind rail barricades. A portion of Merritt's cavalry attacked this infantry and drove in its skirmish line, and although unable to dislodge the division, held all the ground gained. The rebel division during the night moved off. Next day Crook moved from Stony Point to Cedar Creek. Emory followed; the cavalry moved to the same point *via* Newtown and the valley pike, and the Sixth corps followed the cavalry. On the night of the twelfth, Crook was in position at Cedar Creek, on the left of the valley pike, Emory on the right of the pike, the Sixth corps on the right of Emory, and the cavalry on the right and left flanks. A heavy skirmish line was thrown to the heights on the south side of Cedar Creek, which had brisk skirmishing during the evening with the enemy's pickets, his (the enemy's) main force occupying the heights above and north of Strasburg. On the morning of the thirteenth, the cavalry was ordered on a reconnoissance towards Strasburg on the middle road, which road is two and a half miles to the west of the main pike.

Reports of a column of the enemy moving up from Culpeper Court House and approaching Front Royal through Chester gap having been received, caused me much anxiety, as any considerable force advanced through Front Royal and down the F. R. and W. pike towards Winchester could be thrown in my rear, or, in case of my driving the enemy to Fisher's Hill and taking position in his front, this same force could be moved along the base of Massanutten Mountain on the road to Strasburg with the same result.

As my effective line of battle strength at this time was about eighteen thousand infantry and thirty-five hundred cavalry, I remained quiet during the day, except the activity on the skirmish line, to await further developments. In the evening the enemy retired with his main force to Fisher's Hill. As the rumors of an advancing force from the direction of Culpeper kept increasing, on the morning of the fourteenth I sent a brigade of cavalry to Front Royal to ascertain definitely, if possible, the truth of such reports, and at the same time crossed the Sixth corps to the south side of Cedar Creek and occupied the heights above Strasburg. Considerable picket firing ensued. During the day I received from Colonel Chipman, of the Adjutant General's office, the following despatch, he having ridden with great haste from Washington through Snicker's Gap, escorted by a regiment of cavalry to deliver the same. It at once explained the movement from Culpeper, and on the morning of the fifteenth the remaining two brigades of Merritt's division of cavalry were ordered to the crossing of the Shenandoah river, near Front Royal, and the Sixth corps, withdrawn to the north side of Cedar Creek, holding at Strasburg a strong skirmish line.

(By Telegraph received in cipher.)

CITY POINT, August 12, 1864, 9 A. M.

Major General Halleck:

Inform Gen. Sheridan that it is now certain two divisions of infantry have gone to Early, and some cavalry and twenty pieces of artillery. This movement commenced last Saturday night. He must be cautious and act now on the defensive until movements here force them to this—to send this way.

Early's force, with this increase, cannot exceed forty thousand men, but this is too much for General Sheridan to attack. Send General Sheridan the remaining brigade of the Nineteenth corps.

I have ordered to Washington all the one hundred day men. Their time will soon be out, but for the present they will do to serve in the defense.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

The receipt of this despatch was very important to me, as I possibly would have remained in uncertainty as to the character of the force coming in on my flank and rear until it attacked the cavalry, as it did on the sixteenth.

I at once looked over the map of the Valley for a defensive line (that is, where a smaller number of troops could hold a greater number), and could see but one such. I refer to that at Halltown in front of Harper's Ferry. Subsequent experience has convinced me that no other really defensive line exists in the Shenandoah Valley. I therefore determined to move back to Halltown, carry out my instructions to destroy forage and subsistence, and increase my strength by Grover's division of the Nineteenth corps and Wilson's division of cavalry, both of which were marching to join me *via* Snicker's Gap. Emory was ordered to move to Winchester on the night of the fifteenth, and on the night of the sixteenth, the Sixth corps and Crook's command were ordered to Clifton *via* Winchester. In the movement to the rear to Halltown the following orders were given to the cavalry and were executed:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
CEDAR CREEK, Va., August 16, 1864.

To Brigadier General A. T. A. Torbert, Chief of Cavalry, Middle Military Division:

GENERAL—In compliance with instructions of the Lieutenant General commanding, you will make the necessary arrangements and give the necessary orders for the destruction of the wheat and hay south of a line from Millwood to Winchester and Petticoat Gap. You will seize all mules, horses and cattle that may be useful to our army. Loyal citizens can bring in their claims against the Government for this necessary destruction.

No houses will be burned, and officers in charge of this delicate but necessary duty, must inform the people that the object is to make this Valley untenable for the raiding parties of the rebel army.

Very respectfully,
P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen. Commanding.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth, I moved my headquarters back to Winchester. While moving back (at Newtown) I heard cannonading at or near Front Royal, and on reaching Winchester Merritt's couriers brought despatches from him, stating that he had been attacked at the crossing of the Shenandoah by Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps and two brigades of rebel cavalry, and that he had handsomely repulsed the attack, capturing two battle flags and three hundred prisoners. During the night of the sixteenth and early on the morning of the seventeenth, Emory moved from Winchester to Berryville, and on the morning of the seventeenth Crook and Wright reached Winchester and resumed the march toward Clifton, Wright, who had the rear guard, getting only as far as the Berryville crossing of the Opequan, where he was ordered to remain, Crook getting to the vicinity of Berryville. Lowell reached Winchester with his two regiments of cavalry on the afternoon of the seventeenth, where he was joined by General Wilson's division of cavalry. Merritt, after his handsome engagement near Front Royal, was ordered back to the vicinity of White Post, and Gen. Grover's division joined Emory at Berryville. The enemy having a signal station on Three Top Mountain, almost overhanging Strasburg, and from which every movement made by our troops could be seen, was notified early in the morning of the seventeenth as to this condition of affairs, and without delay followed after us, getting into Winchester about sundown and driving out Gen. Torbert, who was left there with Wilson and Lowell and the Jersey brigade of the Sixth corps. Wilson and Lowell fell back to Summit Point, and the Jersey brigade joined its corps at the crossing of the Opequan. Kershaw's division, and two brigades of Fitz Lee's cavalry division, which was in force at Front Royal joined Early at Winchester, I think, on the evening of the seventeenth.

On the eighteenth, the Sixth corps moved *via* Clifton to Flowing Spring, two miles and a half west of Charlestown on the Smithfield pike, Emory, about two miles and a half south of Charlestown on the Berryville pike. Merritt came back to Berryville. Wilson remained at Summit Point covering the crossing of Opequan Creek as far north as the bridge at Smithfield, Merritt covering the crossing of the Berryville pike. Crook remained near Clifton,

and the next day moved to the left of Emory. This position was maintained until the twenty-first, when the enemy moved a heavy force across the Opequan at the bridge at Smithfield, driving in the cavalry pickets, which fell back to Summit Point, and advanced rapidly on the position of the Sixth corps near Flowing Springs, when a very sharp and obstinate skirmish took place with the heavy picket line of that corps, resulting very much in its favor. The enemy appeared to have thought that I had taken position near Summit Point, and that by moving around rapidly through Smithfield he would get into my rear. In this, however, he was mistaken. During the day Merritt (who had been attacked and held his ground) was recalled from Berryville. Wilson had also been attacked by infantry and had also held his ground until ordered in. During the night of the twenty-first, the army moved back to Halltown without inconvenience or loss, the cavalry, excepting Lowell's command, which formed on the left, moving early on the morning of the twenty-second and going into position on the right of the line.

On the morning of the twenty-second, the enemy moved up to Charlestown, and pushed well up to my position at Halltown, skirmishing with the cavalry videttes.

The despatches received from the Lieutenant General commanding, from Captain G. K. Leet, A. A. G., at Washington, and information derived from my scouts, and from prisoners captured, was of so conflicting and contradictory a nature that I determined to ascertain if possible, while on this defensive line, what reinforcements had actually been received by the enemy. This could only be done by frequent reconnoissances, and their results convinced me that but one division of infantry, Kershaw's, and one division of cavalry, Fitz Lee's, had joined him.

On the twenty-third I ordered a reconnoissance by Crook, who was on the left, resulting in a small capture and a number of casualties to the enemy.

On the twenty-fourth another reconnoissance was made, capturing a number of prisoners, our own loss being about thirty men. On the twenty-fifth, there was sharp picket firing during the day on part of the infantry line. The cavalry was ordered to attack the enemy's cavalry at Kearneysville. This attack was handsomely made, but instead of finding the enemy's cavalry, his infantry was encountered and for a time doubled up and thrown into the utmost confusion. It was marching towards Shepardstown. This engagement was somewhat of a mutual surprise—our cavalry expecting to meet the enemy's cavalry, and his infantry expecting no opposition whatever. General Torbert, who was in command, finding a large force of the rebel infantry in his front, came back to our left, and the enemy, believing his (the enemy's) movements had been discovered and that the force left by him in my front at Halltown would be attacked, returned in great haste, but before doing so isolated Custer's brigade, which had to cross to the north side of the Potomac at Shepardstown and join me *via* Harper's Ferry.

For my own part, I believed Early meditated a crossing of his cavalry into Maryland at Williamsport, and I sent Wilson's division around by Harper's Ferry to watch its movements. Averell, in the meantime, had taken post at Williamsport on the north side of the Potomac, and held the crossing against a force of rebel cavalry, which made the attempt to cross. On the night of the twenty-sixth, the enemy silently left my front, moving over Opequan Creek, at the Smithfield and Summit Point crossings, and concentrating his force at Brucetown and Bunker Hill, leaving his cavalry at Leetown and Smithfield.

On the 28th I moved in front of Charlestown with the infantry, and directed Merritt to attack the enemy's cavalry at Leetown, which he did, defeating it and pursuing it through Smithfield. Wilson recrossed the Potomac at Shepardstown, and joined the infantry in front of Charlestown.

On the twenty-ninth, Averell crossed at Williamsport and advanced to Martinsburg. On the same day, two divisions of the enemy's infantry and a small force of cavalry attacked Merritt at the Smithfield bridge, and after a hard fight, drove him through Smithfield and back towards Charlestown, the cavalry fighting with great obstinacy until I could reinforce it with Ricketts's division of the Sixth corps, when in turn the enemy was driven back through

Smithfield and over the Opequan, the cavalry again taking post at the Smithfield bridge.

On the thirtieth, Torbert was directed to move Merritt and Wilson to Berryville, leaving Lowell to guard the Smithfield bridge, and occupy the town.

On the thirty-first, Averell was driven back from Martinsburg to Falling Waters.

From the first to the third of September nothing of importance occurred.

On the third, Averell, who had returned to Martinsburg, advanced on Bunker Hill, attacked McCausland's cavalry, defeated it, capturing wagons and prisoners, and destroying a good deal of property. The infantry moved into position stretching from Clifton to Berryville, Wright moving by Summit Point, Crook and Emory by the Berryville pike; Torbert had been ordered to White Post early in the day, and the enemy, supposing he could cut him off, pushed across the Opequan towards Berryville with Kershaw's division in advance, but this division not expecting infantry, blundered on to Crook's lines about dark, and was vigorously attacked and driven with heavy loss back towards the Opequan. This engagement, which was after nightfall, was very spirited, and our own and the enemy's casualties severe.

From this time until the nineteenth of September I occupied the line from Clifton to Berryville, transferring Crook to Summit Point on the eighth, to use him as a movable column to protect my right flank and line to Harper's Ferry, while the cavalry threatened the enemy's right flank and his line of communications up the valley.

The difference of strength between the two opposing forces at this time was but little.

As I had learned, beyond doubt, from my scouts, that Kershaw's division, which consisted of four brigades, was to be ordered back to Richmond, I had for two weeks patiently waited its withdrawal before attacking, believing the condition of affairs throughout the country required great prudence on my part, that a defeat of the forces of my command could be ill-afforded, and knowing that no interests in the valley, save those of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, were suffering by the delay. In this view I was coinciding with the Lieutenant General commanding.

Although the main force remained without change of position from September third to nineteenth, still the cavalry was employed every day in harassing the enemy, its opponents being principally infantry. In these skirmishes the cavalry was becoming educated to attack infantry lines.

On the thirteenth, one of these handsome dashes was made by General McIntosh, of Wilson's division, capturing the Eighth South Carolina regiment at Abram's creek; on the same day Getty's division of the Sixth corps made a reconnoissance to the Opequan, developing a heavy force of the enemy at Edward's Crossing.

The position which I had taken at Clifton was six miles from Opequan creek, on the west bank of which the enemy was in position. This distance of six miles I determined to hold as my territory by scouting parties, and in holding it in this way, without pushing up the main force, I expected to be able to move on the enemy at the proper time, without his obtaining the information which he would immediately get from his pickets, if I was in close proximity.

On the night of the fifteenth I received reliable information that Kershaw's division was moving through Winchester, and in the direction of Front Royal. Then our time had come, and I almost made up my mind that I would fight at Newtown, on the valley pike, give up my line to the rear, and take that of the enemy. From my position at Clifton I could throw my force into Newtown before Early could get information and move to that point. I was a little timid about this movement until the arrival of General Grant at Charlestown, who endorsed it, and the order for the movement was made out, but, in consequence of a report from Gen. Averell, on the afternoon of the eighteenth of September, that Early had moved two divisions to Martinsburg, I changed this programme, and determined to first catch the two divisions remaining in vicinity of Stevenson's depot, and then the two sent to Martinsburg, in detail. This

information was the cause of the battle of Opequan, instead of the battle of Newtown.

At three o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth September the army moved to the attack. Torbert was directed to advance with Merritt's division of cavalry from Summit Point, carry the crossings of Opequan creek, and form a junction at some point near Stevenson's depot with Averell, who moved from Darksville. Wilson was ordered to move rapidly up the Berryville pike from Berryville, carry its crossing of the Opequan, and charge through the gorge or cañon, the attack to be supported by the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, both of which moved across the country to the same crossing of the Opequan. Crook moved across country to be in reserve at the same point.

Wilson, with McIntosh's brigade leading, made a gallant charge through the long cañon, and meeting the advance of Ramseur's rebel infantry division, drove it back and captured the earthwork at the mouth of the cañon; this movement was immediately followed up by the Sixth corps. The Nineteenth corps was directed, for convenience of movement, to report to Gen. Wright on its arrival at Opequan creek. I followed up the cavalry attack, and selected the ground for the formation of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, which went into line under a heavy artillery fire.

A good deal of time was lost in this movement through the cañon, and it was not till perhaps nine o'clock A. M. that the order for the advance in line was given. I had from early in the morning become apprised that I would have to engage Early's entire army instead of two divisions, and determined to attack with the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, holding Crook's command as a turning column to use only when the crisis of the battle occurred, and that I would put him in on my left and still get the Valley pike. The attack was therefore made by the Sixth and the Ninteenth corps in very handsome style, and under a heavy fire from the enemy, who held a line which gave him the cover of slight brushwood and corn fields.

The resistance during this attack was obstinate, and as there were no earthworks to protect, deadly to both sides.

The enemy, after the contest had been going on some time, made a counter charge, striking the right of the Sixth corps and left of the Nineteenth, driving back the center of my line.

It was at this juncture that I ordered a brigade of Russell's division of the Sixth corps to wait till the enemy's attacking column presented its flank, then to strike it with vigor. This was handsomely done, the brigade being led by General Russell, and its commander, Upton, in person: the enemy in turn was driven back, our line re-established and most of the two or three thousand men who had gone to the rear, brought back.

I still would not order Crook in, but placed him directly in rear of the line of battle. As the reports, however, that the enemy were attempting to turn my right, kept continually increasing, I was obliged to put him in on that flank instead of on the left as was originally intended. He was directed to act as a turning column to find the left of the enemy's line, strike it in flank or rear, break it up, and that I would order a left half wheel of the line of battle to support him. In this attack the enemy was driven in confusion from his position, and simultaneous with it, Merritt and Averell, under Torbert, could be distinctly seen sweeping up the Martinsburg pike, driving the enemy's cavalry before them in a confused mass through the broken infantry. I then rode along the line of the Nineteenth and Sixth corps, ordered their advance, and directed Wilson, who was on the left flank, to push on and gain the valley pike south of Winchester, after which I returned to the right, where the enemy was still fighting with obstinacy in the open ground in front of Winchester, and ordered Torbert to collect his cavalry and charge, which was done simultaneously with the infantry advance, and the enemy routed.

At daylight, on the morning of the twentienth of September, the army moved rapidly up the Valley pike in pursuit of the enemy, who had continued his retreat during the night to Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg.

Fisher's Hill is the bluff immediately south of and over a little stream called Tumbling river, and is a position which was almost impregnable to a direct

assault, and as the valley is but three and a half miles wide at this point, the enemy considered himself secure on reaching it, and commenced erecting breastworks across the valley from Fisher's Hill to North mountain; so secure, in fact, did he consider himself, that the ammunition boxes were taken from the caissons and placed for convenience behind the breastworks.

On the evening of September twentieth, Wright and Emory went into position on the heights of Strasburg. Crook north of Cedar Creek, the cavalry to the right and rear of Wright, and Emory extending to the back road. This night I resolved to use a turning column again, and that I would move Crook, unperceived if possible, over on to the face of Little North mountain and let him strike the left and rear of the enemy's line, and then, if successful, make a left half wheel of the whole line of battle to his support. To do this required much secrecy, as the enemy had a signal station on Threetop mountain, from which he could see every movement made by our troops; therefore, during the night of the twentieth, I concealed Crook in the timber north of Cedar Creek, where he remained during the twenty-first. On the same day, I moved Wright and Emory up in the front of the rebel line, getting into proper position after a severe engagement between a portion of Ricketts's and Getty's divisions of the Sixth corps and a strong force of the enemy. Torbert, with Wilson's and Merritt's cavalry, was ordered down the Luray valley in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, and after defeating or driving it, to cross over Luray pike to New Market and intercept the enemy's infantry should I drive it from the position at Fisher's Hill.

On the night of the twenty-first, Crook was moved to and concentrated in the timber near Strasburg, and at daylight, on the twenty-second, marched to and massed in the timber near Little North mountain. I did not attempt to cover the long front presented by the enemy, but massed the Sixth and Ninteenth corps opposite the right centre of his line. After Crook had gotten into the position last named, I took out Ricketts's division of the Sixth corps, and placed it opposite the enemy's left centre and directed Averell with his cavalry to go up on Ricketts's front and right, and drive in the enemy's skirmish line if possible. This was done, and the enemy's signal officer on Threetop mountain, mistaking Ricketts's division for my turning column, so notified the enemy, and he made his arrangements accordingly, whilst Crook, without being observed, moved on the side of Little North mountain, and struck the enemy's left and rear so suddenly and unexpectedly, that he (the enemy), supposing he must have come across the mountains, broke; Crook swinging down behind the line, Ricketts swinging in and joining Crook, and so on, the balance of the Sixth and Ninteenth corps, the rout of the enemy being complete.

Unfortunately the cavalry which I had sent down the Luray valley to cross over to New Market was unsuccessful, and only reached so far as Millford, a point at which the Luray valley contracts to a gorge, and which was taken possession of by the enemy's cavalry in some force. Had Gen. Torbert driven this cavalry, or turned the defile and reached New Market, I have no doubt but that we would have captured the entire rebel army. I feel certain that its rout from Fisher's Hill was such that there was scarcely a company organization held together. New Market being at a converging point in the valley they came together again, and to some extent reorganized. I did not wait to see the results of this victory, but pushed on during the night of the twenty-second to Woodstock, although the darkness and consequent confusion made the pursuit slow.

On the morning of September twenty-third, Gen. Devins, with his small brigade of cavalry, moved to a point directly north of Mount Jackson, driving the enemy in his front, and there awaited the arrival of Gen. Averell's division, which for some unaccountable reason went into camp immediately after the battle. Gen. Averell reached Devins' command at three o'clock P. M., and, in the evening, returned with all the advance cavalry of which he was in command, to a creek one-half mile north of Hawkinsburg, and there remained until the arrival of the head of the infantry column, which had halted between Edinburg and Woodstock for wagons, in order to issue the necessary rations.

Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth the entire army reached Mount

Jackson, a small town on the north bank of the north fork of the Shenandoah. The enemy had in the mean time reorganized, and taken position on the bluff, south of the river, but had commenced this same morning his retreat toward Harrisonburg; still he held a long and strong line with the troops that were to cover his rear, in a temporary line of rifle pits on the bluff commanding the plateau.

To dislodge him from his strong position, Devins' brigade of cavalry was directed to cross the Shenandoah, work around the base of the Massanutten range, and drive in the cavalry which covered his (the enemy's) right flank; and Powell, who had succeeded Averell, was ordered to move around his left flank *via* Simberville, whilst the infantry was rushed across the river by the bridge.

The enemy did not wait the full execution of these movements, but withdrew in haste, the cavalry under Devins coming up with him at New Market, and made a bold attempt to hold him until I could push up our infantry, but was unable to do so as the open, smooth country allowed him (the enemy) to retreat with great rapidity in line of battle, and the three or four hundred cavalry under Devins was unable to break this line. Our infantry was pushed by heads of columns very hard to overtake, and bring on an engagement, but could not succeed, and encamped about six miles south of New Market for the night.

Powell meantime had pushed on through Simberville, and gained the valley pike near Lacy's springs, capturing some prisoners and wagons.

This movement of Powell's probably forced the enemy to abandon the road *via* Harrisonburg, and move over the Keezeltown road to Port Republic, to which point the retreat was continued through the night of the twenty-fourth, and from thence to Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge.

On the twenty-fifth, the Sixth and Nineteenth corps reached Harrisonburg. Crook was ordered to remain at the junction of the Keezeltown road with the Valley pike until the movements of the enemy were definitely ascertained.

On this day Torbert reached Harrisonburg, having encountered the enemy's cavalry at Luray, defeating it and joining me *via* New Market, and Powell had proceeded to Mount Crawford.

On the twenty-sixth Merritt's division of cavalry was ordered to Port Republic, and Torbert to Staunton and Waynesboro to destroy the bridge at the latter place, and, in retiring, to burn all forage, drive off all cattle, destroy all mills, &c., which would cripple the rebel army or confederacy.

Torbert had with him Wilson's division of cavalry and Lowell's brigade of regulars.

On the twenty-seventh, while Torbert was making his advance on Waynesboro, I ordered Merritt to make a demonstration on Brown's Gap to cover the movement. This brought out the enemy (who had been re-enforced by Kershaw's division which came through Swift Run Gap) against the small force of cavalry employed in this demonstration, which he followed up to Port Republic, and I believe crossed in some force. Merritt's instructions from me were to resist an attack, but if pressed, to fall back to Cross Keyes, in which event I intended to attack with the main force, which was at Harrisonburg, and could be rapidly moved to Cross Keyes. The enemy, however, advanced with his main force only to Port Republic, after which he fell back. Torbert this day took possession of Waynesboro and partially destroyed the railroad bridge, but about dark on the twenty-eighth, was attacked by infantry and cavalry, returned to Staunton, and from thence to Bridgewater *via* Springhill, executing the order for the destruction of subsistence, forage &c.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, Merritt was ordered to Port Republic to open communication with Gen. Torbert, but on the same night was directed to leave small forces at Port Republic and Swift Run Gap, and proceed with the balance of his command (his own and Custer's divisions) to Piedmont, swing around from that point to near Staunton, burning forage, mills and such other property as might be serviceable to the rebel army or confederacy, and on his return, to go into camp on the left of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps,

which were ordered to proceed, on the twenty-ninth to Mount Crawford in support of this and Torbert's movements.

September twenty-ninth Torbert reached Bridgewater, and Merritt Mount Crawford.

On the 1st of October, Merritt reoccupied Port Republic, and the Sixth and Nineteenth corps were moved back to Harrisonburg.

The question that now presented itself was, whether or not I should follow the enemy to Brown's Gap, where he still held fast, drive him out and advance on Charlottesville and Gordonsville. This movement on Gordonsville I was opposed to for many reasons, the most important of which was, that it would necessitate the opening of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad from Alexandria, and to protect this road against the numerous guerrilla bands would have required a corps of infantry; besides, I would have been obliged to leave a small force in the valley to give security to the line of the Potomac. This would probably occupy the whole of Crook's command, leaving me but a small number of fighting men. Then there was the additional reason of the uncertainty as to whether the army in front of Petersburg could hold the entire force of Gen. Lee there; and in case it could not, a sufficient number might be detached and move rapidly by rail and overwhelm me, quickly returning. I was also confident that my transportation could not supply me further than Harrisonburg, and therefore advised, that the valley compaign should terminate at Harrisonburg, and that I return, carrying out my original instructions for the destruction of forage, grain &c., give up the majority of the army I commanded and order it to the Petersburg line, a line which I thought the Lieutenant General believed if a successful movement could be made on, would involve the capture of the army of Northern Virginia.

I therefore, on the morning of the 6th of October, commenced moving back, stretching the cavalry across the valley, from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage and drive off all stock &c. as they moved to the rear, fully coinciding in the views and instructions of the Lieutenant General, that the valley should be made a barren waste. The most positive orders were given, however, not to burn dwellings.

In this movement the enemy's cavalry followed at a respectful distance until in the vicinity of Woodstock, when they attacked Custer's division and harassed it as far as Louis Brook, a short distance south of Fisher's Hill.

On the night of the eighth, I ordered General Torbert to engage the enemy's cavalry at daylight, and notified him that I would halt the army until he had defeated it.

In compliance with these instructions, Torbert advanced at daylight on the ninth of October, with Custer's division on the back road, and Merritt's division on the Valley pike.

At Louis Brook the heads of the opposing columns came in contact and deployed, and after a short but decisive engagement the enemy was defeated, with the loss of all his artillery excepting one piece, and everything else which was carried on wheels. The rout was complete, and was followed up to Mount Jackson, a distance of some twenty-six miles.

On Oct. 10th the enemy crossed to the north side of Cedar Creek, the Sixth corps continuing its march to Front Royal; this was the first day's march of this corps to rejoin Lieutenant General Grant at Petersburg. It was the intention that it should proceed through Manassas Gap to Piedmont east of the Blue Ridge—to which point the Manassas Gap railroad had been completed, and from thence to Alexandria by rail; but on my recommendation that it would be much better to march it, as it was in fine condition, through Ashby's Gap, and thence to Washington, the former route was abandoned, and on the twelfth the corps moved to the Ashby Gap crossing of the Shenandoah river; but, on the same day, in consequence of the advance of the enemy to Fisher's Hill, it was recalled to await the development of the enemy's new intentions.

The question now again arose in reference to the advance on Gordonsville, as suggested in the following despatch:

(Cipher.)

WASHINGTON, October 12, 1864, 12 M.

Major General Sheridan:

Lieutenant General Grant wishes a position taken far enough south to serve as a base for further operations upon Gordonsville and Charlottesville. It must be strongly fortified and provisioned.

Some point in the vicinity of Manassas Gap would seem best suited for all purposes.

Colonel Alexander, of the engineers, will be sent to consult with you as soon as you connect with General Augur.

H. W. HALLECK, Major General.

This plan I would not endorse, but, in order to settle it definitely, I was called to Washington by the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, October 13, 1864.

Major General Sheridan: through Gen. Augur.

If you can come here, a consultation on several points is extremely desirable. I propose to visit General Grant, and would like to see you first.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

On the evening of the fifteenth, I determined to go, believing that the enemy at Fisher's Hill could not accomplish much; and as I had concluded not to attack him at present. I orderered the whole of the cavalry force under General Torbert to accompany me to Front Royal, from whence I intended to push it through Chester Gap to the Virginia Central railroad at Charlottesville, while I passed through Manassas Gap to Piedmont, thence by rail to Washington. Upon my arrival with the cavalry, at Front Royal, on the night of the sixteenth, I received the following despatch from General Wright, who was left at Cedar Creek in command of the army:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
October 16, 1864.

Major General P. H. Sheridan, commanding Middle Military Division.

GENERAL—I enclose you despatch, which explains itself (see copy following): If the enemy should be strongly reinforced in cavalry, he might, by turning our right, give us a great deal of trouble. I shall hold on here until the enemy's movements are developed, and shall only fear an attack on my right, which I shall make every preparation for guarding against and resisting.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

H. G. WRIGHT, Major General Commanding.

To Lieutenant General Early:

Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan.

LONGSTREET, Lieutenant General.

This message was taken off the rebel signal flag on Three Top Mountain. My first thought was that it was a ruse, but on reflection deemed it best to abandon the cavalry raid, and give to Gen. Wright the entire strength of the army. I therefore ordered the cavalry to return and report to him, and addressed the following note on the subject:

FRONT ROYAL, October 16, 1864.

Major General H. G. Wright, commanding Sixth Army Corps:

GENERAL—The cavalry is all ordered back to you; make your position strong. If Longstreet's despatch is true, he is under the impression that we have largely detached. I will go over to Augur and may get additional news. Close in Colonel Pownell who will be at this point. If the enemy should advance, I know you will defeat him. Look well to your ground, and be well prepared.

Get up everything that can be spared. I will bring up all I can and will be up on Tuesday, if not sooner.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

After sending this note I continued through Manassas Gap and on to Piedmont, and from thence by rail to Washington, arriving on the morning of the seventeenth. At twelve o'clock M. I returned by special train to Martinsburg, arriving on the morning of the eighteenth at Winchester, in company with Colonels Thorn and Alexander, of the Engineer corps, sent with me by Gen. Halleck. During my absence the enemy had gathered all his strength, and, in the night of the eighteenth, and early on the nineteenth, moved silently from Fisher's Hill, through Strasburg, pushed a heavy turning column across the Shenandoah, on the road from Strasburg to Front Royal, and again recrossed the river at Bowman's ford, striking Crook, who held the left of our line, in flank and rear, so unexpectedly and forcibly as to drive in his outposts, invade his camp, and turn his position. This surprise was owing, probably, to not closing in Powell, or that the cavalry divisions of Merritt and Custer were placed on the right of our line, where it had always occurred to me there was but little danger of attack.

This was followed by a direct attack upon our front, and the result was that the whole army was driven back in confusion, to a point about one and a half miles north of Middletown, a very large portion of the infantry not even preserving a company organization.

At about seven o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth October, an officer on picket at Winchester reported artillery firing, but, supposing it resulted from a reconnoissance which had been ordered for this morning, I paid no attention to it, and was unconscious of the true condition of affairs until about nine o'clock, when, having ridden through the town of Winchester, the sound of the artillery made a battle unmistakable, and on reaching Mill creek, one-half a mile south of Winchester, the head of the fugitives appeared in sight, trains and men coming to the rear with appalling rapidity.

I immediately gave direction to halt and pack the trains at Mill creek, and ordered the brigade at Winchester to stretch across the country and stop all stragglers. Taking twenty men from my escort, I pushed on to the front, leaving the balance, under Gen. Forsyth and Colonels Thorn and Alexander, to do what they could in stemming the torrent of fugitives.

I am happy to say that hundreds of the men, who on reflection found they had not done themselves justice, came back with cheers.

On arriving at the front, I found Merritt's and Custer's divisions of cavalry, under Torbert, and Gen. Getty's division of the Sixth corps, opposing the enemy. I suggested to Gen. Wright that we would fight on Getty's line, and to transfer Custer to the right at once, as he (Custer) and Merritt, from being on the right in the morning, had been transferred to the left; that the remaining two divisions of the Sixth corps, which were to the right and rear of Getty about two miles, should be ordered up, and also that the Nineteenth corps, which was on the right and rear of these two divisions, should be hastened up before the enemy attacked Getty.

I then started out all my staff officers to bring up these troops, and was so convinced that we would soon be attacked, that I went back myself to urge them on.

Immediately after I returned and assumed command, Gen. Wright returning to his corps, Getty to his division, and the line of battle was formed on the prolongation of Gen. Getty's line, and a temporary breastwork of rails, logs, &c., thrown up hastily.

Shortly after this was done the enemy advanced, and from a point on the left of our line of battle I could see his columns moving to the attack, and at once notified corps commanders to be prepared.

This assault fell principally on the Nineteenth corps, and was repulsed.

I am pleased to be able to state that the strength of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, and Crook's command, was now being rapidly augmented by the return of those who had gone to the rear early in the day. Reports coming

in from the Front Royal pike, on which Powell's division of cavalry was posted, to the effect that a heavy column of infantry was moving on that pike in the direction of Winchester, and that he (Powell) was retiring and would come in at Newtown, caused me great anxiety for the time; and although I could not fully believe that such a movement would be undertaken, still it delayed my general attack.

At four P. M. I ordered the advance. This attack was brilliantly made, and, as the enemy was protected by rail breastworks, and in some portions of his line by stone fences, his resistance was very determined. His line of battle overlapped the right of mine, and by turning with this portion of it on the flank of the Nineteenth corps, caused a slight momentary confusion. This movement was checked, however, by a counter charge of General McMillan's brigade upon the re-entering angle thus formed by the enemy, and his flanking party cut off.

It was at this stage of the battle that Custer was ordered to charge with his entire division, but, although the order was promptly obeyed, it was not in time to capture the whole of the force thus cut off, and many escaped across Cedar Creek.

Simultaneous with this charge, a combined movement of the whole line drove the enemy in confusion to the creek, where, owing to the difficulties of crossing, his army became routed.

Custer finding a ford on Cedar Creek west of the pike, and Devins, of Merritt's division, one to the east of it, they each made the crossing just after dark, and pursued the routed mass of the enemy to Fisher's Hill, where this strong position gave him some protection against our cavalry; but the most of his transportation had been captured, the road from Cedar Creek to Fisher's Hill, a distance of over three miles, being literally blocked by wagons, ambulances, artillery, caissons, &c.

The enemy did not halt his *main* force at Fisher's Hill, but continued the retreat during the night to New Market, where his army had, on a similar previous occasion, come together by means of the numerous roads that converge to this point.

This battle practically ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. When it opened we found our enemy boastful and confident, unwilling to acknowledge that the soldiers of the Union were their equal in courage and manliness; when it closed with Cedar Creek, this impression had been removed from his mind, and gave place to good sense and a strong desire to quit fighting.

The very best troops of the confederacy had not only been defeated but had been routed in successive engagements, until their spirit and *esprit* were destroyed. In obtaining these results, however, our loss in officers and men was severe. Practically, all territory north of the James River now belonged to me, and the holding of the lines about Petersburg and Richmond, by the enemy, must have been embarrassing, and invited the question of good military judgment.

On entering the Valley it was not my object by flank movements to make the enemy change his base, nor to move as far up as the James River, and thus give him the opportunity of making me change *my* base, thereby converting it into a race course, as heretofore, but to destroy, to the best of my ability, that which was truly the confederacy—its armies. In doing this so far as the opposing army was concerned, our success was such that there was no one connected with the army of the Shenandoah who did not so fully realize it as to render the issuing of congratulatory orders unnecessary. Every officer and man was made to understand that when a victory was gained it was not more than their duty, nor less than their country expected from her gallant sons.

[Here follows honorable mention of the troops and the dead and wounded.]

After the battle of Cedar Creek, nothing of importance occurred in the valley up to February 27, 1865, the day on which the cavalry moved from Winchester to Petersburg.

On the night of November 11, 1864, Gen. Early moved some of his shattered forces to the north of Cedar Creek, for the purpose of bluster, I suppose, as

on the night of the following day he hastily retired. In consequence of contradictory information received from scouts, and captured cavalry prisoners, I was unconvinced of any rebel infantry being in my vicinity, until it was too late to overtake in its galloping retreat, a retreat which was continued until in the vicinity of Lacy's springs near Harrisonburg. Powell engaged the rebel cavalry, co-operating on the Front Royal pike with this force, and drove it through Front Royal to Milford, capturing two pieces of artillery.

During this campaign, I was at times annoyed by guerrilla bands, the most formidable of which was under a partisan chief named Mosby, who made his headquarters east of the Blue Ridge, in the section of country about Upperville. I had constantly refused to operate against these bands, believing them to be substantially a benefit to me, as they prevented straggling, and kept my trains well closed up, and discharged such other duties as would have required a provost guard of at least two regiments of cavalry. In retaliation for the assistance and sympathy given them, however, by the inhabitants of Loudon valley, General Merritt, with two brigades of cavalry, was directed to proceed, on the 28th of November 1864, to that valley, under the following instructions.

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
November 27, 1864.

Brevet Major General Wesley Merritt, commanding First Cavalry Division:

GENERAL—You are hereby directed to proceed to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, with the two brigades of your division now in camp, to the east side of the Blue Ridge *via* Ashby's Gap, and operate against the guerrillas in the district of country bounded on the south by the line of the Manassas Gap railroad, as far east as White Plains, on the east by the Bull Run Range, on the West by the Shenandoah River, and on the north by the Potomac.

This section has been the hot-bed of lawless bands, who have from time to time depredated upon small parties on the line of army communications, on safe-guards left at houses, and on troops. Their real object is plunder and highway robbery.

To clear the country of these parties that are bringing destruction upon the innocent, as well as their guilty supporters, by their cowardly acts, you will consume and destroy all forage and subsistence, burn all barns and mills, and their contents, and drive off all stock in the region the boundaries of which are above described. This order must be literally executed, bearing in mind, however, that no dwellings are to be burned and that no personal violence be offered the citizens.

The ultimate results of the guerrilla system of warfare is the total destruction of all private rights in the country occupied by such parties. This destruction may as well commence at once, and the responsibility of it must rest upon the authorities at Richmond, who have acknowledged the legitimacy of guerrilla bands.

The injury done this army by them is very slight. The injury they have inflicted upon the people and upon the rebel army may be counted by millions.

The reserve brigade of your division will move to Snickersville on the twenty-ninth. Snickersville should be your point of concentration, and the point from which you should operate in destroying towards the Potomac.

Four days' subsistence will be taken by the command. Forage can be gathered from the country through which you pass.

You will return to your present camp at Snickersville on the fifth day.

By command of Major General P. H. SHERIDAN.
JAMES W. FORSYTH, Lieutenant Colonel and Chief of Staff.

On December 19th General Torbert, with Merritt's and Powell's division, was pushed through Chester Gap to strike the Virginia Central Railroad at Charlottesville or Gordonsville. An engagement took place in which two pieces of artillery were captured, but failing to gain Gordonsville or strike the railroad, he returned to Winchester *via* Warrenton.

Custer with his division was at the same time pushed up the Valley to make a diversion in favor of Torbert, but encountering the enemy near Harrisonburg, who attacked his camp at daylight on the ensuing day, he was obliged, in consequence of superior force to retire.

The weather was so intensely cold during these raids, that horses and men suffered most severely, and many of the latter were badly frost-bitten.

On the fifth of February, Harry Gilmore, who appeared to be the last link between Maryland and the confederacy, and whose person I desired, in order that this link might be severed, was made prisoner near Moorfield, his capture being very skillfully made by Colonel Young, my chief of scouts, and a party under Lieutenant Colonel Whittaker, first Connecticut cavalry, sent to support him.

Gilmore and Mosby carried on the same style of warfare, running trains off railways, robbing the passengers &c.

[Here follows favorable mention of his subordinate commanders and his staff.]

I attach hereto an abstract of ordnance and ordnance stores captured from the enemy during the campaign (the one hundred and one pieces of artillery being exclusive of the twenty-four pieces recaptured in the afternoon at Cedar Creek), also a detailed report of my casualties, which are in aggregate as follows:

Killed, 1,938; wounded, 11,893; missing, 3,121; total, 16,952.

The records of the Provost Marshal, Middle Military Division, show about thirteen thousand prisoners (as per annexed certificate) to have been received by him, and receipts are among the records of the Assistant Adjutant General, Middle Military Division, for forty-nine battle flags, forwarded to the Honorable the Secretary of War.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General, U. S. A.

[Here follows table, showing the kinds of guns—101 in all—and the time when captured during this campaign.]

List of Casualties in the United States Forces commanded by Major General P. H. Sheridan, Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, 1864.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

Battle.	Date.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
Opequan,	Sept. 19,	213	1,424	48	1,685
Fisher's Hill,	Sept. 22,	24	210	3	237
Cedar Creek,	Oct. 19,	255	1,666	294	2,215
Reconnoissances,		86	665	11	762
Total,		578	3,965	356	4,899

NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.

Opequan,	Sept. 19,	275	1,228	453	1,956
Fisher's Hill,	Sept. 22,	11	47	2	60
Cedar Creek,	Oct. 19,	243	1,352	893	2,488
Reconnoissances,		57	446	13	516
Total,		586	3,073	1,361	5,020

ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA, [CROOK'S.]					
Opequan & Fisher's Hill,	Sept. 19 & 22,	105	840	8	953
Cedar Creek,	Oct. 19,	46	268	533	847
Reconnoissances,		150	839	96	1,085
Total,		301	1,947	637	2,885
PROVISIONAL DIVISION [KITCHING'S].					
Cedar Creek,	Oct. 19,	19	91	121	231
CAVALRY.					
Opequan,	Sept. 19,	65	267	109	441
Tom's Creek,	Oct. 9,	9	48		57
Cedar Creek,	Oct. 19,	25	139	50	214
Twenty-six other engagements,		355	2,363	487	3,205
Total,		454	2,817	646	3,917
Grand Total,		1,938	11,893	3,121	16,952

FROM THE PRESS OF STEPHEN BERRY, PORTLAND.

Albert S. Spaulding, Private Co. B, 10th Me. Reg't, Foreman.

ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS

Page 57. Note. The 14th N. Y. Vols. were not the "salt boilers."

67. Instead of Sewell, Wm. H., read Wm. W.

" " Coolbrook read Coolbroth.

" " Murray, Albion, read Alvin.

68. " Folsom, S. P., read Glendenning, Tom. M.

69. " Mills, Joseph W., read Joseph N.

72. " Haskell, Wm. S., read Wm. T.

" " Randall, John, read John F.

" " Knight, Frederick M., read Ferdinand M.

74. " Bean, Timothy H., read Timothy M.

" " Hobbs, J. F., read Isaac Frank.

75. Insert name of Mitchell, Otis F., of Otisfield, in roll of Co. G.

77. Instead of Boston read Baston.

" " Gove read Gore.

" " Welch, Albion, read Alvin.

108. May 9. Co. F also moved by rail from Charlestown to Winchester and quartered in the mansion of Hon. James M. Mason, of "Mason and Slidell" memory.

113. Last lines, "thirty or more." Confederate accounts give an idea of "more" rather than of "thirty."

114. 5th line. After "pike" insert "by a small detail, as had been customary."

116. The Confederate infantry regiment was probably the 21st North Carolina.

123. 14th line. For .79 read .69 or .71.

125. 11th line. After 1st Vermont insert "and 1st Maine."

131. See paragraph 4, page 514.

135. Quimby, of Co. I, was paroled.

144. 8th line. After "were" insert "not."

150. 17th line. In Gen. George H. Gordon's book (From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain), page 254, we read that the Confederate Gen. Ashby discovering a dead man of the Tenth Maine lying by the road-side, ordered: "Carry him over into the adjoining field to prevent mutilation by animals."

154. 14th line. For "trigger" read "hammer."

155. 4th line. For "next day" read "same day."

" 8th line. For "this day" read "July 5."

163. Pope denies "headquarters in saddle."

166. 4th line from bottom. For "Tuesday" read "Friday."

Note:—Corrections on pages 171 to 189 made on Serg't Tripp's authority.

171. 6th line from bottom. Instead of "Ewell's" read Thomas' brigade of A. P. Hill's division sent to Early and by him placed on his right. (See Early's report.)

172. 10th line. The Second Maine Battery was not present.

172. 22-26 lines. It should not be understood that the 3d Wisconsin was in the charge; they were to the right of the wheat field and were not engaged until after the charge was made.

173. 3d line erase, I believe. It should have been noted that the 28th Penn., a very large regiment, which belonged to Geary's brigade, was not on the field during the battle.

173. Lines 2 to 5. Concerning the advance of a part of Geary's brigade by the flank and their retreat (14th and 15th lines) Sergeant Tripp is positive that none of Geary's troops were in the road. A visit to the field in October, 1889, makes it quite clear to me that what we saw was the 29th Ohio regiment moving into position, but beyond (South) the Orange road, and nearly parallel with it, presenting the appearance in the smoke of being in the road. In the plan of the battlefield, the OHIO regiment must therefore be placed to the left of the road. J. M. G.

178. 4th paragraph. The charge of cavalry was into the wheat field; it was made by Maj. R. J. Falls with four companies of the 1st Penn. Cavalry. He took in 116 men and brought out 75.

191. Lancaster died August 30.

192. Bartlett, Kenneth S., died from secondary hemorrhage Aug. 20.

" Miles. Remove.*

193. Hill, Ivory L., wounded in right lung. He lost his arm at Cane River Crossing, Louisiana, in the 30th Maine Regiment.

194. 6th line. For Hill, Rufus N., read Higgins.

" 22nd line. Pennell's wound was not the cause of his discharge.

196. Bottom line. Aggregate loss 37 per cent of force engaged.

Since 1870, when I wrote the History of the 1-10-29th, Gen. George H.Gordon, Col. 2d Mass. and commanding our Third brigade at Cedar Mountain, has written "Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain" (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1883) in which he thus refers to my statements on pages 172, 186 and 187, concerning the work of Crawford's three regiments, 28th N. Y., 46th Penn. and 5th Conn.: "That the enemy's "lines were thus forced back by the regiments of Crawford's brigade "alone, as claimed by Maj. Gould, * * is utterly without foundation." (See page 295, Brook Farm, &c.) First Sergeant Harrison A. Tripp, (F, 10th Me., and F, 29th Me.) has for many years been studying the details of this battle, and has been in correspondence with a large number of officers and soldiers, Union and Confederate who fought there. I suppose he is much better informed about the battle than any other man living, and I have asked him to write the part taken by the "three regiments." His answer is: "The charge was made while "a part of Garnett's ('Campbell's') brigade faced the wheat field and "the 21st Va., and the right wing of the 48th Va., about at right

"angles to the main line, faced the Culpeper—Orange road. Very "much of their attention was consequently given to the skirmishers "in Geary's front and to the artillery in the road near them. When "the storm burst, their line was crushed like an egg shell, and the "21st and 48th Va., while engaged with Geary, were taken unawares "by a 'murderous fire in the rear,' 20 to 30 paces distant. The officer "in command of the 21st Va. was mortally wounded and the men ran "away. Taliaferro's men were engaged with Geary when they were "struck by Crawford's men on their left and rear; whereupon they "crumbled and in turn half of Early's brigade went with them. But "Jackson now sent up the Stonewall brigade; its two right regiments "were holden in check by Crawford's men—the 27th Va. on its right "being sent to the rear as fast as they could run. Branch's brigade "of A. P. Hill's division now comes up on the Confederate left of the "33d Va. The 5th Va., which is the center regiment of the Stonewall "brigade and has 519 muskets present, is sent into the wheat field and "about-faced and then swung into the woods, enclosing the Union "soldiers in a trap with the door shut. Here the colors of the 5th "Conn. and 28th N. Y.* are lost. There can be no question in the "mind of any reasonable man who will examine the evidence in my "possession, that all the rout of the enemy was the direct result of the "charge made by Crawford's men. Gen. Early, in his report, which "is a model one, says that it was these fires from flank and rear that "sent Taliaferro's brigade flying and caused his men to go."

Neither Serg't Tripp nor myself wish to belittle the plucky services of Geary's troops; the 7th Ohio in particular lost more than our own regiment; but Geary was not so fortunate, or unfortunate, in breaking through the enemy's lines as were the three regiments that Donnely led.

Page 211. 1st line. After "ridden" insert "on the road to Sudley Springs."

" 7th, 11th, 14th and 20th lines. The hill mentioned is named "Bald Hill."

211. 13th line. The "box-looking house" is the "Stone house."

" 20th line. Capt. Weidrich's N. Y. battery, 10 pounder Parrotts.

" 21st line. McLean's brigade of Sigel's corps.

" 27th line. The "Zouave regiment" was Gen. G. K. Warren's brigade, composed of the 5th and 10th N. Y. regiments.

" 29th line. The "quiet little cottage" was the Chinn House.

220. Fitz-John Porter was pardoned by President Arthur in 1882, and re-instated in the army (retired) March 11, 1884. It is now generally admitted that whatever he thought and said about Gen. Pope, he gave him an intelligent support and acted fully as wisely as his chief during the manoeuvres and battles around Manassas.

" Prisoners captured additional:
Co. G, Barker, Ebenezer H., Aug. 27.
Co. G, Bradbury, Frank J., Aug. 27.
Co. K, Larrabee, Emery E., Aug. 31.

*Note.—The colors of the 28th N. Y. were publicly restored May 22, 1883, by the 5th Va. on the occasion of the visit of the survivors of that regiment to Niagara Falls.

226. Near bottom. Sept. 15 instead of 16.

229. Note. For third corps read 3d division of 2d corps.

231. 5th line from bottom. After "morning" insert "except with pickets."

233. Randol's battery instead of Best's.

236. For Leland read A. A. Kendall.

239. For McCluskey read Cluskey.

244. 11th line from bottom. For field read line.

246. The Confederate force opposed to the 10th Maine at Antietam appears to have been mainly the skirmish battalion of Colquitt's brigade of D. H. Hill's division, under Captain W. M. Arnold of the 6th Georgia, with scattered parts of the 4th Alabama (Law's brigade) and 5th Texas (Wofford's brigade), of Hood's division. Arnold's battalion was composed of the rifle company (generally Co. A.) from the 6th Georgia, 23d Georgia, 27th Georgia, 28th Georgia and 13th Alabama regiments. This conclusion has been reached after correspondence with one or more representatives from every regiment, Union and Confederate, that fought in or near East Wood.

253. Last paragraph. East Woods.

259. Forbes, should be Fobes, died October 25.

" Campbell and Stanley; English army: 60th Rifles.

260. Harris, wounded in body, not arm.

264. 9 from bottom. For "next day" and "22" read 23.

265. 11th line from bottom. For 22 read 23.

266. Berlin Station was a small village, much larger now. Present name, Brunswick.

271. 15th line. For October read November.

300. 24th line. For Hooker's headquarters read War Department.

301. 14th and 15th lines. Erase October, insert February after January.

313. Insert James Sawyer, Saco, Asst. Surgeon, and increase the aggregates on pages 314 and 332.

315. Cole, Henry F. For Westbrook read Woodstock.

" Milliken. For Ethan read Ether Shepley.

319. Insert the name of Cammett, George H., Portland.

320. The English soldiers of Co. D were nearly all deserters from the 4th battalion of the 60th Rifles, a "crack" regiment.

321. Twist. For Joseph read James.

326. Dinsmore. For M. read W.

" Pike, Darius T. For T. read F.

331. Russell. For William read Willard.

" Smith, Charles, read Wheeler, Ira W., Grand Isle, Vt.

332. Witham. For Sanford read Weld.

" Note, first paragraph. Increase the officers and men one each (Dr. Sawyer and Geo. H. Cammett).

336. Graffam, Francis A., died February 7.

352. Line 12. For Leesburg read Orange.

382. Donnelly, died September 9.

" Twist. For Joseph read James.

416. Note. Gen. Mouton had been killed an hour or more before this at Sabine Cross Roads, four miles from Pleasant Grove, where we fought. See Gen. Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" pages 163-4. Also, 5th paragraph, line 3, erase 114 N. Y. Insert Co. K., 29 Me. 9th line change 114th N. Y. to Co.'s G. and K., 29 Me.

428. Insert B. Bagley, John, Jr., Priv. Thigh. Bicknell, Buzzell and Burnell were privates.

" Bicknell, Ichabod, private instead of corporal.

" Ricker. For George read Edwin.

435. Line 22. After "here" insert "till nearly sunset."

443. The wing-dams were a mile above ours.

452. Line 26. After "two hours' work," insert "by Grover's men."

453. Diary quotation. Gen. Emory denies, in a letter to me, that Gen. Smith used abusive language to him.

463. July 11, 1864, Gold quotations reached the highest point, 280. It took $2.80 greenbacks to buy $1.00 gold; in other words, a paper dollar was worth about 35½ cents in gold. Viewed financially, this was the darkest day of the war.

465. Line 26. For ten miles read fifteen.

" Lower line. For eleven miles read twelve.

469. Line 12. For 20th read 21st.

477. Line 1. For 14 read 11.

490. Line 21. Grover's 4th brigade was composed of the 8th and 18th Indiana and 24th and 28th Iowa, Col. David Shunk, commanding.

499. For Somebody read Averill.

502. Line 23. After 400 "in the 29th Me."

503. Maj. Knowlton was wounded in the throat.

513. Line 19. For 155th New York read 159th.

521. Oct. 9 called New Market races.

CEDAR CREEK.

528. Line 7. Sheridan's headquarters were in a large mansion called the Belle Grove House.

536. Line 11. Ammunition was not brought to us while we lay in the road, but during the next halt; about a quarter of a mile in the rear.

538. Line 22. Since the history was published, the U. S. Engineer Office has issued a map of Cedar Creek and vicinity, surveyed under direction of Col. Gillespie, by order of Gen. Sheridan. This map shows Wheaton as the right and Ricketts as the center of the 6th corps.

The location of the 19th corps upon Col. Gillispie's map, gives an erroneous impression. The map in Vol. IV, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Century Co.,

accompanying Gen. Merritt's account of the battle, appears to be a copy of Gillespie's. The Union troops are represented in two lines, and as reaching to Middle Marsh Brook, whereas as 4 P. M. the corps was in one line and extended only to the Back Road, about 500 yards short of Middle Marsh Brook. The "clump of woods" (page 540, Hist. 1-10-29) from which the 29th emerged, is accurately shown; indeed, all the topography of Gillespie's map is perfect so far as I can see. The "clump of woods" has been cut off since the war.

538. †Note. This small force, stated to have been Crook's and also the two guns, moved away before the afternoon battle began.

539. The position of the 30th Mass. in the formation of the 1st brigade is doubtless wrong. They were somewhat to the right of the 29th Maine; but exactly where I cannot learn.

542. Line 24. After Sheridan insert "who was near us and."

552. Last paragraph. Since the regimental history was written, a number of valuable contributions have been made to the history of this battle, but I have not heard of any very careful study of all its details, nor have I read any thing that materially modifies my claim on page 552, that "Sheridan regained the battle with three-eighths of his infantry, etc."

Col. Benj. W. Crowninshield, who was Provost Marshal General of Sheridan's army, read a paper on "Cedar Creek" before the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, December 8, 1879, in which he says, that about noon or soon after, he brought 2,000 or more stragglers from the rear. In a letter to me he writes that he turned them over "to some officer who was "placed there [on the pike, north of Middletown] to "re-organize them or send them to their proper com-"mands." His paper states that Merritt's cavalry division engaged the enemy both forenoon and afternoon, generally on the east side of the pike, and a part of Powell's cavalry joined Merritt in the afternoon, and that the cavalry charge against the enemy, who were posted behind the stonewalls near Middletown, though very plucky, was repulsed [until the infantry had flanked them out of their cover].

It is also clear from many sources that Gen. Crook, with such of his force as had been rallied, was on the east side of the pike at 4 P. M., well in the rear and to the left of the 6th corps, and consequently he was not near the Back Road at that time, as I have stated on pages 538 and 557.

Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes (Ex-President of the U. S.), who commanded a division of Crook's corps, writes that his division was in position as above stated. He thinks his loss from straggling in the forenoon was not larger proportionately than the loss in the 6th and 19th corps. His infantry does not appear to have been seriously engaged in the afternoon fight, though they followed the movements of the army as a reserve. He

writes to me: "I can assure you that we were the left "of Sheridan's army [P. M. Oct. 19]. We pushed "back rapidly, Early's right consisting for the most "part of cavalry and a skirmish line, and without any "severe fighting did our share towards routing him." "I was present when Crook's artillery, under Col. Du- "pont, did such effective work at the bridge across "Cedar Creek, as Early's retreating army reached that "point just before dark."

But these corrections do not seriously affect my general argument; Crowninshield's stragglers were all in line by 4 P. M., and the actual fighting force, which dislodged the enemy, was in one line extending from the pike to the Back Road. Mr. Ludwig made this distance to be 382 rods, but by Gillespie's map it is nearer 300 rods.

553. Last paragraph. The Engineers' map shows Wheaton on the right, Ricketts in center and Getty on the left.

557. According to the Engineers' map an air line from the pike to the "old Road" (or "Back Road") is only 4,800 feet or less than 300 rods, instead of 382 rods of zig-zag as measured by Mr. Ludwig.

563. Line 5. Barton H. Ross, Co. B, was also the last man of all the 19th corps wounded by the enemy. See page 441, Gen. Irwin's History 19th corps.

577. Line 15. Erase 6th.

603. Line 18. For April 29, read May 29.

618. Noyes, Geo. W., was 1st Sergeant April 1, 1865.

621. Furbish. For H. B. read Henry W.

624. Hanson was a Sergeant. Sheridan and John H. Doody Corporals.

627. Erase Priv. Jos. Winslow (he is shown correctly as Sergeant).

" Sergeant Judkins. For William read Willard.

627. Corporal Louis E. Pearson was promoted to Sergeant.

637-8-9. For Alexandria, Va., wherever found, read Alexandria, La.

641. French, 1st Sergeant, was wounded at Opequan.

642. Robinson, John F. November 6, died of disease (not wounded).

" Annas, John G. For November 30 read 20.

643. Shaw, John F. For April read June.

647. Beal, John M. Erase Fair Oaks.

" Beardsley. Erase final, etc. Add resigned March 6, 1865.

648. Chadwell. Add Capt. Co. H, 32nd Maine, April 21, 1864. Died of disease, August 29, 1864.

" Colley, Charles H. Erase Antietam twice; add mortally wounded at Cedar Mount. Another Chas. H. Colley was not mustered in.

649. Insert Delano, Marcus. Born July 20, 1841, Wiscasset, Maine. Private B, 1st Me., May 3, '61. Corporal B, 10th Me., October 4, '61. Serg't B, 10th, January 14, '62. 1st Serg't, Jan. 1, '63. 2d Lieut. B, Feb., '63.

Engaged in battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain and Antietam; no wounds. Served terms of 1st and 10th Me. Mustered out 10th Me., May 7, 1863.

650. Capt. French was retained in the U. S. service as mustering officer until July 12, 1866.

652. Johnson, Albert H., add Private F, 1st Maine Cavalry, Jan'y 5, 1864; transferred to Navy, 1864.

653. Lander, Nathan H. For no wounds, read wounded in shoulder, Cedar Creek. See page 686.

" Littlefield, Ephraim M. Add, recruit to M, 2d Maine Cavalry, October 4, 1864. Discharged, term expired, October 10, 1865.

654. Osgood, Silas B. For 1st Lieut., read Captain.

655. Richardson. Erase further services, &c. Add Ass't Surgeon U. S. Navy, July 30, 1861. Died July 20, 1864, Key West, Fla.

657. Thompson. For 1826, read 1836.

658. Williams. For further service unknown read Asst. Surgeon 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, and Brevet Colonel of N. Y. Vols. Disch'g U. S. Service, April 30, 1862.

" Wright, Horace. Insert, Private C, 1st Me. Cavalry, January 18, 1864. Died at Auburn, Me., Sept 5, 1864.

659. Line 19. For Falmouth read East Deering, Portland.

675. For April 29 read May 29.

682. Insert name of Josiah Simpson in roll of Co. D.

683. Transfer Moore, Alfred S., to page 691.

686. Bailey, Geo. H., wounded in camp.

688. Erase Jepson, Leonard. He was absent, sick.

We reckon our U. S. Service from May 3, 1861, to June 29, 1866. April 27, 1861, was the beginning of our service for the State of Maine.

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